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SOUTHERN Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XXXII.



EDITED BY

R. A. BROCK,

SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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*A bill was offered in the House of Representatives by Hon. John Lamb for the return of these flags to the Governors of the several States respectively to which they belonged, which was passed and was unanimously adopted by the Senate February 23, 1905

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Southern Historical Society Papers.

VOL. XXXII. Richmond, Va., January-December. 1904.

REMARKS OF CAPTAIN JOHN LAMB

On March 24, 1899, at Richmond, Virginia, in the Hall of
R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, C. V.

IN ACCEPTING, ON BEHALF OF THE CAMP,

The Portrait of General THOMAS T. MUNFORD, C. S. Cavalry.

[The portrait, in oil, of General Thomas T. Munford, Confederate States Cavalry, a striking life-likeness, executed by Bernard Gutman, of Lynchburg, Virginia, was presented on Friday evening, March 24, 1899, to Robert E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, in a chaste address by Major Samuel Griffin of Bedford City, Virginia, who served as Adjutant-General on the staff of General Munford. It was evidently, as stated by the speaker, "a labor of love," and was in glowing eulogy of the personal virtues and valor of the distinguished cavalry leader. The description of the disbanding of General Munford's famous command after the memorable surrender of April 9, 1865, was highly pathetic.

The speaker said, in conclusion, that he could not refrain from a passing tribute to the signal gallantry on the field of battle, he had so often witnessed in his old comrade Captain Lamb, who was to follow him in accepting the portrait of their beloved commander.

The remarks of Captain Lamb were in deep feeling and unostentatiously characteristic of him. They embody many details of history of intrinsic value as the testimony of a participant in momentous campaigns and engagements covering the period of the stupendous struggle of the South for independence. Captain Lamb the oft-re-elected, efficient and popular representative of the third district in our National Congress, in his exemplified merit is well-known to our people.

The occasion was highly enjoyed by a large and intelligent audience comprehending leading ladies and gentlemen of our city and

its vicinity, the Society of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and war-worn veterans, in force.

There was enlivening music under the direction of Professor Herbert Rees, and a touching solo by Mrs Walter Mercer.

The paper of Captain Lamb is now for the first time printed.—
EDITOR.]

Mr. Commander, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a pleasant duty at any time to respond to a request from Lee Camp. It is further an honor to be detailed for the special duty of receiving another portrait to be added to the splendid galaxy that surrounds us on these walls. This is a portrait, my comrades, of one in whose command I served; whose splendid form and mein come before my mind's eye even now as I call up the past and see him at the head of his old 2d Regiment, or leading a charge of the brigade he commanded so admirably.

I would ask your sympathy, and invite your friendly criticism, as I attempt to condense in a brief compass that which would require more than an hour to rehearse, in order that justice might be done to the deserts of my old friend and comrade whose portrait I gratefully accept.

Our thanks are due the comrade, Major Samuel Griffin, the Adjutant-General of our old brigade, for his eloquent and tasty address in presenting this portrait. He has relieved, in great measure, the burden which would have rested upon me, for he has told far better than I might of the distinguished services rendered by General Munford. These heroes, living and dead, who look down upon us from our walls, have made history. Let us, their comrades and survivors, as well as the sons whom God has vouchsafed us, see that it is preserved, and the records of these our glorious heroes handed down to the generations that shall follow us. I know of no better way to preserve the truth than through your camp organizations, and that of the Sons of Veterans. These young gentlemen will to-night learn something of the sacrifices of a gallant Confederate leader, who was among the very first to enlist, and the very last to lay down his arms; who, as commander of the splendid 2nd regiment of cavalry, led the advances and guarded the flanks, and picketed the lines of Stonewall Jackson, who, after the death of Ashby, led the men who so often responded to the bugle call of that brilliant commander.

When General Jackson's command moved to the assistance of

Lee in the combined attack upon McClellan, that resulted in the seven days fight around this historic city, Colonel Munford's regiment accompanied his command, and participated, as far as the nature of the densely wooded country would permit, in the fights around Richmond. At White Oak Swamp, where Jackson was detained a whole day, while Longstreet and A. P. Hill were delivering the fearful battle of Frazier's Farm, Colonel Munford was called upon to perform one of those difficult tasks that often fall to the lot of this arm of the service. As the part he performed that day has been misunderstood and erroneous impressions prevail as to the cause of Jackson's delay at White Oak Swamp, let me, in the fewest words possible, give the exact situation. While Magruder engaged the Federal forces on the afternoon of the 29th of June, 1862, Jackson's forces were rebuilding Grape Vine Bridge, and only succeeded in crossing the Chickahominy after darkness had fallen. On reaching White Oak Swamp on the 30th, he ordered Munford to cross the stream, notwithstanding the enemy had torn up the bridge and planted their artillery so as to command the crossing. Crutchfield brought up two batteries of artillery and opened on the enemy. Munford's leading squadron moved across under almost insuperable difficulties.

The regiment soon followed, charging the Federal batteries, but were repulsed by the infantry line of battle. Munford moved down the stream, and recrossed with great difficulty by a cow-path. He informed General Jackson that the infantry could cross below the bridge, but the engineers thought that they could cross better above it. A division of infantry was therefore put in above, but, after wasting hours of valuable time, failed to effect a crossing.

For an interesting page of the chapter of accidents that followed us from Gaines' Mill to "Westover," see the letter of General Munford on page 80 of the *Campaigns of Stuart*, by H. B. McClellan.

On page 466 of *Dabney's Life of Jackson*, we find these significant words: "Two columns pushed with determination across the two fords, at which the cavalry of Munford passed over and returned—the one in the centre, and the other at the left—and protected in their outset by the oblique fire of a powerful artillery, so well posted on the right, would not have failed to dislodge Franklin from a position already half lost. The list of casualties would have indeed been larger than that presented on the 30th, of one cannoneer mortally wounded. But how much shorter would have been the bloody list filled up the next day at Malvern Hill." When

Dabney says, "this temporary eclipse of Jackson's genius was probably to be explained by physical causes;" the whole story of the White Oak Swamp is told in a few words. I wish to emphasize the fact that Colonel T. T. Munford performed well and satisfactorily the part assigned him that day, for on a little slip of paper General Jackson wrote to him: "I congratulate you on getting out."

Had Munford's suggestion been followed, Franklin would have been forced back to where Heintzelman and McCall were barely holding their own against Longstreet and A. P. Hill.

The Federal forces, disputing the passage of Fisher's Run by Armistead and Mahone, would have been forced to fall back, and Huger's whole division would have reinforced Longstreet; while Magruder at Timberlake's store, on the Darbytown Road, at two o'clock, the 30th, was within two hours' march of Glendale. To one who understands the topography of this country it looks as if the very *stars in their courses* fought against us on the fateful 30th of June, 1862. A month of inactivity succeeded the seven days' battles and then followed the second Manassas campaign.

THE SECOND MANASSAS CAMPAIGN.

The 2d Virginia cavalry was assigned to duty as the advance guard of Jackson's corps. McClellan, in his life of Stuart, says: "Colonel Munford had seen much service in the Valley under Jackson, and had performed the same duty for him during the battles around Richmond."

At Bristoe Station Jackson sent Colonel Munford to surprise and capture the place; this he succeeded in doing, dispersing a cavalry company, capturing forty-three of an infantry regiment, and killing and wounding a goodly number. He participated in the movements that culminated in the capture of Manassas Junction with a large quantity of stores, and when Ewell had to withdraw from Bristoe Station, the 2d and 5th regiments, under Munford and Rosser, covered his rear. On the 28th, 29th and 30th of July, 1862, the fights at Grovetown and Manassas occurred. There were numerous engagements of the cavalry, with only a few reports. In one of these, near the Lewis House, Robertson's brigade, to which the 2d regiment had been attached, met Buford's cavalry brigade in one of the most brilliant fights of the war. Every account I have met with, accords to Munford and the 2d Virginia the honors

of the fight. Munford led the charge, and was dismounted by a sabre stroke, and his horse killed.

In a few moments, five of his men were killed outright, and over forty wounded. The 7th and 12th regiments—the latter commanded by Colonel A. W. Harman—supported the charge. In this fight more than 300 prisoners were captured.

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

Stuart's cavalry crossed the Potomac on the 5th of September ; Fitz Lee moving on the New Market, Hampton on Hoyattstown roads, while Munford covered Sugar Loaf mountain, with his pickets extended as far as Poolesville. The 6th regiment had been detached, and the 17th battalion sent on some special duty ; so that Munford had only three regiments, the 7th, 12th and 2d. On the 7th of September, Pleasanton's cavalry drove in Munford's pickets, and on the next day attacked his command with superior numbers, driving the 12th regiment before them in some confusion. The sharp shooters of the 2d regiment checked this advance near Barnesville. On the following day, the 9th of September, occurred the fight at Monocacy Church, in which the 7th again suffered loss. On the 10th Pleasanton attacked Munford on Sugar Loaf Mountain, but was repulsed ; on the 14th Franklin's corps advanced in force, and Munford retired to a point near Frederick. The critical situation of the Confederate army on the 14th of September is well known to the old soldiers, as well as to the students of history.

The dispatch to D. H. Hill that fell into McClellan's hands revealed the position of our troops, and accounts for the vigor of the Federals at Crampton's Gap and other points—the defence of the former by Munford, with his two regiments, and a fragment of the two regiments from Mahone's brigade, under the gallant Colonel Parham, deserves a more extended notice than can be given here. With less than 800 men he held in check for three hours three brigades of Slocum's, and two of Smith's divisions. As the Federals closed down upon Sharpsburg he was assigned to the right of Lee's line of battle, and on the 12th and 18th was actively engaged in skirmishing with the Federal cavalry. I regret that time will not permit even extracts from his report.

FROM THE VALLEY TO FREDERICKSBURG.

On the 10th of October two columns of the Federal army advanced with the view of ascertaining the position of General Lee's

army. The one from Harper's Ferry, under General W. S. Hancock, was composed of 1,500 infantry; four regiments of cavalry and four pieces of artillery—numbering perhaps 5,000 men or more. This advance was opposed by Colonel Munford with a part of the 2d, 7th and 12th Virginia cavalry. He was supported by one gun of Chew's battery, and three of the Richmond Howitzers under Captain B. H. Smith, Jr.

Captain Smith lost a foot in this fight, and Lieutenant H. C. Carter, of this city, was badly wounded. By one of those curious mistakes that sometimes occur, Colonel Munford mistook this Carter for J. W. Carter, who was in Chew's battery. McClellan in *Life of Stuart* follows this report. So, we are engaged to-night in correcting, as well as preserving, history.

REORGANIZATION OF THE CAVALRY.

On the 10th of November, 1862, the cavalry brigades were reorganized and W. H. F. Lee and W. E. Jones were promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, Colonel Thomas T. Munford who had so ably commanded Robertson's brigade as we have shown, was transferred with his regiment to Fitz Lee's brigade, which he afterwards commanded in so many engagements. The officers and men of his command soon learned to appreciate his soldierly bearing and gave him loyal support, while his excellent qualities of head and heart endeared him to all who were thrown in social intercourse with him. In winter quarters and around camp fires the non-commissioned officers and privates conversed as freely with him as they would have in the social circle of their own homes.

A private of my own company, who was detailed as a courier to Colonel Munford, when he returned to his command, never tired of telling his messmates how kind and considerate the General was to the private soldiers of his command. Perhaps in this respect the Confederate army differed from every other army in the world, and was in striking contrast with the Federal, chiefly because that army was composed in good part of foreigners. In a regiment captured by my brigade, a half-dozen different languages were spoken, and it was a ludicrous scene to witness their efforts at conversation.

FROM FREDERICKSBURG, 1862, TO THE END OF THE GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN, JULY 31, 1863.

The Fredericksburg field offered little opportunity to the cavalry. In the Chancellorsville fight, at Burnt Furnace, and Ely's Ford, as

well as in the delicate task of screening the last flank movement, of Jackson, effective work was done, of which few reports were made. Following these fights, came the battles of Kelly's Ford, March 13, 1863, and "Fleetwood Hill" of June 9th, 1863. These deserve a fuller notice than can be given. At the last fight, one of the severest cavalry engagements of modern times, Munford commanded the 1st, 2nd and 3rd regiments. He was at Oak Shade, seven miles from Fleetwood when the action begun, and owing to conflicting orders received, was delayed in his march. He arrived in time to render valuable assistance, and his sharp-shooters repulsed the enemy on the left of our lines. He has been blamed for the delay. I marched with him, heard the orders he received, and commanded his sharp shooters, losing three men killed, and eighteen wounded in a very few minutes after getting into the fight. I have not been able to find his official report but the statement made from memory is very nearly corroborated by McClellan in his life of Stuart.

In this fight known as "Fleetwood" about 10,000 cavalymen on each side, were engaged all day. The Confederate loss was over 500, and the Federal over 900 killed, wounded and missing.

I wish that some of these infantry soldiers could have stood on the hill at the Barbour house and been lookers on. It was a "glorious sight to see, for him who had no friend, no brother there."

The fights at Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville were spirited affairs. Colonel Munford commanded the 2nd and 3rd regiments. He reports the capture of 138 prisoners, while his own loss was 119. We find few reports from Federal officers in these battles. In the three engagements, Stuart reports a loss of 65 killed, 279 wounded, and 166 missing.

McClellan in his life of Stuart gives the Federal loss at 827. On the 12th of June General Stuart began the hazardous movement of crossing the Potomac and marching around the Federal army. He selected Hampton's, Fitz Lee's and W. H. F. Lee's brigades, leaving those of Robertson and W. E. Jones to accompany the army into Pennsylvania. These, with Jenkins' brigade, must have numbered 4,000s abres, and yet we have often heard, and most men think, that Lee's army was left without cavalry. Verily, it will take an hundred years to correct the errors of our history. Do you ask who will be enquiring about it at the end of the 20th century? All students of military tactics, the descendants of these sons of veterans who will be tracing their history back to the men who rode with Stuart and Hampton, and marched under Lee and Jackson.

The inexorable law of heredity will quicken this study. Though generations of Virginians have been on the inquiry as to where they came from, giving little attention as to where they may be going. The members of Stuart's cavalry grow weary when you speak of the Gettysburg campaign, during the long days and sleepless nights that attended our long march, in rear of the Federal army, on to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and back to Gettysburg, where we fought on the 3rd of July. Colonel Munford commanded Fitz Lee's brigade, after Hampton was wounded, and Fitz Lee was given the division. On the 3rd of July all of this brigade, save the 4th Virginia was engaged; the opposing forces being commanded by Gregg and Custer. The former reports a loss of 295, and the latter, 502, which clearly indicates the magnitude of the fight. Time will fail to tell of the Bristoe campaign, the fights at Jack's shop and James City, the Buckland races, and Kilpatrick's raid. As I mention the names the old cavalymen of Wickham's brigade will recall many a scene indelibly fixed in their memory, as well as the noble bearing of the soldier whose portrait is added this night to the splendid array of heroes surrounding these walls. During the winter of 1863-64 while our army was in Culpeper county and the cavalry guarding all the fords of the Rappahannock, Colonel Munford, Colonel W. R. Carter (who fell at Trevillian's), Captain Fox, of Gloucester and Captain Hammond of the 2nd regiment and myself, served on a court-martial, occupying the same hotel with Colonel Munford, and often consulting him upon trying and distressing cases that came before us, I learned to know and love the man, and there began a friendship that lasted throughout the war, and has continued to this day. Many of us were anxious to see Colonel Munford promoted. When I guardedly referred to this no word of complaint fell from his lips. Only the good of the service and an ardent desire to contribute all in his power to this end seemed to move him.

The Wilderness campaign opened in May, 1864, and our deliberations at Orange Courthouse were ended by a summons from headquarters to join our respective commands. I can never forget a prophetic remark of Rev. J. C. Hiden at Orange. As we mounted our horses he said; "I hear the guns now. The next thing I expect to learn will be that you gentlemen are killed." In a few days we saw Captain Fox, and Hammond—than whom I never knew more gallant men—fall near the glorious Stuart at Yellow Tavern. At Trevillian's the noble-hearted Carter fell, leading

the 3rd regiment, boys whom he loved so well, and every one of whom he could call by name.

THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN.

This campaign furnishes an interesting study, and these young men, fired with the military spirit, will do well to read carefully the reports of the same.

Wickham's brigade rendered most effective service in this campaign. Its losses, from the Rapidan to Petersburg, were simply fearful. They have been related around the camp fires of this camp, and our active, untiring and enthusiastic comrade, Thomas W. Sydnor, in presenting the portrait of the noble Wickham, gave many incidents that recalled vividly those dark and bloody days.

Wickham, who had been brigadier-general since September, 1863, was in charge of his own brigade. He was a member of the Confederate Congress at the same time that he was a general in the army.

This accounts for the fact that Colonel Munford is so often mentioned as commanding the brigade.

The temptation is very great to stop here and tell of Todd's Tavern and Jarrall's Mill and Mitchell's Shop and Yellow Tavern, Meadow Bridge and Haw's Shop and second Cold Harbor, where we neared the border land of independence, but I am reminded that the infantry needs rest. It was our business to see that they enjoyed in absolute security "*Nature's sweet restorer*," and to bear with Christian patience and fortitude their facetious jokes at our expense.

At the Trevillian fight Colonel Munford, with the 2d regiment, captured Custer's batteries with his headquarter's wagon and his letters. I had in my possession Mrs. General Custer's letter to General Munford acknowledging the return of General Custer's cape and sash.

During the war with Spain I made application for a commission for General Munford. Had his letter authorizing me to see the Secretary of War and the President, and offer his services to the government, been received two weeks sooner than it was, I feel sure he would have been given a commission.

With his accustomed modesty, he neglected to ask for the endorsements he could so easily have obtained, and wrote me to offer his services, saying that no one knew him better than I did, and that he was satisfied to leave the matter with me. I mention this to

show the spirit of the man. Some philosopher has said : "It is the spirit in which we act that is the highest matter after all." A high sense of duty and a disinterested patriotic spirit stirred the heart and nerved the arm of Munford through the four long years of our unequal conflict. This same spirit has made him a useful and exemplary citizen through the years since the war. After all, "Peace has her victories no less renowned than war."

Many an old soldier who never quaked in the fore front of battle, who bravely faced the dangers nature shrinks from, was unable after the struggle to face life's stern duties, where moral courage and patient endurance is no less demanded than under the mortal perils of the battle field.

THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

We find very little in the reports touching this campaign. I know that Colonel Munford commanded Wickham's brigade all through the same, while Wickham commanded the division. In the *Records of the Rebellion*, page 513, volume 46, part 1st, Major J. E. D. Hotchkiss says : "Rosser came and gave details of the Beverley affair at night and got from Munford actions of his brigade during the campaign." These reports may have gone to General Lee and been lost, with many others, between Petersburg and Appomattox. It is to be regretted that so few reports of the operations of the cavalry are to be met with in the records.

Men never fought against greater odds than did our cavalry at Toms' Brook. Rosser had only 1,500 men. Sheridan had perhaps 8,000, some say 10,000. From the lookout on Massanutton mountain he could see that Rosser was detached from our infantry, so he ordered his men to turn and crush him. The horrors of that day are indescribable. Our troops were pressed back by the mere weight of numbers. After this there were many spirited engagements, with some success on our part.

The unequal conflict was drawing to a close.

Soldiers felt the coming events that cast their shadows before ; none more sensibly than the cavalymen who daily contended against overwhelming numbers. The raid to Beverley and other points stirred their drooping spirits for the time. The brilliant affair of Munford at Mt. Jackson renewed their confidence, but any general engagement where the men could see their lines overlapped on both flanks only brought defeat to the Confederates.

The disputes between our officers at this period are deeply to be regretted.

At this late date I do not like to mention one subject, but having noticed that the records refer to a trial of Colonel Munford, I will state the facts.

General Rosser ordered a detail from the 2d, 3d and 4th regiments to go on a raid to Beverley.

On account of the worn down horses and dispirited men, an earnest protest was made. Colonel Munford, Major Charles Old and myself visited General Rosser at his headquarters, asking that the raid be abandoned, or at least delayed. Colonel Munford pressed for delay, that Jack Palmer, our quartermaster, might return from Richmond with much needed supplies. At this time nearly every horse in the 3d regiment needed shoeing. As senior captain present, I was in command of the regiment, and found great difficulty in securing the detail that was made up for the Beverley raid.

Out of the discussions and disagreements at Rosser's headquarters, grew the arrest and trial of Colonel Munford. He was unanimously acquitted by the court.

Munford's commission as brigadier-general, according to the Confederate roster by Colonel Charles C. Jones, dated from November, 1864. General Stuart recommended him highly for the command of Robertson's brigade, and General Hampton urged his appointment to the 2d brigade. Do you inquire why the delay? I reply, West Point stood in the way.

At Five Forks Munford commanded Fitz Lee's division, and bore the brunt of the attack made by Warren's corps. The records show that we killed and wounded nearly as many of Crawford's and Chamberlain's divisions as we had men. Only a day of two before the surrender we captured General Gregg and many of his command. The 3d regiment led this charge. I have spoken to men here to-night who were in the fight. Lieutenant Harwood of my own company was killed by my side. Only a few days ago I was looking over a letter from General Munford, in which he mentioned Harwood as a brave man and gallant officer. Our brigade headquarter flag was carried safely to the end, and was placed on President Davis' bier at New Orleans, when he and General Early acted as pall-bearers by request of the Virginia division of the A. N. V. The Historical Society of New Orleans has

promised to return it. General Munford said to me : " I hope some day to turn it over to the museum at our dear old capital."

Munford was born in this city. There are those here to-night who knew and loved his father, who was so long the Secretary of the Commonwealth. He has a host of friends besides the soldiers who followed him through the years of war. His heart beats with love for you and his State.

In justice to his merits, and for your due edification, I wish that the duty of receiving this portrait had been assigned to one better equipped for the task, whilst I may plead that no more loyal and devoted friend of his could have been selected.

A strong feature in the character of General Munford is his abiding love for his fellow-man. Some time ago, on his return from Alabama, he wrote me telling of some members of my old company and relatives of mine in that State. He spoke in the kindest way of them, rejoicing at the success of many, and expressing the warmest feelings of sympathy for one who was deeply afflicted. Only this morning I glanced over the letter. The sympathetic paragraph suggests—

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said :
" What writest thou ?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, " The names of those who love the Lord."
" And is mine one ?" said Abou. " Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still ; and said : " I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night,
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed whom the love of God had blessed,
And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.—*Leigh Hunt.*

[From the *Sunday News*, Charleston, S. C., November 28, 1897.]

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR

Traced Back to the Formation of the Constitution.

AN ABLE PAPER READ BY JULIAN L. WELLS BEFORE CAMP
MOULTRIE, SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

At its Recent Anniversary Celebration--The Union all Along, from
Its Very Foundation, had been an Alliance Between Two
Peoples of Divergent Interests and of Dissimilar
Characteristics.

Many volumes might profitably be filled with the discussion of this vast and intricate question, and necessarily only a very imperfect outline can even be attempted here.

While in the throes of war and revolution the American colonies, having made common cause against the mother country, were obliged to combine for mutual defence against the common danger; and this combination finally took shape in the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union, ratified in March, 1781.

In January, 1783, Great Britain acknowledged the revolted colonies, each separately and by name, as thirteen independent States, and agreed, on withdrawing her troops, not to carry off "any negroes or other property."

In the collapse and exhaustion which must follow even successful revolution the States felt, almost as keenly as they had done under the stress of war, their individual impotence and their mutual interdependence. It was, therefore, natural that, as the impracticable character of the Articles of Confederation became apparent, they should "seek to establish a more perfect union."

A convention, composed of delegates from twelve States, met at Philadelphia and the contest raged between the advocates of unlimited State sovereignty and the supporters of a modified centralization. The Constitution was promulgated as a compromise measure and recommended to the States for adoption.

A provision authorizing the coercion of an obstructive State failed to meet even consideration, but was promptly thrown aside, thus showing undoubtedly the opinion of the convention that the Union

could not lawfully use force against any of its members. As the *Federalist*, the organ of the Consolidation party, expressed it, "the States were still to be regarded as distinct and independent sovereigns."

It should be noted that the existence and legality of slavery is recognized in three places in the Constitution, and that a disregard of these provisions, or the obligations arising therefrom, is in itself cause sufficient to justify a disruption of the Union, as a "contract violated on one side is abrogated on all sides."

It is further noticeable that the eleven States which first adopted the Constitution were seceders from the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union and from the two States which remained loyal to the Federation, and that the States thus adopting the Constitution were in a position exactly analogous to that of the Confederate States in 1861.

Finally, in 1790, the last of the original thirteen States acceded to the new Constitution (some of them with great reluctance, New York and Rhode Island expressly reserving the right to secede), and the United States of America was launched upon its career.

It is worthy of thoughtful consideration that "the Northern States declared in convention, that they had but one motive for forming a Constitution, and that was commerce."

The causes which led to the rupture between the Northern and Southern States began to make themselves felt within a very few years after the adoption of the Constitution. Probably the seeds of inevitable controversy were sown by the attempt to found the Federal fabric upon an agreement in writing, which must, on account of the limitations of language, be subject to varied constructions.

A POLITICAL BARGAIN.

The adoption of the Constitution was effected by a political bargain, whereby to the South was secured the peaceable possession of its slaves, and to the North the benefits of Navigation Acts and protection. Thus with their own mouths and by their own acts the Northern States proclaimed the worship of Mammon, to which they have ever been faithful. Having gained by the political bargain every advantage they desired in the Navigation Acts and protection, and thinking that they had squeezed out of the institution of slavery every possible financial profit that could accrue to themselves, their conscience smote them that they should have endorsed

a national institution that promised to continue a source of wealth and happiness to another section, and they cried out to their God that they would crush out such cruel injustice—to themselves.

THE "ASSUMPTION BILL."

The first great sectional divergence occurred on the assumption bill, whereby the representatives of the Northern States proposed that the general government should assume the various State debts. A large portion of the bonds of the several States had been bought for a song by the people of the Northern States, and should the United States government assume the obligation their value would be much increased and great would be the pecuniary profit of the inhabitants of the Northern States at the expense of the States in general. To secure this money gain the New England members were willing to disrupt the Union. Jefferson says: "The Eastern members threaten secession and dissolution," and Alexander Hamilton expressed his fears that the Northern States would dissolve the Union if the assumption bill were not passed. So here at the beginning of the life of the Union the Eastern and Northern States were willing to destroy it, not because their rights were violated, but because their very questionable commercial speculation was objected to.

The impending disunion was avoided by a compromise. The Southern members of Congress allowed the assumption bill to pass, while the Northern members withdrew their opposition to the Capital being placed at Washington. Here, as at every period of the *ante-bellum* history of the Union, the danger of compromises or political trades is apparent. In every bargain the South suffered injury. In each instance we see the mistake of attempting to avoid a contention by adopting the expedient as a substitute for the right. In every compromise the object of the South was most generous and patriotic, in wishing to promote the welfare of all the States, even at her own expense, and seeking to maintain the integrity of the Union when threatened by the insatiable desire of the Northern members of the partnership for commercial gain, but through this too generous yielding the South was gradually stripped of all advantages accruing from the Union, and was finally forced into a life or death struggle for her rights as guaranteed under the Constitution.

“LIBERAL CONSTRUCTION.”

The view of the meaning of the constitutional compact taken by the then most rampant advocates of loose construction of the Constitution in the closing years of the last century differed widely from the interpretation that their successors chose to adopt.

Dr. Johnson, of Connecticut, said in the Federal Convention : “The fact is the States do exist as so many political societies, and a government is to be formed for them in their political capacity, as well as for the individuals composing them. Does it not seem to follow that if the States, as such, are to exist, they must be armed with some power of self-defence?” That means the right to secede. In the same debate Mr. Ellsworth said : “He turned his eyes, therefore, for the preservation of his rights to the State governments.” Mr. Ellsworth and Mr. Sherman unite in saying : “The powers vested in Congress go only to matters respecting the common interests of the Union and are specially defined, so that the particular States retain their sovereignty in other matters.” Oliver Ellsworth further said : “The Constitution does not attempt to coerce sovereign bodies—States in their political capacity.”

Alexander Hamilton, the head and front of the Centralization party, himself says : “But how can this (military) force be exerted on the States collectively (against State authority?) It is impossible.” Thus, and by like examples much too numerous to quote, we see the view of the limitation of the powers of the general government taken by the fathers of the republic and agreed to by their supporters and constituents.

Before the first year of this century the tendency to consolidation became so apparent that two States, at least, passed resolutions assertive of their States' rights, and as these resolutions were without opposition or contradiction, they must have embodied the currently received doctrine of their time.

STATE RIGHTS DECLARED.

The declaration of Virginia, drawn up by Mr. Madison, sets forth : “That in case of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous exercise of powers not granted in said compact (the Constitution) the States who are parties thereto, have the right, and are in duty bound to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights and liberties appertaining to them.”

The resolutions sketched by Thomas Jefferson and passed by the Legislature of Kentucky declared : " That whensoever the general government assumes and delegates powers, its acts are unauthorized, void and of no force ; that each State acceded as a State, and is an integral party, its co-States forming as to itself the other party ; that the government created by this compact was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to it, since that would have made its discretion and not the Constitution the measure of its powers ; that as in all other cases of a compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of the infractions as the mode and measure of redress."

That the doctrine of States' rights and rigid construction of the Constitution was held by the people of the North generally and of New England in particular, is amply proved by their words and deeds, both before and after the promulgation of the above resolutions by Virginia and Kentucky.

Mr. Ellsworth and Mr. Sherman write : " Some additional powers are vested in Congress, which was the principal object the States had in view in appointing the Convention ; those matters extend only to the common interests of the Union, and are specially defined, so that the particular States retain their sovereignty in other matters."

Dr. Johnson further says : " This excludes the idea of an armed force." And Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, endorses this statement : " The Constitution does not attempt to coerce sovereign bodies—States in their political capacity." This is sufficient evidence of the extreme States' rights opinion of the New Englanders and their allies during the close of the last and at the opening of the present century. Why their opinions as to matters of right changed so completely in accordance with their pecuniary interests the generation which fought the war and crushed the South will have to answer to their God ; they have never been able to form an answer convincing to man.

RESISTANCE TO THE EMBARGO.

The great sectional ground of controversy next in order after the assumption bill is the Embargo Act of 1807.

Whether or not the embargo was necessary or politic is in itself an intricate subject, foreign to the purposes of this discussion.

This much, however, is certain, that it was a measure passed with the express purpose of protecting the commercial interests of the North and New England, and in accordance with a petition presented by the merchants of Boston; urging that "such measures should be promptly adopted as will tend to disembarass our commerce, assert our rights and support the dignity of the United States." Similar petitions were also presented by the merchants of New York and Philadelphia."

If the merchants and people of New England objected to the embargo, it was merely because, in their opinion, it was not an advisable means "to disembarass our commerce," yet they considered this mere difference of opinion on a matter of expediency as a sufficient ground for breaking up the Union, and that they had a right to do this, whenever their interests, in their opinion, made it necessary, the people of New England seem at that time to have had no doubt.

The citizens of Boston addressed their Legislature as follows: "Our hope and consolation rest with the Legislature of our State, to whom it is competent to devise means of relief against the unconstitutional measures of the general government; that your power is adequate to this object is evident from the organization of the confederacy."

This and like utterances by other towns point directly to resistance to the general government. Said the *Boston Sentinel*: "If petitions do not produce a relaxation or removal of the embargo, the people ought immediately to assume a higher tone. The government of Massachusetts has also a duty to perform. The State is still sovereign and independent."

Mr. Hilhouse, of Connecticut, said in the United States Senate: "I consider this to be an act which directs a mortal blow at the liberties of my country; an act containing unconstitutional provisions, to which the people are not bound to submit, and to which, in my opinion, they will not submit."

Yielding to such threats of secession the embargo was repealed in 1809.

Followed close by the embargo was the ground of controversy—the purchase of Louisiana. This measure was clearly expedient, and tending to promote the power and wealth of the United States, yet was attacked by the New England members of Congress, not so much on constitutional grounds, on which it was assailable, but rather for the malicious reason that it would tend to increase the

prosperity and importance of the South. Such malevolence is discreditable enough to its authors as men, and gives the lie to the hypocritical pretensions of the New Englanders to superior sanctity, founded upon the sour perversions of Christianity derived from their Puritan ancestors.

Mr. Quincy, of Massachusetts, used the following language in debate in Congress: "If this bill passes it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union that will free the States from their moral obligation; and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some to prepare for separation, amicably if they can, violently, if they must."

We here again see the right of secession declared for his constituents by one of New England's most distinguished statesmen, and received so much, as a matter of course, that it was not questioned.

THE WAR OF 1812.

Next in the march of events comes the war of 1812. This war was undertaken with the avowed intention of protecting the commerce and the seamen of New England from the domineering encroachments of the British sea power, yet the moment that the stress of war begins to be felt what is the result? The Northern States, having adopted the Constitution mainly for promoting their commercial interests, became restive as soon as their trade was interfered with by war, even though that war was entered upon for the purpose of protecting their commerce, and though their carrying trade was only temporarily decreased during the continuance of hostilities, with a view to their own ultimate benefit.

Ministers of the Gospel in the Eastern States denounced the war of 1812 as "an unholy war." When the armies of the United States were invading Canada, in the churches of New England they prayed "that all invading armies might be cut off," and "that they who take the sword may perish by the sword."

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the fact that the reverend gentlemen who led these vindictive prayers and the congregations who joined in them, put themselves beyond the pale of Christianity, for Christians may not lawfully pray for the destruction even of their bitterest enemies. During the war of 1812, more than at any other time, the New England pulpit, press and representatives in Congress reiterated their intention to secede, and still their declarations passed unchallenged as an unquestioned right. The Rev.

Mr. Gardener, in a sermon preached in Boston, July 23, 1812, says: "The Union has long since been dissolved; it is full time that this part of the United States should take care of itself."

This is only a specimen of many exhortations to secession.

The press teemed with similar sentiments: "My plan is to withhold our money and make a separate peace with England." From the *Boston Advertiser*.

"That there will be a revolution if the war continues, no one can doubt, who is acquainted with human nature and is accustomed to study cause and effect. The Eastern States are marching steadily and straightforward up to the object."—*Federal Republican*.

These are only specimens from the leading newspapers.

The citizens of Newberryport, Mass., memorialized their Legislature as follows:

"We call upon our State Legislature to protect us in the enjoyment of those privileges, to assert which our fathers died, to defend which we profess ourselves ready to resist unto blood."

No more violent sentiments can be expressed by the most hot-headed secession convention.

"We will not pay our continental taxes, or aid, inform or assist any officer in their collection."

This resolution, passed by a mass meeting at Reading, Mass., is less violent than the resolutions immediately above, but it shows a more determined, though less noisy, spirit.

Said Cyrus King, of Massachusetts, in a speech in Congress:

"Yes, sir; I consider this administration as alien to us, so much so that New England would be justified in declaring them, like all foreign nations, enemies in war, in peace, friends."

The *Federal Republican* has it: "On or before July 4 next, if James Madison is not out of office, a new form of government will be in operation in the eastern section of the Union."

These are completely parallel, in most respects identical, with the utterances of the most extreme secession politicians and newspapers of 1860, except in the very important respect that even the most violent southern secessionists deplored the necessity which forced them to their course, and rested the grounds of their action on principle and right, whereas the northern secessionists of 1814 never alluded to principle, but merely writhed and roared when the "pocket nerve" was touched.

Grave and distinguished Southerners actually shed tears at the

sad necessity of separation in 1861. We hear of no such evidences of feeling in 1814. The Eastern States were bound to rule or ruin; they must have full pockets or no Union.

STATE RIGHTS IN NEW ENGLAND.

John Lowell, of Massachusetts, in 1812, writes: "Is there no constitutional right in the people or the several States to judge whether the militia are, or are not, constitutionally called into service? In whom from the very limitation in the Constitution reposes the ultimate right to judge whether the cause does exist? We answer, in the constituting power (*i. e.*, the State), not in the delegate (*i. e.*, the general government), in the master, not in the servant; ultimately in the people of the several States. The very idea of limitation excludes the possibility that the delegate (*i. e.*, the general government), should be the judge."

The above, from the pen of a New Englander, expresses the sentiments of New England in 1812, and is a strict declaration of the doctrine of States' Rights, according to the teachings of Jefferson and Madison.

Gouverneur Morris was the very man who revised the language of the Constitution before its final adoption, and must, therefore, have understood its meaning. These are his words: "That the Constitution was a compact, not between solitary individuals, but between political societies—each State enjoying sovereign power."

In a subsequent letter he says: "The Union is already broken by this administration. Should we now rely upon it we would forfeit all claim to common sense." Such was then the opinion at that time of the North in general, and of New England in particular, as to their right to secede.

The Connecticut *Courant* says: "We have now already approached the era when they (the different States) must be divided."

NEW ENGLAND'S "TREASON" IN 1809.

The inclination of New England to reunite herself with Great Britain has now been almost forgotten, having been studiously kept in the background for the better part of a century, but in 1809 it was so well known that the Governor-General of Canada sent an agent into New England with a view of a co-operation with England and a union with Canada.

Says the *Federal Republican*: "One step more and the union of these States is severed "

All this was a matter of general notoriety at the time.

Thomas Jefferson writes to Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts: "What, then, does this English faction with you mean? They count on British aid. They would separate from their friends, who alone furnish employments for their navigation, to unite with their only rival for that employment."

A great deal of mouthy patriotism for the Union has emanated from New England for many years past, and their genuine enthusiasm for "The Old Flag and an Appropriation" has never been doubted; but how can they explain away the fact that they were on the point of betraying their country and deserting to the enemy in 1814?

NEW ENGLAND'S SPIRIT.

We must turn for a time from the political to the military history of the war of 1812, which is interwoven with and illustrates the political status of the times and the temper of New England.

Massachusetts and Connecticut refused to furnish troops to fight the battles of the Union, while the troops of New York refused to leave the State and follow their generals to the invasion of the enemy's country, Canada.

Governor Chittenden, of Vermont, issued his proclamation recalling the Vermont militia from serving against the British. In the Massachusetts Senate resolutions were introduced expressing the readiness of Massachusetts to aid with her whole power the Governor of Vermont, who deservedly was threatened with prosecution for having held back the troops which his country needed in time of war.

"The Legislature of Massachusetts forbade the use of the jails to confine British prisoners of war and ordered the jailors to release them."

It may be noted that while New England refused to furnish troops, and the rest of the North was lukewarm, the South Carolina generals, Wade Hampton, the grandfather of our own immortal Hampton, and General Ralph Izard were battling on the Canadian frontier, a thousand miles from their State, to protect the homes of New York and New England, the apathy of whose men, however, made the efforts of the South Carolina generals almost unavailing.

“In more than one instance one-half of the American force was beaten under the eyes of the other, which could not be induced to move till it was time to run away.”

“General Hull, Governor of Michigan, surrendered an army of 2,500 Americans to a force of 600 British and 600 Indians at Detroit.” This illustrates the lukewarmness of the Northerners even on their own ground.

After the disgraceful surrender of Hull, of Michigan, General William Henry Harrison, of Virginia, took command on the north-western frontier, and by vigorous efforts defended that line and brought the defence to a successful conclusion in the battle of Tippecanoe.

The efforts of Colonel Scott, of Virginia, were rendered ineffectual by the incompetence of his subordinates and the lack of martial spirit in his troops recruited in the Northern States, hence in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814 little was accomplished.

While New England was on the point of secession and making her own peace with England, though the war was waged for her benefit ; and while she refused to furnish troops, or indeed to allow her militia to serve, the South, owing to her very great distance from the scene of land hostilities, had no opportunity to face the public enemy, but when the chance was at last given, the South took energetic and noble advantage of it.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The temporary cessation of the Napoleonic wars and the banishment of Bonaparte to Elba gave England the opportunity to land at the mouth of the Mississippi a force stated at 12,000 men, consisting of veterans of Wellington's Peninsular campaigns. These British veteran troops, who, under the leadership of Wellington, had just performed the exploit of driving from the Spanish peninsula the hitherto invincible legions of France, led by the great marshals of Napoleon ; these British veterans were entitled to be considered among the finest soldiery then in the world. But the British government was wofully mistaken if they thought that the manhood of the country was assembled on the Canadian frontier, and that the conspicuous lack of military ardor there displayed by both officers and men was characteristic of all the American people.

By landing a force of veteran troops at New Orleans the English indeed took the United States by surprise. But Andrew Jackson,

of Tennessee, was in command of the southwest and exhibited a flash of that high military genius which has since so immortally distinguished the South and her sons.

While the New England States were haggling with the general government about the pay and the maintenance of militia, who did little but demonstrate their own inefficiency, when at last put into the field, Andrew Jackson, destitute of troops and munitions of war, could only call upon the citizens of the then frontier, comprising the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi.

At once the hardy frontiersmen responded to the call without the hope of pay or reward. The gage of battle had been thrown down, and Southern men have never, "even unto this day," been slow in accepting such a challenge. We hear of no Legislature in the South splitting hairs as to the legality of sending their citizens out of the State to fight the battles of their country. The bold men of the southwest hastened to New Orleans without waiting for any legislature to authorize or to command them to do their duty.

Then followed the battle of New Orleans, where the soldiers who had conquered under Wellington, unable to advance and live, and too brave to flee, were mowed down by the Mississippi rifle in the hands of the Southern citizen soldiers.

This is all matter of history, which is only alluded to here in order to call attention to the similarity between the Southern riflemen of the battle of New Orleans and their immediate descendants, who have since poured out their heroic blood on so many hard fought battlefields.

SECESSION IN 1812-15.

While these stirring events were in progress at the South, the Hartford Convention had been in session in New England, and the delegates had been busy, not in devising means for the general defence, but in considering terms which should be dictated to the general government and the loyal States. The terms decided upon were in effect intended to diminish the political power of the South and to increase the already great commercial advantages of New England.

Failing the acceptance of these terms, New England was to secede, as usual, and make her own peace with Great Britain and desert to the enemy in time of war. Commissioners were actually appointed to report to President Madison the intention of New

England to abandon her sister States, and these commissioners had reached Washington when the treaty of peace was signed, and the commissioners had no occasion to deliver their message.

In this connection it may be well to remember that John Quincy Adams always maintained that the Hartford Convention was a "treasonable convention," as it "gave aid and comfort to the enemies of the country in time of war."

While President of the United States Mr. Adams wrote: "That project, I repeat (secession) had gone to the length of fixing upon a military leader for its execution."

The journal of the Hartford Convention concludes with the words: "States which have no common umpire must be their own judges and execute their own decisions."

However contemptible the intention of the New England States may have been to desert under fire, they had an undoubted legal right to do so, and to withdraw from the Union whenever they saw fit.

In her original Convention in 1780, Massachusetts declared: "That the people of this Commonwealth have the sole and exclusive right of governing themselves as a free, sovereign and independent State, and do and forever hereafter shall exercise and enjoy every power, jurisdiction and right which is not, or may hereafter be, by them expressly delegated to the United States of America in Congress assembled."

Timothy Dwight writes: "A war with Great Britain we, at least in New England, will not enter into; sooner would our inhabitants separate from the Union."

In 1804 the Legislature of Massachusetts enacted, "That the annexation of Louisiana to the Union transcends the constitutional power of the government of the United States. It formed a new confederacy to which the States, united by the former compact, are not bound to adhere."

Speaking of the admission of Louisiana, Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, said in Congress: "If this bill passes it will be the duty of some definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must." And he continued, saying that it was obvious to reason that in any partnership those who considered themselves aggrieved by the acts of their partners, were at liberty to withdraw. This proposition Mr. Quincy stated to be common law and common sense.

If it was law and common sense in 1804, why was it not law and common sense in 1861?

John Quincy Adams, in a speech made in 1839, said: "It would be far better for the disunited States to part in friendship from each other than to be held together by constraint."

In the House of Representatives (1842) Mr. Adams presented a petition from Haverhill, Mass., praying that Congress will immediately adopt measures to peaceably dissolve the Union of these States: First, because no union can be agreeable and permanent which does not present prospects of reciprocal benefit. Second, because a vast proportion of the revenue of one section of the Union is annually drained to sustain the views and course of another section without any adequate return."

The above states very well the position of the Southern States only nineteen years later.

Massachusetts adopted the following resolutions in 1844: "That the project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may drive these States into a dissolution of the Union. That such an Act would have no binding force whatever on the people of Massachusetts."

That is a strong assertion of the doctrine and the rights both of nullification and secession. Those doctrines became odious to the Northern and Eastern States only when used by the Southern States to protect their constitutional rights.

THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

But let us now return to the year 1819 and the profound agitation caused by the Missouri question, which at that time excited the public mind to such an extent that Thomas Jefferson writes: "In the gloomiest moments of the Revolutionary war I never had any apprehension equal to what I feel from this source."

Maine and Missouri both applied at about the same time for admission into the Union. Both Northern and Southern members of Congress were in favor of admitting Maine as she undoubtedly had a right under the Constitution to be admitted; but the Northern members refused to admit Missouri, on the ground that Missouri allowed slavery; though, as all the original States formerly permitted slavery, and as Missouri was entitled to admission on the same footing as the original States, what the slavery question had to do with the right of Missouri to admission it is hard to discover. But

the reason for which the Northern members wanted to exclude Missouri as a slave State is very patent. Slavery having been found to be an industrial failure at the North had been abandoned after the Northern and Eastern States had made all that they could out of it by selling off their own slaves and by importing slaves for others, when allowed to do so.

But when this source of profit was cut off by the refusal of the South to receive any more African slaves, the Northern conscience became very tender as to the moral right of any community to derive advantage from an industrial system from which the Northern members could get no pecuniary advantage.

The Northern States were jealous of the industrial prosperity and consequent political powers of the Southern States under the slavery system, hence the abolition agitation which made itself so strongly felt in the dispute of the admission of Missouri, and which raged afterwards with ever-increasing fury.

The State of Maine was duly admitted by the concurrence of the Southern votes in Congress, on the understanding that Missouri was to be admitted likewise by the Northern votes, but the Northern members of Congress fraudulently refused to carry out their agreement and Missouri still remained excluded from her rights.

Finally she was admitted under the celebrated Missouri Compromise, by which slavery was forbidden north of latitude 36 degrees 30 minutes and permitted south of that line.

Here, again, the South committed the grave error of allowing vested rights to be abridged in order to still a temporary storm. Each time that the South agreed to a compromise she weakened herself and strengthened her adversary.

SLAVERY CONSTITUTIONAL.

From this time on the history of sectional disagreement is largely a history of the slavery question.

On May 25, 1836, Mr. Pinckney, of South Carolina, introduced the following resolution in the House of Representatives, which was passed by a vote of 182 to 9 (six of the negative votes being from New England):

“*Resolved*, That Congress possesses no constitutional authority to interfere, in any way, with the institution of slavery in any of the States of this Confederacy.”

John C. Calhoun's resolutions passed in the United States Senate January 12, 1838, are of the same tenor, but more elaborate:

"Resolved, That domestic slavery, as it exists in the Southern and Western States of this Union, composes an important part of their domestic institutions inherited from their ancestors, and existing at the adoption of the Constitution, by which it is recognized as constituting an important element in the apportionment of powers among the States, and that no change of opinion or feeling on the part of the other States of the Union in relation to it can justify them or their citizens in open and systematic attacks thereon, with the view to its overthrow; and that such attacks are in manifest violation of the mutual and solemn pledge to protect and defend each other given by the States respectively on entering into the constitutional compact which formed the Union, and as such are a manifest breach of faith and a violation of the most solemn obligations.

"Resolved, That any attempt of Congress to abolish slavery in any Territory of the United States in which it exists would create serious alarm and just apprehension in the States sustaining that domestic institution; would be a violation of good faith towards the inhabitants of any such Territory who have been permitted to settle with and hold slaves therein, because the people of any such Territory have not asked for the abolition of slavery therein, because when any such Territory shall be admitted into the Union as a State, the people thereof will be entitled to decide that question exclusively for themselves."

Passed the Senate—yeas 35, nays 9—Massachusetts, Vermont and Rhode Island voting in the negative.

CALHOUN'S BILL OF WRONGS.

Mr. Calhoun, in his speech in the Senate, March 4, 1850, sets forth the long course of injustice perpetrated by the North on the South in their attempt to abridge the constitutional rights of the South in regard to slavery, and shows how the citizens of the South were excluded from far the larger portion of the territory controlled by the United States, and how the industry of the South was sapped by the protective tariff for the benefit of the North.

Mr. Calhoun says: "What was once a constitutional Federal Republic is now converted into one in reality as absolute as that of

the Autocrat of Russia, and as despotic in its tendency as any absolute government that ever existed.

"The cry of Union, Union, the glorious Union, can no more prevent disunion than the cry of health, health, glorious health, can save a patient dangerously ill.

"Nor can the Union be saved by invoking the name of the illustrious southerner whose mortal remains repose on the western bank of the Potomac. He was one of us—a slaveholder and a planter. And it was the great and crowning glory of Washington's life that he severed a union with Great Britain which had ceased to be mutually beneficial."

Said James K. Polk in his inaugural address: "One great object of the Constitution was to restrain majorities from oppressing minorities, or encroaching on their rights. Minorities have a right to appeal to the Constitution as a shield against such oppression."

How vain this appeal was events proved.

WEBSTER FOR SECESSION.

Mr. Webster, in his speech at Capon Springs, Va., in 1851 says: "I do not hesitate to say and repeat that if the Northern States refuse wilfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, the South would no longer be bound to keep the compact. A bargain broken on one side is a bargain broken on all sides."

Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court of the United States, says: "Is not the master entitled to his property? I answer that he is. His right is guaranteed by the Constitution, and the most summary means for its enforcement are found in the Act of Congress."

Judge Story decides as follows: "It is well known that the object of the clause in the Constitution relating to persons owing service and labor in one State escaping into another was to secure to the citizens the complete right and title of ownership to their slaves as property in every State of the Union."

HATRED OF THE SOUTH.

Governor Chase gives the key to the cause of the whole Abolitionist excitement when he said: "I do not wish to have the slave emancipated because I love him, but because I hate his master."

The New York *Tribune* has it: "We have no doubt that the free and the slave States ought to be separated; the Union is not worth supporting in connection with the South."

This was in 1859, and it is only two years later that these people, who said that "the Union was not worth supporting," were hiring substitutes to force the South back into the Union.

The great disruptive force which, in addition to the slavery question, operated to antagonize the Northern and Southern sections of the Union was the tariff.

As this is still a current issue, and universally discussed in all its bearings, it needs no great explanation here.

Beginning about 1816, the protective policy gradually grew and widened against the most strenuous opposition from the Southern States. At first protection was opposed by New England, as they considered their interests better advanced by promoting foreign commerce, and consequently their own carrying trade, than by protection; Daniel Webster was, in fact, one of the most earnest opponents of protection in its early stages. But soon New England found it more profitable to foster manufactories under protection than to nurse the carrying trade—hence she has ever since advocated protection as a patriotic measure.

Each successive tariff bill increased the bitter discontent and sense of injustice under which the South labored. The States of Georgia and South Carolina entered formal protests in their sovereign capacity.

NULLIFICATION.

At length the irritation became so intense that in 1832 South Carolina passed the famous Ordinance of Nullification, whereby the revenue laws of the United States were suspended. The militia of the South were put in readiness for immediate service. On the other hand President Jackson sent United States troops and men-of-war to Charleston, and an armed conflict was imminent.

But at this critical junction Mr. Clay introduced his compromise resolution, whereby certain articles used in the South were put upon the free list. South Carolina was so far satisfied that her Convention repealed the Nullification laws, and the great struggle was delayed for a time.

From the cessation of the Nullification struggle until the breaking out of the great war the same tendency is always manifest. The Northern members of Congress were perpetually agitating to increase the tariff burdens borne by the South, and to decrease the political importance of the South by abolishing her slave represen-

tation, which was guaranteed by the Constitution. It would be very desirable to show this somewhat in detail, and to illustrate it by quotations from the writers and the Legislative records of those days, but reasonable limits of time and space have already been exceeded, and we must hurry to a conclusion, leaving much valuable information untouched. A few quotations are, however, necessary.

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.

As additional authority for the legality and constitutionality of slavery (if any were needed) we must refer to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case, in which it was decided :

That free negroes are not citizens.

That the Constitution treats them as property.

That since the adoption of the Constitution no State can by subsequent law make any person a citizen who is not recognized as such by the Constitution.

That a change in public opinion cannot change the meaning of the Constitution.

That every citizen has a right to take with him, into any territory of the United States, any property that the Constitution recognizes.

That the Constitution recognizes slaves as property and pledges the government to protect it, and that Congress cannot lawfully interfere with such property.

BUCHANAN AGAINST FORCE.

In addition to what has already been said in regard to the right of secession, it may be well to quote President Buchanan, a strong "Union man, in his annual address, 1860: "Has the Constitution delegated to Congress power to coerce a State into submission which is attempting to withdraw, and has actually withdrawn, from the Confederacy? If answered in the affirmative, it must be on the principle that power has been conferred upon Congress to declare and to make war against a State. After much serious reflection I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress or any other department of the Federal government. It is manifest, upon an inspection of the Constitution, that this is not among the enumerated powers granted to Congress, and it is equally apparent that its exercise is not necessary and proper for carrying into execution one of these powers. So far from this

power having been delegated to Congress it was expressly refused by the convention which formed the Constitution. Without descending to particulars, it may be safely asserted that the power to make war against a State is at variance with the whole spirit and intent of the Constitution."

Such were the words of the President of the United States on the very eve of the great Civil war. It is clear, then, that the war could not have been undertaken by the government and politicians of the North with any claim of moral or legal right. The politicians and abolition fanatics deluded the people into that belief, but the war was brought on by the desire for commercial supremacy on the part of the Northern people, and political power and spoils on the part of the politicians.

Probably the best short exposition of the causes and circumstances necessitating and justifying secession is to be found in the Ordinance of Secession of South Carolina.

The continual cause of irritation which I have attempted to outline, or rather to allude to, at length reached their unavoidable culmination in the great struggle, with the results of which we are only too familiar. If this necessarily meagre sketch shall encourage anyone of candid mind to a personal investigation of the subject, the object of these lines will be attained.

[From the *Times-Dispatch* Oct. 16, 1904.]

THE "OLD FIRST" VIRGINIA AT GETTYSBURG.

Men Who Fought to the Bitter End in the Greatest of Battles.

THE FAMOUS PICKETT CHARGE

And the Part the Old First Virginia Regiment Played In It.

BY CHARLES T. LOEHR.

[The following details by a participant in the renowned charge and Past Commander of G. E. Pickett Camp, C. V., and who is an estimable citizen of Richmond, merits preservation.—ED.]

Much has been written about this historic event and chiefly by those who are writers, but get their information from all kinds of publications, while those who were actors in the bloody drama have had but little to say, and they are fast passing on to answer the roll call of their comrades gone before.

The story of Pickett's charge will ever be remembered and generations yet to come will point to it as one of the grandest acts of heroism in American history.

The Old First Virginia formed part of Kemper's brigade. It held the centre position in the brigade line. The 3d of July, 1863, was extremely hot, and the brigade had to endure the sweltering sun, lying in rear of Seminary Ridge in open field, while to its left were the brigades of Garnett and Armistead partly sheltered in the woods.

The distance from the position of Kemper's brigade to the angle of the stone wall, the point of attack, was just one mile across an open hilly plain, crossed by the Emmetsburg road, thus the enemy from their position on Roundtop Hill could see and count every man we had when we advanced to the charge. Moreover, on these hills the enemy placed their batteries, which fired with fatal effect on our men as they charged.

Just before our artillery opened, there was a detail of fifteen men from each regiment made to act as skirmishers. These moved at

once forward in rear of the batteries near which Wilson's brigade was in position. At 1 o'clock our artillery opened the battle and a few minutes afterward the Federal guns joined in, and the very ground shook. It was simply awful, the bursting of the shells, the smoke, and the hot sun combined made things almost unendurable for our men lying in long rows in rear of the ridge.

Many of our men were wounded by the shelling, and it was a relief when finally the artillery ceased its terrible work and orders came for Pickett's men to charge. The skirmish line (to which the writer was attached) moved forward towards the enemy's skirmish line. Some two hundred yards in the rear came the line of battle, Richard B. Garnett's brigade on the left and Kemper's brigade on the right, while Armistead's came close in the rear.

It was a splendid exhibition, the alignment was nearly perfect. After advancing some three hundred yards the enemy's artillery opened on the columns and shells came screaming through the ranks of Pickett's men. As the men fell the ranks closed, and forward went the line, leaving the dead and wounded in its track.

SEMINARY RIDGE.

The move was made in a left oblique direction to reach the point of attack, which was the angle of a stone wall or fence on the ridge of Seminary Hill. When the line reached this point it became irregular. Many of the officers fell before this point was gained. Colonel Joseph Mayo, of the Third, ordered the brigade to face to the right just as the wall was reached.

There were heavy columns of the enemy coming from that direction, while Garnett's men came in contact with the enemy behind the wall; then Armistead's men rushed across the wall and pursued the enemy, who abandoned the battery some 300 feet in rear of the wall. Then came a short lull in the battle, but firing was kept up and men fell to rise no more.

About 150 Federals were captured at the angle and taken off the field. It was at this time that General Lewis A. Armistead was killed, having his left hand on one of the guns of Cushing's battery, and in his right hand he held his sword on which he had placed his hat. Thus a hero meets a hero's death.

The line around the angle was being fast thinned out, and now was the time for reinforcements to push on the victory within our

grasp, but none were there to aid Pickett's men in their struggle to hold the position for which they had fought so hard.

The supporting line on Pickett's left struck the enemy's line further to our left, reaching there long before Pickett, their line being nearly one-half shorter, and as Pickett's men advanced the line our left was seen to be in full retreat, having suffered heavily. The men of Pickett's division—that is, about one-tenth of what was left—retraced their steps, falling back in small groups, firing as they retreated.

General Pickett was seen in the midst of his survivors when the battle was over, but at the close Wilcox's brigade came rushing down. It came about half way when it met the concentrated fire of the enemy and fell back faster than it came, adding only to the losses and accomplishing naught.

Sergeant Major J. R. Polak states that he was ordered by Colonel Williams to bring up the ambulance corps, as men were falling right and left and needed attention. He went off on "Nelly" (Colonel Williams's horse) to execute the orders given him, and on his return the regiment, with the rest of the division, were all charging, and all he could do was to return Colonel Williams's horse and take his place in the ranks. Colonel Williams at once mounted and wheeled in front of the regiment and was almost immediately struck down. Then Major Langley took command; he was soon disabled. Then Captain Norton took command with the same result. Then Captain Davis jumped in front of the line and was bowled over almost immediately. Then I remember we pushed up to the wall, and could almost see the Yankee gunners leaving their places and running in our lines for safety. Whilst we were waiting with our line for reinforcements, I had a short talk with Lieutenant Cabell about the massing of the Yankees in our front, and the next thing I saw was Colonel Patton of the Seventh Virginia, struck, and when I asked him if he was hurt he tried to answer, but the blood gushed out of his mouth, and made it impossible.

The next thing that I remember was that no reinforcements came and that the Yankees came over the works and we "got," at least I did. I was slightly wounded in the face and in the arm, and found it somewhat difficult to jump what looked to me a ten rail fence, but I managed this all the same. When I got my breath about a quarter of a mile from the field, I saw General Lee riding unattended, and after a few minutes of observation he rode back

and returned with General Longstreet, and then established a point for the returning men to fall back on.

THE COLOR GUARD.

The account given of Lieutenant William M. Lawson, who was the color bearer of the regiment is as follows: "When the order was given to forward the color bearer and guard consisting of Color Bearer William M. Lawson, Sergeants Pat Woods, Theodore R. Martin, Corporal John Q. Figg, and Private Willie Mitchell moved four paces to the front of the line and kept in their position until one after the other was shot down. About half way Willie Mitchell was wounded, but he declined to go back and kept on. About one hundred yards further he was killed. Pat Woods, Theodore R. Martin and John Q. Figg were shot down and the line came close to the stone fence. The color bearer had his right arm shattered by a bullet, and the colors fell from his hand among the dead and dying. J. R. Polak attempted to raise and secure the colors, but was also wounded. Those that were able now fell back and the colors remained where they fell near the angle of the stone wall.

Willie Mitchell was only about sixteen years of age. He was a member of Company D., having joined that company in December, 1862, at the battle of Fredericksburg. He was the son of John Mitchell, the "Irish Patriot," and had just finished his course at the University of Paris. William M. Lawson, the color bearer, lost his arm near the shoulder, leaving only a stump, which was hardly healed when he reported for duty to his regiment. After being released from prison he was promoted to lieutenant for gallant conduct.

Sergeant Pat Woods was shot through the body and remained in prison for some time. He was a most reckless, daring Irishman. There were no better men than Sergeant Theodore R. Martin and John Q. Figg. Both of these were severely wounded. Sergeant John Q. Figg was afterwards promoted to color bearer and made a splendid record for himself in the battles that followed in 1864 and 1865 until the close of the war.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

In straggling groups the survivors of that charge gathered in rear of Seminary Ridge, near the point from which they set out to

do or die. It was a sad sight. Most of them were bleeding; numbers of them were bathing their wounds in a little creek which ran along the valley, making its clear water run red, which others used to quench their burning thirst. Some 300 or 400 men were there. General George E. Pickett was mounted, and was talking to the men here and there. Only two of the regiments had retained their colors, one of which was the 24th Virginia, and the color bearer, a tall mountaineer, named Charles Belcher, was waving it, crying: "General, let us go at them again!" Just about then General James L. Kemper was carried into the crowd, and the latter came to a halt. Then General Lee was seen to ride up, and we, as was usual, wanted to know what he had to say, crowded around him.

General Pickett broke out into tears, while General Lee rode up to him, and they shook hands. General Lee spoke to General Pickett in a slow and distinct manner. Anyone could see that he, too, felt the repulse and slaughter of the division, whose remains he viewed.

LEE'S WORDS.

Of the remarks made to General Pickett by General Lee, we distinctly heard him say: "General Pickett, your men have done all that men could do; the fault is entirely my own." These words will never be forgotten.

Just then, he turned to General Kemper and remarked: "General Kemper, I hope you are not seriously hurt, can I do anything for you?" General Kemper looked up and replied: "General Lee, you can do nothing for me; I am mortally wounded, but see to it that full justice is done my men who made this charge." General Lee said: "I will," and rode off.

General Pickett turned to us, saying: "You can go back to the wagons and rest until you are wanted." The men then left for their wagon trains.

There was little or no organization among them. Night was coming on and the writer and several of his company slept in a mill, about half way to the wagon train, getting back with those of the survivors of the Old First on the morning of the 4th. The whole command numbered hardly thirty men, rank and file, and Captain B. F. Howard had charge of the squad.

About 10 o'clock the drum beat to fall in, and, as we took our places in rank, J. R. Polak came out with a set of colors, which he got from an ordinance wagon (the same had been left in our

hands by Holcomb's Legion at Second Manassas) and, waiving it, though he had his hand in a sling, and his nose was all bloody from the charge, but we declined to play color guard, and the flag was returned to the wagon.

Then the order from General Lee, constituting Pickett's division the provost guard for the army was read, and was but little relished by the men, most of them considering it as almost a disgrace to act as provost guard; however, orders must be obeyed, and, after an hour or two of waiting, we were marched up on both sides of the road and the Federal prisoners filed in between us, and Pickett's division saw them safely turned over to Imboden's command on the 9th. At the Potomac river, on the 10th, the 1st, 3rd and 24th Virginia regiments reached again the green fields of Virginia.

The 1st Virginia Infantry numbered about 175, rank and file, at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

THOSE PRESENT.

The officers present, as far as can be remembered, were: Lewis B. Williams, Colonel; Frank H. Langley, Major; Company B—Captain T. Herbert Davis, Lieutenant Logan S. Robins, Lieutenant J. A. Payne and about twenty-five men; Company C—Captain James Hallihan, Lieutenant John E. Dooley and about twenty men; Company D—Captain George F. Norton, Lieutenants E. P. Reeve, W. H. Keiningham, Adolphus Blair and about forty men; Company G—Captain Eldridge Morris, Lieutenants W. T. Woody, L. R. Shell and about thirty men; Company H—Captain A. J. Watkins, Lieutenants E. W. Martin, P. C. Cabell and about thirty men; Company I—Captain B. F. Howard, Lieutenants W. A. Caho, H. C. Ballow and about twenty-five men.

As far as we could we have made out a list of the killed, wounded and missing, which is, however, not complete, as many recruits had been recently added to the regiment, and it was, therefore, impossible to give all the names in the long list of casualties. This refers especially to Company C, which was at that time mostly filled up with recruits.

OFFICERS KILLED AND DIED FROM WOUNDS.

Colonel Lewis B. Williams, Captain James Hallihan, Company C; Lieutenant W. A. Caho, Company I.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Company B—Fendall Franklin; Company C—James Thomas; Company D—D. S. Edwards, Willie Mitchell, J. W. Freeman, M. J. Wingfield; Company G—W. F. Miller; Company L—Corporal L. O. Ellett, E. J. Griffin, Edward Taliaferro, H. McLaughlin; Company H—Sergeant C. P. Hansford, Corporal Richard Chaddick, W. J. Vaughan, Flowers, Nuckols, St. Clair, John Paine, M. Brestrahan, W. S. Waddill.—Total, twenty-three.

WOUNDED—Those marked * were left in enemy's hands: Field and Staff—Major F. H. Langley, Sergeant-Major J. R. Polak, Color-Sergeant William Lawson.* Company B—Captain T. Herbert Davis,* Lieutenant J. A. Payne, Corporal W. J. Carter,* Corporal John Q. Figg,* Privates George R. Heath,* James Stagg,* Joseph Daniel,* H. L. Specard, R. H. Street, W. J. Mallory; prisoner, E. Goetze. Company C—Lieutenant John E. Dooley, Sergeant Pat Woods.* Company D—Captain G. F. Norton, Lieutenant E. P. Reeve, Lieutenant William H. Keiningham,* Lieutenant A. Blair, Sergeant J. M. Finn,* Corporal G. E. Craig, Corporal C. T. Loehr, Privates James B. Angle, William J. Armstrong, J. F. Wheely, George W. Johnson,* Joseph C. Keiningham,* T. S. Morton,* E. Priddy,* L. R. Wingfield,* S. L. Wingfield, C. M. Sublett; prisoners, Sergeant J. H. Kepler, Private N. W. Bowe. Company G—Captain E. Morris, Lieutenant W. T. Woody, Sergeant Thomas W. Hay,* Corporal John Allen, Sergeant Thomas H. Durham,* Privates James Farrar, H. C. Fergusson,* C. W. Gentry, B. H. Hord, W. T. Kendrick, C. A. Redford, T. S. Rogers, A. Jeff Vaughan, Robert R. Walthall, William H. Martin, Sergeant William H. Dean; prisoners, Sergeant George W. Ball, Privates J. Rosser Atkisson, B. F. Ashby and A. Haskins. Company H—Captain A. J. Watkins, Lieutenant E. W. Martin, P. C. Cabell, Sergeant T. R. Martin, Corporal R. N. Dunn, W. H. Duerson, Privates W. B. Mosby,* J. H. Daniel, W. N. Anderson,* Sol. Banks,* R. E. Dignun,* F. Faison,* E. Fizer,* W. R. Kilby,* Thomas Maring, J. J. Sinnott, S. Smith, W. C. Hite;* prisoners, Privates Mat. Lloyd and Robert Lloyd. Company I—Sergeant W. F. Terry, Corporal C. L. Parker,* Corporal J. T. Ayres,* Corporal T. E. Traylor, Privates R. O. Meredith,* G. W. Shumaker,* S. S. Neal,* C. A. Wilkes* and C. H. Chappell,* Sergeants John

T. Crew, E. C. Goodson, and W. T. White, and Privates S. Clarke and W. C. Taliaferro.

Killed and died of wounds, twenty-three; wounded and prisoners, eighty-seven; prisoners and wounded left with enemy, marked * forty seven.

From all information obtainable it may be stated that the First Virginia Regiment lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, not less than 125 men out of about 160 that went into the charge.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Pickett's men could have gone into battle on the previous evening, when they reached Gettysburg. They were in fine condition. The march from Chambersburg did not fatigue them at all. Any one who will visit Gettysburg battlefield will see the truth of these views. The writer calls to memory that just before the artillery opened he filled his canteen from a well near which one of our batteries was posted. In talking with the men of the contemplated charge, and, having the position pointed out to him, he remarked on his return to the line, "He would not give twenty-five cents for his life if the charge was made."

He further recalls that one of the comrades, M. J. Wingfield, called "Monk," turned to him when about half way across the field, saying, "Where are our reinforcements?" On looking around nothing was in sight, except the three brigades of Pickett about 300 yards in rear of our skirmish line and now subject to a storm of shells, tearing great gaps into the lines. The writer then replied, "Monk, I don't see any," on which he replied, "We are going to be whipped, see if we don't." Alas, for the poor fellow, these were his last words, for a bullet ended his life only a few minutes afterward.

The story here told is but a record of the excellence of all of the fifteen regiments of Pickett's division that charged on that historic day.

JOSEPH WHEELER.

His Rank by Commission in the C. S. Army—Major-General.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN THE JOURNEY SOUTHWARD OF
PRESIDENT DAVIS.

[The following communication from an esteemed supporter of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, and a gallant follower of Wade Hampton, is of interest incidentally, apart from the conclusive evidence it presents of the permanent rank in the Confederate States Army of General Joseph Wheeler. It is but just to the valiant warrior to state that he has made no claim to the rank of Lieutenant-General by commission, and that there has been published such disclaim.

Inadvertently the subscriber reprinted in the last volume (31) of the *Papers*, pp. 189-192, a statement from Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D. D., in the issue of the *Times-Dispatch* of January 12, 1904, in which among the commissioned Lieutenant-Generals is that (the 20th) of Joseph Wheeler. There has been rank ascribed to other officers of the C. S. Army to which they were not entitled by actual commission, but the editor should not be held even for implication on mooted points, nor should he be supposed to guarantee correctness of any statement save such as he may be assured of by individual cognizance. He has charity for the foibles of all men, cherishes malice toward none, and abhors controversy—oftenest idle.

R. A. BROCK, *Sec. So. His. Society.*]

[Copy.]

“CHARLESTON, S. C., April 2, 1904.

“Rev. Dr. J. William Jones:

“My Dear Sir,—Allow me to recall thyself to your recollection.

“I have very pleasant memories of our meetings in the past. I observe, published in the last volume of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* a letter from you, in which it is stated that Gen. Joseph Wheeler was a Lieutenant-General, C. S. A. I think that

you will find this to be a mistake, and that the highest rank attained by Gen. Wheeler was that of Major-General. You will find all of Wheeler's orders and dispatches up to the end of the war signed "Major-General." You will observe, too, that he could not possibly have been commissioned after the fall of Richmond, as there was after that no so session of the C. S. Senate to confirm an appointment.

"In the list of West Point graduates who became officers in the Confederate Army, which was reprinted in the columns of the *Richmond Dispatch* (issues of March 30, April 6, 27, and May 12, 1902) Wheeler is set down as 'Lieutenant-General.'

"As this is stated to have been supervised by Capt. W. Gordon McCabe, I wrote to him calling his attention to this. He replied that he had known that Wheeler was not a Lieut.-General, as he had conclusive proof of this, and had furnished his name for the West Point list as 'Major-General.' This seems definitely to settle the point, but Gen. Wade Hampton told me that in an interview he had with President Davis in North Carolina, when the latter was arranging for his escape southward, he offered the President an escort of 5,000 mounted volunteers, which he guaranteed to raise at once.

"Mr. Davis, however, declined this offer on the ground that such a force would attract too much attention, and would not be sufficiently mobile for his purposes.

"Gen. Hampton then suggested that with a small escort the President should take Gen. Wheeler to accompany him, as the latter would be useful, being well-known in much of the country through which the party would probably have to pass, and that he (the President) should confer on Wheeler the title of Lieut.-General, in order to increase his prestige and influence with the people of the country. But, the latter part of the proposition the President positively refused to accede to.

"This, alone, would prove that Wheeler was not at that time a Lieutenant-General, and he could not possibly afterward have become one.

"Yours sincerely,

"EDWARD L. WELLS."

[From the *William and Mary College Quarterly*, Oct., 1904, pp. 141-2.]

VIRGINIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

The following documents are found in the Virginia State Library. As the war continued eighteen months longer, the contribution of Virginia was much in excess of the figures given by Governor Letcher. The total number of troops up to October, 1863, was about 133,000 men.

[It may be urged that in the often desperate straits of the Confederate government, by raid and the imminent menace of occupation of important points, the service of every male had in many instances to be availed of, even the maimed and the invalid had to hasten to the front—robbing, as has been quite truthfully stated—"the cradle and the grave." Whilst veritable rosters may not be cited, the contribution of Virginia to the Confederate States Army, first and last, must have been at least 150,000. I would urge upon every true and self-respectful Virginian his palpable duty in helping, as he may, by the loan for copying, of muster rolls in his possession to Major Robert W. Hunter, "Secretary of Virginia Military Records," Richmond, Va., so that as accurate a statement as may be attained, be presented, of the aid and sublime sacrifices made by our grand old Commonwealth and her devoted people to the sacred Cause of Right.—ED.]

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VA., October 7th, 1862.

Gentleman of the House of Delegates:

In response to the Resolution adopted by the House of Delegates, I have the honor to transmit the accompanying report from Adjutant-General Cooper, of the Confederate Government, and General Dimmock, of the Ordnance Department of Virginia.

I have only to add that upwards of thirty thousand conscripts have passed through the camp of instruction in charge of Col. [John C.] Shields.

Respectfully,

JOHN LETCHER.

[Endorsed.] Governor's Message, stating number of men and arms furnished C. States during the present war, Oct. 8, 1863.

Statement of the number of troops furnished the Confederate States by the State of Virginia as taken from the first rolls on file in the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office :

64 Reg'ts Infantry,	.	.	.	.	.	52,496
20 Reg'ts Cavalry,	.	.	.	.	.	14,175
2 Reg'ts Artillery,	.	.	.	.	.	1,779
28 Battalions Cavalry, Infantry and Artillery,	.	.	.	.	.	11,717
9 Battalions Artillery, Army No. Va.,	.	.	.	.	.	4,500
214 Unattached Cos. Artillery, Infantry and Cavalry,	.	.	.	.	.	18,248
Total number of men,						102,915

Of the sixty-four Infantry Regiments, only sixty-one have rolls on file in this office, and only nineteen Cavalry Regiments. The rolls are very defective in all arms of the service. The above statement does not embrace the recruits or conscripts furnished by the State of Virginia, of which we have no returns.

S. COOPER, *At. and I. Gen.*

To. Col. S. B. French, *A. D. C., &c.*

HEADQUARTERS VA. ORD. DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, October 6, 1863.

Wm. H. Richardson, Adg't Gen. :

General : I have the honor to report, in answer to a call from the Legislature, through the Governor of the Commonwealth, as follows:

Arms issued between Oct. 1, 1859, and Oct. 1, 1863.

Common pieces,	.	.	.	.	.	390
Muskets,	.	.	.	.	.	103,840
Rifles,	.	.	.	.	.	6,428
Carbines,	.	.	.	.	.	795
Musketoons,	.	.	.	.	.	446
Pistols,	.	.	.	.	.	4,438
Sabres,	.	.	.	.	.	7,863

Remaining on hand in the Virginia Armory on the 1st October, 1863.

Brass 6-pounder cannon (unmounted),	5
Brass 12-pounder Howitzers (not mounted),	1
Brass, mounted, mountain howitzers,	3
Iron, 12-pounder cannon (mounted),	8
Iron, 6-pounder cannon (mounted),	26
Iron, 4-pounder cannon (mounted),	13
Iron, 6-pounder cannon (without limbers),	5
Iron, 4-pounder rifle cannon (without limbers),	1
Iron, 6-pounder cannon (not mounted),	12
Iron, 4-pounder rifle cannon (not mounted),	4
Williams' guns,	10
Caissons, 6 pounder,	8
Muskets, alt., fire (in good order),	1,735
Muskets, Springfield,	300
Read's rifles (cavalry),	400
Rifles,	220
Rifles (Austrian),	200
Rifles (Miss.),	20
Carbines (cavalry),	103
Sabres (cavalry),	225
Muskets (being repaired),	4,000
Muskets (without bayonets),	1,100

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,

CH'S DIMMOCK,

Bvt. Brig. Gen., Chief of Ord. of Virginia.

[Endorsed.] Charles Dimmock, Brig. Gen. and Chief of Ordnance, Report of army issued and now in hand.

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, January 8, 1905.]

RELATIVE NUMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CONFEDERATE STATES ARMIES.

Cazenove G. Lee's Figures Denied by Papers at the North.

WITH HIS REPLY.

One of the most important historical facts in "the great struggle we made for constitutional freedom" (as General Lee always designated the war) is a correct statement of the "overwhelming numbers and resources" against which the Confederates fought.

The disparity of numbers has been frequently brought out, but never more clearly than by Mr. Cazenove G. Lee, of Washington, in the following table, which was published originally in the *Baltimore Sun*.

Mr. Lee's figures show that the total enlistments in the Northern army were 2,778,304, as against 600,000 in the Confederate army. The foreigners and negroes in the Northern army aggregated 680,917 or 80,917 more than the total strength of the Confederate army. There were 316,424 men of Southern birth in the Northern army. Mr. Lee's figures are as follows :

NORTHERN ARMY.

Whites from the North,	.	.	.	.	.	.	2,272,333
Whites from the South,	.	.	.	.	.	.	316,424
Negroes,	.	.	.	.	.	.	186,017
Indians,	.	.	.	.	.	.	3,530
Total,	.	.	.	.	.	.	2,778,304
Southern army,	.	.	.	.	.	.	600,000
North's numerical superiority,	.	.	.	.	.	.	2,178,304

In the Northern army there were :

Germans,	.	.	.	.	.	.	176,800
Irish,	.	.	.	.	.	.	144,200
British Americans,	.	.	.	.	.	.	53,500
English,	.	.	.	.	.	.	45,500

Other nationalities,	74,900
Negroes,	186,017
Total,	680,917
Total of Southern soldiers,	600,000
Southern men in Northern army,	316,424
Foreigners,	494,900
Negroes,	186,017
Total,	997,341

ARMIES AT THE WAR'S END.

Aggregate Federal army May 1, 1865,	1,000,516
Aggregate Confederate army May, 1865,	133,433

No. in Battle.	Confederates.	Federals.
Seven days' fight,	80,835	115,249
Antietam,	35,255	87,164
Chancellorsville,	57,212	131,661
Fredericksburg,	78,110	110,000
Gettysburg,	62,000	95,000
Chickamauga,	44,000	65,000
Wilderness,	63,987	141,160

Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons,	270,000
Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons,	220,000
Confederates died in Federal prisons,	26,436
Federals died in Confederate prisons,	22,570

These figures were violently assailed in the Northern press, for our friends in that latitude have tried by every means that ingenuity could devise to disprove the claim of these Confederates that they fought against immense odds, but Mr. Lee has come back in a calm, dignified, and perfectly conclusive reply, in which he shows the accuracy of the figures he gave in his original statement.

This reply, which is given below, should be widely published and preserved as a conclusive statement of relative numbers engaged in the great war between the States.

J. WM. JONES.

Richmond, Va., December 27, 1904.

MR. LEE'S REPLY TO HIS CRITICS.

Messrs. Editors,—Several months ago you published some Civil war statistics prepared by me. These have been widely republished and much criticised. Will you kindly publish my authorities for these figures?

The statement most objected to is the total number of enlistments in the Confederate army; that is, 600,000 men.

The New York *Tribune* never, to my knowledge, said anything kind or generous about the South, and, therefore, what it says in support of that section may be received as authentic. Its Washington correspondent in the issue of June 26, 1867, page 1, says: "Among the documents which fell into our hands at the downfall of the Confederacy are the returns, very nearly complete, of the Confederate armies from their organization in the summer of 1861 down to the spring of 1865. These returns have been carefully analyzed, and I am enabled to furnish the returns in every department and for almost every month from these official sources. We judge in all 600,000 different men were in the Confederate ranks during the war. Of those we do not believe one-half are alive this day. Of the 300,000 of the Confederate soldiers yet alive no man can say what proportion are wholly or in part disabled by wounds or disease."

General J. A. Early, in *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume II, page 20, says: "This estimate is very nearly correct," and there was no better authority in the South than General Early. The *American Cyclopædia* (D. Appleton & Co., 1875), of which Charles A. Dana, late Assistant Secretary of War, was editor, in Volume V, page 232, says:

"The Adjutant-General of the Confederate army, General S. Cooper, in a statement made since the close of hostilities, estimates the entire available Confederate forces capable of active service in the field at 600,000. Of this number not more than 400,000 were enrolled at any one time, and the Confederate States never had in the field at once more than 200,000 men."

The letter of General Cooper relating to this subject is published in Volume VII, page 287, of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fox of the United States army, in *Losses in Civil War*, says:

“The aggregate enrollment of the Confederate armies during the war, according to the best authorities, numbered over 600,000 effective men, of whom not over 400,000 were enrolled at one time.”

This author also gives to the “eleven States of the Confederacy a military population in 1860 of 1,064,193, with which to confront 4,559,872 of the same class in the North.” Of this 600,000 were in the Confederate army and 86,000 in the Union, while the Confederate States received 19,000 from the border States, making 677,009 in both armies out of the 1,044,193 men of the age of service in the South, and leaving 387,184 for other duties, such as State government officials, Confederate government officials, railroad employes, ordnance and other manufacturers and skulkers and invalids. It is a historical fact that many of the centers of population in the South soon fell into the hands of the Federal army. Thus, in Virginia, Alexandria was occupied the day after secession, Norfolk and Wheeling soon after, together with the whole of the western part of the State, and by the time the Confederate conscription act went into force many large cities were out of the control of the Confederacy, and the circle gradually contracted until the end; therefore, it is safe to say that the conscription act was never enforced in half of the territory, and that the most populous part of the Confederate States. In the town of Alexandria, Va., for instance, five companies of infantry and one of artillery were organized in 1861. Alexandria's quota should not have been less than 1,000, according to the established rule, but these companies numbered less than 500 men, most of them young men from 18 to 25, and after the occupation by the Union soldiers very few reached the Confederate ranks. Of those who remained at home, many from necessity, having no other means of livelihood, served the Federal army in various capacities, such as teamsters, drovers and laborers, and these are not estimated among those who enlisted in that army. These conditions existed in many parts of the South, so that it will be seen the estimates made by Northern authorities from the population of the South are not reliable, and that given by the authorities who were best able to judge must be received.

While it is a historical fact that we fought as a whole about five men to our one, and that it took four years to conquer us, and while the Northern men were better equipped, better armed, better clothed and fed, still it does not prove they were less brave, for

they came from the same race of people; but it does prove they were without a cause and without leaders. A great leader will incite men to brave actions even in a bad cause, but a noble cause will incite them to brave action without a leader. The attempt was made to convince the North that they fought for the Union, and some think so even now, but the truth is, if the Northern leaders had loved the Union as devotedly as did Davis, Stephens, Lee and the Johnstons war would have been impossible. What the North did fight for was a fanatical frenzy on the part of its leaders to free the negroes, in which nine-tenths of the men felt no interest, and on the part of the politicians and contractors to feather their nests.

On the other hand, the cause of the South could not be better stated than in General Order No. 16, to the Army of Northern Virginia, which says:

“Let every soldier remember that on his courage and fidelity depends all that makes life worth living, the freedom of his country, the honor of his people and the security of his home.”

Could they fight for a better cause, and has not such a cause made men superhumanly brave in all ages?

Did the North produce in their respective sphere men of such extraordinary military genius as Lee, Jackson, A. S. Johnston, Stuart, Forest and Mosby? No intelligent, candid, Northern man of to-day claims that it did. When I look at the snap judgments on posterity, statues to Northern generals (though most of them are Southern men) in Washington, I wonder how posterity will treat these outrages on justice. They will not find an impartial, competent military historian that will give to one of them, except, perhaps, McClellan, one particle of military genius. These, I believe, to be the true reasons for the long-delayed success of the Northern armies, notwithstanding their overpowering numbers and resources.

CAZENOVE G. LEE.

Washington, D. C.

PAROLE LIST OF ENGINEER TROOPS,

Army of Northern Virginia,

SURRENDERED AT APPOMATTOX C. H., APRIL 9th, 1865.

Contributed by Colonel T. M. R. TALCOTT.

The Engineer Troops attached to the Army of Northern Virginia, under the Command of General Robert E. Lee, comprised the 1st Regiment of 10 companies, and two companies, "G" and "H," of the 2nd Regiment.

Company "K," of the 1st Regiment, was on detached service with pontoon trains at Staunton river, and was therefore not surrendered at Appomattox.

The officers and men who were surrendered at Appomattox were as follows :

Field and Staff.

T. M. R. Talcott, Colonel Commanding; Wm. W. Blackford, Lieutenant-Colonel; Peyton Randolph, Major; Russell Murdoch, Surgeon, P. A. C. S.; Jno. S. Conrad, Assistant Surgeon; C. W. Trueheart, Assistant Surgeon; Lewis E. Harvie, Captain and A. C. S.; George N. Eakin, Captain and A. Q. M.; Chapman Maupin, Second Lieutenant, Company F, and Acting Adjutant; J. D. Harris, Second Lieutenant, P. A. C. S.

Non-Commissioned Staff.

Jas. P. Cowardin, Sergeant-Major; Gervas Storrs, Hospital Steward; R. F. Hyde, Q. M. Sergeant; R. A. Jones, employee in Engineer Dept.

FIRST REGIMENT.

Company "A."

J. J. Conway, Captain.

C. E. Young, Second Lieutenant.

Chas. Minor, Second Lieutenant.

Sergeants—S. D. Rumbough, R. A. Wright, Chas. H. Small, Wm. S. Young, R. B. Wilson, Geo. W. Hardy, Wm. B. Wootton.

Corporals—Reuben N. Thomas, J. R. Wingfield, Paul J. C. Jones, R. W. Brightwell.

Privates—James R. Anderson, E. J. Brewton, S. H. Bledsoe, J. W. Carver, G. W. Holden, Joseph Hedgepeth, E. Joyner, Jr., Elkana Lakey, Monroe Love, Thos. D. Neal, Wm. T. Norford, Rufus Rainy, H. F. Tinder, J. J. Vaughan, D. H. Willard, M. Warren.

NOTE.—Sergeant P. C. McPhail, detached and paroled in Charlotte county.

Company "B."

John M. Baldwin, Captain.

Chas. W. Babbitt, First Lieutenant.

Jno. M. Hood, Second Lieutenant.

F. R. Smith, Orderly Sergeant.

W. L. Slater, Sergeant.

Nolan Stone, Corporal.

Privates—B. J. Barnett, J. W. Callahan, John Coffey, T. A. Douglass, A. N. Deacon, J. Edwards, A. Griffith, J. M. Hambright, R. A. Hockaday, W. C. Ivey, F. W. Lindsey, W. C. Martin, Martin Mallory, Wm. Shearer, D. Thompson, W. S. Varner, J. A. Williams, J. L. Watson.

Company "C."

H. H. Harris, First Lieutenant.

W. R. Abbott, Second Lieutenant.

Sergeants—R. J. Hatcher, James S. Slaughter, James Meighan, George E. Pegram, H. B. Gwinn, James Cooper, Mark Wilkinson.

Corporal—J. L. Guinn.

Privates—John D. Bradley, George Caldwell, J. M. Duke, J. M. Harvey, William Hellen, J. A. Hillingsworth, R. O. Maddox, J. M. Morris, Robert McEwen, Isham Walker, Taylor Walker, Franklin Sherrill.

Company "D."

H. C. Derrick, Captain.

J. M. Beckham, Second Lieutenant.

Sergeants—R. A. Boyd, W. H. Jordan, H. C. Beckham.

Corporal—C. E. Scherer.

Privates—John Crowder, W. R. Grant, J. S. Rush.

Musician—Charles Tate.

NOTE.—R. M. Sully, first lieutenant, detached and paroled at Greensboro, N. C.

Company "E."

P. G. Scott, Lieutenant.

Sergeants—H. A. Burgoyne, J. F. Gilham, W. C. Dimmock.

Corporal—W. Bradley.

Privates—J. W. Bennett, H. D. Butler, T. J. Cheshire, J. R. Driscoll, W. F. Fox, Augustus Holman, M. Gilday, M. Kinnard, R. B. Livingston, O. B. Knight, R. T. Putnam, C. R. Perkins, W. J. Slaughter, G. A. J. Sims, G. F. Wells, J. P. Labby.

Company "F."

W. G. Williamson, Captain.

E. N. Wise, First Lieutenant.

Wm. W. Dallam, Second Lieutenant.

Sergeants—H. C. Briggs, Isaac W. Hallam, J. Pendleton Rogers, Joseph T. Skillman.

Corporals—Samuel T. Hopper, Henry A. Foote, C. B. Somerville.

Musician—Julien K. Morrison.

Privates—F. M. Bayne, S. P. A. Berryhill, H. W. Baughn, A. J. Bost, William D. Bridges, Richard Champion, Pleasant Dalton, O. T. Edwards, David Green, A. M. Hoffman, J. B. Henry, R. Joyce, D. Joyce, J. P. Kendrick, Julius Knox, Volney Lennon, L. J. Matthews, J. R. Matthews, C. H. McCoy, P. H. McCraw, C. H. Myers, Samuel Rankin, D. Rice, J. Richardson, S. W. Richardson, Z. P. Sneed, J. B. Spurlin, G. W. Steele, Joseph W. Shearin, Z. L. Wall, J. T. Wall, W. B. Worlledge, W. A. Winkler, J. W. Johnson, J. N. Kelly.

Company "G."

Wm. R. Johnson, Captain.

Wm. A. Gordon, Second Lieutenant.

Sergeants—R. B. Richardson, S. H. Tinsley, R. C. Vandegrift, C. P. Allen, A. J. Silling, J. C. Trout, J. C. Hanes.

Corporals—M. C. Metts, H. J. Johns, L. A. Guy.

Privates—W. S. Amos, John P. Bradley, J. E. Foster, James Foster, Marshall Gross, B. Newman, Wm. Pollard, J. G. Seay, H. J. Vaughan, Geo. R. Williams, Jas. Barker, Jas. C. Britt, Robt. C. English, Jas. C. Garrett, Wm. R. Hopkins, John D. Malone, Jas.

N. Marshall, A. P. Meadows, L. T. Meador, John Sheppard, Micajah Stone, J. A. Walder, Wm. H. Wicks.

Company "H."

John Bradford, Captain.
Thomas J. Moncure, First Lieutenant.
R. W. Peatross, Second Lieutenant.
Sergeants—James W. Holt, R. M. DuBose.
Privates—William Wright, W. H. Haynes, J. B. W. Hall, A. K. Jenkins, Lloyd P. Weeks, A. Y. Carroll, Thomas A. Blakey, Joshua Lindsay.

Company "I."

S. Howell Brown, First Lieutenant.
P. Gay Scott, Second Lieutenant.
Sergeants—John Thomas Gibson, D. Averett, William deLacy, J. C. Harris, W. C. Powell.
Corporals—S. P. Dalton, B. H. Brightwell.
Privates—William M. Arnold, H. H. Bentley, Jacob Boone, M. L. Brightwell, I. X. Gauntt, J. W. N. Johnston, William Knight, J. H. Lecroy, J. W. Messer, William Perry, J. E. Wilkins.

Company "K."

Corporal—A. B. Ellis.
Privates—Edward Owens, Levi Watts, W. T. Armistead.

SECOND REGIMENT.

Company "G."

B. M. Harrod, Captain.
J. E. Roller, First Lieutenant.
F. Harris, Second Lieutenant.
Sergeants—J. B. Mullinix, T. S. Kitchens, D. T. Williams.
Corporals—H. B. Fortescue, James Mabe, J. J. Medcalf.
Privates—W. Baxley, J. S. Brady, Daniel Butler, Thomas Case, N. D. Cooper, W. M. Cross, W. H. Gillikin, J. W. Harper, John Heckle, Stanley Leggett, H. J. Lee, M. A. McDougald, Benj. J. Morris, D. W. Payne, Reuben Popham, W. W. Sessoms, James B. Stanley, J. W. Stansell, W. Sutton, J. Swinson, A. Bryan

Company "H."

John Howard, Captain.

W. Puick Welch, First Lieutenant.

C. N. B. Minor, Second Lieutenant.

Sergeants—Jno. H. Vardaman, James M. Duncan, K. C. Allen, O. A. Craven.

Corporals—Wiley V. Pruitt, Jno. C. Jones, Thos. Allison, Thos. D. Burns.

Privates—Darling Baker, B. E. Blackman, Jno. C. Boyle, Angus M. Campbell, H. G. Danner, Wm. S. Dupree, Jno. C. Foster, Jno. M. Fincher, David Hammock, T. N. Knowles, P. B. Lawrence, Wm. J. Lial, Alfred M. Lloyd, Anthony D. Levy, Jno. H. Nichols, Silvanus Noggle, John O'Hara, Wm. H. Oakley, Robt. M. Robins, B. W. Rutledge, Wm. A. Ross, D. H. Stines, G. S. Saunders, M. A. Sigmond, Wm. G. Smart, Robt. Tolar, Wm. M. Taylor, Jno. B. Timmons, W. H. Whitley, H. D. Zora.

When or where Company "K" was paroled is not known, but we have a list of those present for duty on February 28th, 1865, which includes the following officers and men :

G. W. Robertson, Captain.

Sergeants—A. F. Graham, G. W. Robertson, J. N. McMahan, J. K. Todd, John Mills, W. M. Dickson.

Corporals—A. B. Ellis, Cary Hays, J. F. Bellune, Jas. Griffin.

Artificer—W. L. Stewart.

Privates—W. T. Armistead, A. Beardin, W. H. Brown, J. T. Crisp, D. G. Crysel, J. F. Cole, R. A. Donaldson, J. P. Duncan, J. H. Edwards, J. M. Fowler, B. A. Gainer, Allen Griffin, R. S. Gulleddge, S. H. Gulleddge, G. W. Harris, E. Hatcher, John Hays, T. E. Johnson, Lewis Jones, R. Jones, John Kennedy, G. Leopard, T. H. Logan, R. G. McElmurry, C. A. Milhous, I. G. Minter, John Regan, W. T. Reddick, I. W. Reed, J. S. Roundtree, S. Rudd, J. W. Smith, R. Sturkie, R. H. Taylor, W. F. Tice, L. Watts, W. L. White, W. T. Williams, J. G. Zeigler.

There were some casualties on the retreat and especially in a skirmish at High Bridge just before the surrender, of which the following report has been preserved:

CASUALTIES IN THE ENGINEER TROOPS AFTER THE EVACUATION
OF PETERSBURG.*Field and Staff.*

Assistant Surgeon Trueheart, shot in finger at High Bridge, April 7, 1865.

Company "A"

None.

Company "B"

Private Crowley, killed.

Lieutenant Venable, wounded and in hands of enemy.

Corporal Jackson, wounded and in hands of enemy.

Private Smith, wounded and in hands of enemy.

Private Venters, wounded and in hands of enemy.

Sergeant Burnham, missing.

Private Carmichael, missing.

Private Drennan, missing.

Private Houser, missing.

Private Rector, missing.

Private Shearer, missing.

Company "C."

Private H. M. Gardner, killed.

Private Milliner, missing.

Private Sprayberry, missing.

Company "D."

None.

Company "E."

Private T. J. Cheshire, wounded.

Company "F."

Private D. B. Mebane, killed, at Petersburg, April 3.

Company "G."

Private George W. Davis, wounded in thigh and missing.

Company "H."

Sergeant J. B. Dorsey, wounded.

Sergeant J. M. Fraser, wounded.

Corporal Bivins, wounded.

[From the New Orleans, La , *Picayune*, Sunday, December 11, 1904.

ATTEMPTED SALE OF THE FEDERAL FLEET.

Remarkable Episode in the Operations on the Mississippi.

DESERTION OF LIEUTENANT D. W. GLENNEY, U. S. N., IN 1863.

**Planned to Deliver Part of the Gunboat Fleet to the Confederate
Officials—Scheme Came to Naught—Glenney's
Escape to Mexico.**

The attempted sale by Lieutenant Daniel W. Glenney, of the United States Navy, of a portion of the gunboat fleet in the Mississippi river to the Confederate authorities, in May, 1863, has not been heretofore fully given to the public. The correspondence which follows gives all details which are attainable.

On the 7th of May, 1863, John J. Pettus, Governor of Mississippi, addressed a letter from Jackson to Hon. Jefferson Davis, as follows :

Mr. President,—Allow me to consult you on a matter we deem of great interest.

A private citizen, unconnected with the army, some four weeks ago conceived the plan of buying out a considerable portion of the enemy's gunboat fleet. He consulted the Hon. Jacob Thompson in the premises, by whom he was urged to open the negotiations through a suitable agent, with an assurance that the government would approve and indorse the project. The gentleman then procured a shrewd political man, of character and property, whose proximity to the fleet gave him unusual facilities for success. The negotiations have now become so far perfected that we are informed six boats, all north of Vicksburg and south of Memphis, can be had for a consideration not exceeding one-half or two-thirds original cost. The boats will be delivered at the mouth of White river, with all their equipments and armaments. The condition of success now is the government's indorsement and the money with which to pay. Confederate money will not answer the purpose; it must be either specie or sterling exchange. It will require about \$1,000,000 to complete the purchase. It must be done at the

earliest practicable moment. I need not advert to the advantages to our cause of such an arrangement. We could capture north of Vicksburg ten times the value of the boats.

In connection with the scheme is another of scarcely less importance, brought to my notice by the same gentleman, and intrusted to the same agent. The post of Helena, the richest in stores of any on this continent, perhaps, ordnance, etc., can be bought out at one-tenth its value, with which the Department of General E. K. Smith could be furnished with arms, etc. If you approve the plan please include Helena with the boats, and give us, by telegraph, a knowledge of your indorsement in words, say, plan approved. General Pemberton, the Confederate Treasurer, Mr. Dellow and others might be ordered in general terms to confer with me and furnish all facilities to accomplish an understood purpose. There must not be delay or all may be frustrated. We ought not, of course, be restricted much as to reasonable sums of money. General Parsons, of Missouri, with a good command, is now encamped a few miles west of Helena, and could co-operate with the boats on the river in the bloodless capture of Helena.

Awaiting your earliest advices, and begging to urge your prompt action, I beg to subscribe.

President Davis on the back of this letter wrote: "Confidential letter of Governor Pettus."

The record shows nothing farther of the proposed transaction until June 24, when a dispatch from Governor Pettus was sent to Mr. Davis. This dispatch shows that Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, had not approved of the plan, and that Mr. Davis had forwarded a copy of it to Governor Pettus.

To this letter Governor Pettus replied:

To the President: The plan submitted to you in my letter 7th of May, is embarrassed and may fail by reasons of instructions given by Secretary of the Navy.

No allusion made to *Helena*.

In these instructions, if possible, give to General Johnston a wide discretion in use of this fund embracing the purchase of boats, destruction of transports and securing Helena.

General Johnston and I are more familiar with circumstances surrounding the matter than Secretary Mallory. We are willing to take the responsibility of the disbursement. The details of the

transaction cannot be wisely prescribed by the Secretary without a more thorough knowledge of all the circumstances.

J. J. PETTUS.

The proposed purchase of the stores, etc., at Helena thus failed, but as to the negotiations for the purchase of the United States gunboat *Rattler* and the results, the following correspondence will explain :

U. S. S. RATTLER. September 5, 1864.

Sir,—It is with deep regret that I make the following report :

Receiving information that two Confederate officers were stopping at the house of one Mr. James, which is a short distance above this vessel, on the bank of the river, I resolved to make an effort to capture them. On the night of the 4th inst., at about 8 o'clock, an officer left the vessel in the cutter, with twenty-two men, and landed on the shore abreast of the vessel. Two negroes, who were left in charge of the boat were attacked by the enemy and killed. The officer in charge of the expedition had nearly accomplished his mission, when, hearing the discharge of musketry, he immediately started for this vessel, and suddenly fell into an ambuscade of about 600 of the enemy; my men, being completely surrounded, were obliged to surrender. The guns of this vessel covered the parties during the whole time, but it was not prudent to fire, as we were in danger of killing our own men. In the meantime the enemy had manned the cutter and proceeded to capture this vessel and when more alongside became intimidated and started with all speed down the river. In the meantime I had slipped cable, but it was useless to chase the boat, as it had become lost to us in the darkness. I headed slowly up the river, keeping close to the bank, and was so fortunate as to pick up my officer and two of the men, who had escaped after they had surrendered to the enemy.

I am painfully conscious I have been the victim of negro duplicity, by trusting in their apparently truthful stories, which has been the cause of this unfortunate disaster. I have no excuse to offer in vindication of myself, and if I have erred it has been with the intention of benefiting the good cause we are all mutually engaged in. I recovered twenty white men by the dispatch boat, who were the ones captured.

In conclusion, I would respectfully state that to-morrow I shall endeavor to recover my men, even if I am obliged to give myself in

ransom for them. I should undoubtedly have been with them now if illness had not prevented my so doing.

I am very respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

DANIEL W. GLENNEY,
Acting Master, Commanding.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, Commanding
U. S. S. *Vindicator* and Fifth District.

P. S.—The thirteen boxes of tobacco which I captured I shall send to Cairo by the dispatch boat.

U. S. S. RATTLER, September 6, 1864.

Sir,—In my dispatch to you of the 5th inst., I gave an account of the capture of a number of men by the enemy, under the command of one Colonel Isaac F. Harrison.

Yesterday I proceeded to the camp of the enemy, had an interview with the commanding officer, and procured release on their parole of honor not to bear arms against the Confederate authorities until properly exchanged.

I am, very respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

DANIEL W. GLENNEY,
Acting Master, Commanding.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, Commanding
U. S. S. *Vindicator* and Fifth District.

P. S.—I would respectfully mention that three Colt's navy revolvers and seventeen Enfield rifles were captured.

Respectfully,

D. W. GLENNEY.

U. S. S. VINDICATOR, FIFTH DISTRICT, September 1, 1864.

Sir—Your surprise at the capture of the *Rattler's* men will not be greater than mine upon Captain Glenney presenting himself to me last evening. Surprised as much at the intelligence of the affair as that he should leave his vessel without permission and come down to me.

Some weeks ago Captain Glenney went out back of St. Joseph, with a party from the *Benton*, and narrowly escaped capture. When I learned of it I told him positively that I wished him to confine himself to the vessel, and not to send parties ashore.

It would seem to me a plan laid to entrap him, the story of the negroes that there were to be officers at Mr. James' house that

evening, and the improbability of there being such a large force close to the banks of the river at that time of night without reason. Unhappily, their plans worked very well. The party sent ashore were raw recruits and in charge only of an engineer, that escaped.

The strangest part of the story is that the enemy went off in the *Rattler's* cutter to capture her. They were only discovered when within musket range, and, but for an accident would have been on board of her. Captain Glenney states that he immediately slipped, but lost sight of her, and she escaped. As the night was bright starlight, it would seem to show that there must have been great excitement on the *Rattler*.

Captain Glenney the next day went some twenty miles in the country, unattended, to seek an interview with Colonel Harrison, who finally consented to release them on parole.

Upon after consideration, I will keep those paroled men on the *Rattler* until I can learn if there is any immediate chance of effecting their exchange.

If not, I will send them up the first opportunity.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOS. O. SELFRIDGE,
Lieutenant-Commander.

REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

U. S. S. RATTLER, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, November 4, 1864.

Sir,—It becomes my duty to inform you of the desertion of the executive officer of this vessel, Acting-Ensign E. P. Nellis, and of the escape of Acting-Master D. W. Glenney. Sentries were placed at each door of the room in which Acting-Master Glenney was confined, and all precautions taken as usual.

They probably left the vessel between the hours of 11 and 12 P. M., in a skiff which was on the guard. The officer of deck, Acting-Ensign H. E. Church, reports that he was relieved by Mr. Nellis. I am,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. B. WILLETS,
Acting Master, Commanding.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER R. L. MAY, Commanding Fifth District Mississippi Squadron.

U. S. S. PITTSBURG, OFF RODNEY, November 5, 1864.

Sir,—The inclosed letter has just been handed me by Acting Second-Assistant Engineer W. H. Mitchell, of this vessel, who says it was handed to him by one of the men of the *Rattler*, some ten days since, while she was laying alongside of this vessel, with the quest that he (Mr. Mitchell) would send it on shore for him. Mr. Mitchell did not send it on shore, as he knew it was contrary to do so without my permission, and as he knew that I had some letters returned to Captain Glenney a few days before, which were addressed to the same person, he thought it not while to ask me. After the *Vindicator* passed down this P. M., from which vessel we learned of the desertion of Captain Glenney, Mr. Mitchell opened the letter and seeing the nature of the contents, immediately brought it to me. The person to whom the letter is addressed is a young lady living in the town of Rodney, and as near as I have been able to learn, is no relation whatever of Captain G's.

Very respectfully, your obedlent servant,

W. R. HOEL,

Acting Volunteer-Lieutenant, Commanding.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER R. L. MAY, United States Navy, Commanding Fifth District Mississippi Squadron.

The letter alluded to by Mr. Hoel reads as follows :

U. S. S. RATTLER, Wednesday morning, 10 o'clock.

My Dearest Cousin,—Once more I have the pleasure of beholding the pleasant hills of your little town, but, alas, it is a mournful one, for I am still in durance vile, and with no prospect of an immediate release.

The insult that has been put upon me by the servant of an imbecile government has sunk deep into my heart. I now live for one purpose, and that is deep, bitter revenge. I will sacrifice home, kindred, aye, my dearest friends, to accomplish my aim. Like a snake I will sting when least expected, and my name shall be a terror to every Yankee. The haunts of old ocean are too familiar to me to fear their fast cruisers, for will not my bonny barque be equally as swift? Do not reproach me, dear cousin, and abhor me for my intentions, but you wish me to be all confidence with you, or else you would not know my future intentions. There are other

brave hearts that will sail under my orders, who are now serving under Federal Government. You, who are the only being that I claim as a friend, will not, I hope, despise me. Do not call me a traitor; remember that I have been true and faithful to the Federals till they wrongfully abused me, and I will protest against them forever. We have come here for the purpose of getting coal, but as there is none here, we shall proceed on to Natchez.

I shall expect to get a nice letter from you on my return. Tear this letter up as soon as you have read it. Did you get my letter I sent by hand?

Hoping that we may meet again, I remain as ever,

Your affectionate cousin,

D.

P. S.—Please excuse that bad-looking blot.

(Envelope addressed: "MISS MINNIE WILCOX (or Wilcore) Rodney, Miss.")

UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,

FLAGSHIP BLACK HAWK,

MOUNT CITY, November 18, 1864.

Sir,—Referring to my No. 2, of 2d inst., I inclose a copy of a communication dated 7th inst., from Lieutenant-Commander R. L. May, with inclosures, as therein stated, reporting the desertion of Acting-Master G. W. Glenney, late commanding the *Rattler*, and Acting-Ensign E. P. Nellis, of the same vessel, on the 4th inst.

The Department's letter of the 8th inst., giving instructions as to the disposition to be made of Acting-Master Glenney's case, was received on the 12th inst.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Very respectfully yours,

S. P. LEE,

Acting Rear-Admiral, Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

HON. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy, Washington,
D. C.

NATCHEZ, November 7, 1864.

Captain French, of the transport *Brown* had a friend to visit him at Vicksburg (on his last trip down) who was a prisoner at some place back of Vicksburg. While confined one night in a room adjoining one occupied by rebel officers, he overheard them discuss-

ing the case of Glenney. He learned that G. was to weaken his crew by allowing his men to be taken prisoners and then to be overpowered by men from shore. He agreed to cross the rebel army or allow it to cross, for which he was to receive \$2,000 in money and one hundred bales of cotton.

It is said that he has received the money, but not the cotton.

Respectfully submitted,

R. L. MAY, Lieutenant-Commander,
Commanding Fifth District Mississippi Squadron.

U. S. S. RATTLER, October 18, 1864.

Friend Randolph,—Last evening the merchant steamer *Joseph Pierce* touched alongside of this vessel, and a gentleman who claimed to be your brother visited me. On account of existing circumstances, his wish could not be granted. He was kind enough to send me the following message, to-wit : that a rebel deserter was on board of the *Benton*, who could swear that I had communicated with the enemy and agreed to sell my vessel to them. God is conscious that I am innocent of anything wrong, and if I have done a wrong it has been from a desire to serve the good cause that we are all actually engaged in. My conscience, dear friend, is as clear as the noonday sun, but circumstantial evidence has at times proved stronger than positive proof, and such evidence undoubtedly may be brought against me.

I now wish to receive a favor from you, and you will eventually find that I am not unmindful of it. As soon as you receive this note, answer it by first boat up and tell me who the rebel is that you have. Whether he is an officer or a private, what is his name, when he did come aboard of you, and what the story is that he tells? Please be candid with me, and you will never regret it. Let me know what Mr. Lound's sentiments are.

I am very anxious to get information as speedily as possible, as I have a lawyer already engaged, who is in direct communication with me.

The events of the last few weeks have made me nearly broken-hearted. I have been treated unjustly, but I will not complain, convinced as I am that an impartial court will honorably acquit me of any wrong.

You will excuse me for not going into details at present, but at a

favorable opportunity I will tell you all. Hoping to hear from you soon, I will close, remaining, your friend,

DAN'L W. GLENNEY,
U. S. Navy, off Hurricane Island.

ENCLOSURE.

U. S. S. BENTON,
NATCHEZ, November 7, 1864.

Sir,—There is no doubt about the treachery of Acting Master Glenney. By the letter (marked A) it will be seen that he and his friend Nellis escaped from the steamer *Rattler* on the 4th instant. I learn that Glenney had much influence over Nellis, who was young and romantic. I did not know of their intimacy before, or I would have had Glenney brought to the *Benton*. I ordered him in close arrest when I first came down, and Captain Willets thought he could take care of them.

I forward two letters from Glenney (B and C) that present a remarkable contrast—one to an ensign of this ship (who handed it to the Captain at once, and one to a lady in *Rodney*), which is explained in Captain Hoel's letter marked "D."

I have made a memorandum, "E," of a report from the captain of the *Brown*, which goes still further to show the perfidy of the traitor. Glenney was a seafaring man, having been mate of a ship out of New York.

On the 24th of October Mr. Nellis sent in his resignation as acting ensign, in order, as he says in his letter, to get the appointment of pilot below Vicksburg. Accompanying is a recommendation from the two pilots of the *Forest Rose*.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. L. MAY,
Acting Rear Admiral.

S. P. LEE, Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

All that can be ascertained relative to the proposed purchase of the United States gunboat of the iron-clad fleet stationed between Natchez and Vicksburg during 1863-'64 is that the boat was commanded by Captain Glenney, and was to have been sold for \$50,000 gold. Arrangements were all agreed upon, but failed when the delivery was about to be made, through some misunderstanding

between Captain Glenney and the Confederate commander, Colonel J. F. Harrison, of the Third Louisiana cavalry. Glenney, as before shown, was put in irons, but made his escape, went to New Orleans, and was assisted by Confederates in that city to go to Mexico, and has not since been heard from.

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

Washington, D. C.

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, January 1, 1905.]

FROM PETERSBURG TO APPOMATTOX.

A Brave Officer's Recollection of the Last Hours of the Confederacy.

BRIDGES THAT WERE BURNED.

By Colonel T. M. R. TALCOTT, in Command of the Engineer Troops of the Army of Northern Virginia.

During the winter of 1864-5, by order of General Lee the Engineer Troops rebuilt Bevill's Bridge over the Appomattox river about twenty-five miles above Petersburg, and sent a pontoon bridge which was at Petersburg, to the Richmond and Danville Railroad crossing of the Staunton river, ninety miles west of Richmond. Another pontoon bridge was ready for use at the site of Goode's Bridge over the Appomattox, between Bevill's Bridge and the R. & D. R. R. crossing of that stream, and requisition was made on the Engineer Bureau for a pontoon train to be held in reserve subject to order.

In addition to these preparations for the possible exigencies of the spring campaign, a map was made, showing the roads from Richmond and Petersburg to the several crossings of the Appomattox river, to be distributed to the corps and division commanders when needed. This map has since been published by the United States Government.

On Sunday, April 2, 1865, General Lee notified the Engineer Bureau to send at once to Matoax by the Richmond & Danville

Railroad, the reserve pontoon train, which was being held in Richmond, and Engineer Troops were sent with orders to take it up to Genito and throw a bridge over the river to enable wagon trains from Richmond to cross at that point.

The water in the Appomattox river was so high on April 3 and 4 as to cover the approaches to Bevill's Bridge, rendering that crossing useless during the retreat, and contrary to expectations, the Engineer Bureau did not ship the pontoon train intended for Genito, and used the boats for another purpose, so that the pontoon bridge at Goode's was the only available crossing for wagons on April 3rd, when it was availed of by wagon trains which came east of the river for safety after the Five Forks engagement, thus adding to the number of wagons to be passed over the pontoons at Goode's Bridge during the retreat, and there being no pontoons for Genito, the Engineer Troops at Mattoax made hurried preparation of the railroad bridge at that point for the passage of wagon trains which had been ordered to cross at Genito, and move by roads north of Amelia Courthouse.

Thus it happened that although General Lee's plans contemplated three available crossings of the Appomattox river for troops, artillery and wagon trains, and a fourth that could be used for troops if necessary, only two bridges were available, and one of them the railroad bridge, of difficult approach for artillery and wagons.

Amelia Courthouse was the rendezvous for the army after crossing the Appomattox, to which commissary supplies had been ordered, and the route *via* Bevill's bridge was the shortest from Petersburg to that point, but this crossing of the Appomattox river being unavailable on the 3rd and 4th, the troops ordered that way were forced to cross the river at Goode's bridge, which required more time and delayed concentration at Amelia Courthouse; for additional time was required for the march by a longer route, the time of crossing the river was prolonged by the larger force to be passed over the pontoon bridge at Goode's, and the railroad bridge at Mattoax. Besides this, the water was falling during the time of crossing at Goode's, and the approaches to the pontoon bridge had to be readjusted from time to time, causing occasional interruptions to the use of that bridge.

The delay of at least one day disconcerted General Lee's plans, and gave Grant time to occupy the commanding ridge on which the

railway is located at Jetersville, and with it the control of Lee's line of communication with Johnston's army.

The crossing of the Appomattox having been effected and the bridges destroyed, the Engineer troops moved on to Amelia Courthouse on April 5th, where they overtook the main body of the army, which was soon after in motion westward from that point, without the rations which should have been there, and not in the direction originally contemplated by General Lee, but towards Amelia Springs, the road to which crossed Flat creek some miles north of Jetersville, which by that time was in possession of the enemy.

Soon after leaving Amelia Courthouse we received orders from General Lee to move rapidly ahead, and on arrival at the crossing of Flat creek we found that the county road bridge over that stream had given way, so that neither artillery nor wagons could cross it. General Lee was himself on the ground, and evidently considered the situation critical enough to require his personal attention. He explained his anxiety by saying that General Stuart had captured a dispatch from General Grant to General Ord, who was at Jetersville, ordering an attack early the next morning, and did not leave until he was assured that material for a new bridge was close at hand.

[Major Robert W. Hunter, "Secretary of Military Records for Virginia," in a communication in the *Times-Dispatch* of January 8, 1905, gives a more definite account of this dispatch:

"The dispatch referred to was taken by General Gordon's orders from a "Jessie Scout," who, with the dispatch concealed in the lining of his coat, had boldly ridden to the head of Gordon's column, representing himself and companion as soldiers of General Fitz Lee's cavalry returning from furlough and wishing to be informed as to the location of their command. The circumstances which aroused suspicion and led to their capture are given with appropriate accuracy by General Gordon in his "*Reminiscences*," pages 424-428.

"The captives expected to be executed as spies, but naturally preferred to be shot instead of being hung. Desiring to avoid the useless sacrifice of life, General Gordon with General Lee's concurrence, awaited developments, and the spies were held as prisoners until the surrender, when they were delivered with other prisoners to the Union forces.

“The captured dispatch was of such importance that it was sent at once to General Lee, who, at four o'clock on the morning of the 7th, wrote in pencil a note to General Gordon of three pages, giving clear and most minute directions as to routes, and means to foil the enemy's plans. Considering General Lee's extremely difficult environment at the time and under the circumstances it was written, I think it will be regarded as one of the best illustrations of the *mens equa in arduis* to be found in military annals. After General Gordon had studied the note with the aid of our maps, I put it in my pocket and preserved it, together with an original of the farewell order of the 10th of April, until it was sent to Mrs. Gordon as a memento of a remarkable incident in the career of her illustrious husband. Unfortunately, the original of General Lee's note was lost in the fire which consumed General Gordon's home in 1899, but I took the precaution before giving it away to have a copy made for the Official Records of the War, in which it now appears.

“The mention of General Stuart's name in connection with the incident was, of course, a lapse of the pen.”]

The bridge was built and the artillery and wagons passed over it before morning, so that when a Federal battery was unlimbered on a hill to the southward and opened fire soon after sunrise, April 6th, only the Engineer Troops and a gang of negro workmen, which had accompanied the army from Petersburg, were within range of the guns. The route General Lee intended to pursue was *via* Jetersville, the road to which did not cross Flat creek and therefore no attention had been paid to the condition of this bridge in advance of the movement.

After this nothing worth recording occurred under my observation until the command reached Sailors creek that evening just before the battle at that point, when orders were received to push forward and endeavor to expedite the movement of the wagon trains which was being retarded by a small stream over which there was only a single narrow bridge with many lines of wagons converging towards it, and contending for the right of way.

Additional crossings of the stream were soon provided and the congestion was being relieved when the disordered remnant of our rear guard, which had been routed at Sailor's creek, and the stampered drivers and their teams from abandoned wagon trains came hurrying by.

Presuming that the enemy were in hot pursuit, the Engineer

troops were drawn up in line across the road to offer some resistance to their advance, soon after which General Lee himself appeared on the hill beyond us, where the disordered remnant of his rear guard had halted, and ordered the senior officer to move them on, saying that General Mahone's troops were coming to protect the rear of the army, and, as he expressed it, would not let "those people" trouble them; meaning, of course, the Federals, for whom that was his favorite expression.

On General Mahone's arrival, General Lee instructed him as commander of the rear guard of his army to cross the Appomattox at the "High Bridge" and destroy the bridges, which included the railroad bridge and a wagon bridge close by it, being careful to see that all troops, artillery and wagon trains had passed before setting fire to them. The Engineer troops were ordered to move ahead of General Mahone's command, prepare the bridges for burning, and set fire to them when ordered to do so by General Mahone, or one of his staff officers.

On the morning of April 7th all the troops, artillery and wagon trains being apparently across the river and no orders having been received to set fire to the bridges, Lieutenant-Colonel Blackford, of the First Regiment of Engineer troops, was sent in search of Gen. Mahone to solicit the orders for which we were waiting. He found him on the road about four miles beyond the High bridge, and returned with instructions to burn the bridges just as the enemy's skirmish line was approaching, and a battery unlimbered on the eastern hills. Both bridges were set on fire, but our skirmish line was driven back and the wagon bridge was captured before it had been seriously injured. Two spans of the railroad bridge were burnt. General Long, in his *Memoirs of General Lee*, refers to his chagrin at the failure to burn a bridge over the Appomattox river, but it was a more important one higher up the river near Farmville, and not the one referred to.

The 7th and 8th of April were uneventful days for the Engineer Troops, but on the morning of the 9th, when General Gordon was trying to cut through the Federal lines, it was reported that a force of Federal cavalry was threatening the wagon trains in Gordon's rear, and acting on general instructions to make the Engineer troops useful wherever they could be of most service, they were moved southward from the road to Appomattox Courthouse across a small creek, and deployed on the left of a section of artillery which was occupying an isolated position.

There was a narrow space of cleared ground immediately in front of the line, but beyond that dense woods from which came hoarse cheers, characteristic of the Federal troops, indicating that the enemy were close at hand and an attack imminent.

Soon afterwards a Federal cavalry officer coatless, and revolver in hand, dashed from the woods ahead of his men, called on us in very uncomplimentary terms to surrender, and fell under a scattering fire which was delivered contrary to orders not to fire until the word of command. Immediately thereafter orders came from General Gordon to cease firing for a flag of truce was out.

The artillery on our right and one of Mahone's brigades which had joined our left, being withdrawn, the Engineer troops withdrew across the creek, which was picketed as the line of demarcation between the two armies during the truce.

It chanced that General Lee noticed the movement which was not far distant from where he was waiting before his meeting with General Grant, and being told that it was the Engineer troops sent for me, and in the short interview which followed, he stated the situation, saying that he felt it to be his duty to meet General Grant for the purpose of negotiating terms of surrender, and stopping further sacrifice of life.

While General Lee was waiting to hear from General Grant, a crowd was accumulating, including some Federals who had come through the lines, and by order of Colonel Walter H. Taylor of of General Lee's staff, a cordon of sentinels was placed around the space temporarily occupied as headquarters, and maintained until after General Lee returned from his interview with General Grant. This was the last military duty the Engineer troops were ordered to perform.

I happened to be where I was and among the first to meet Gen. Lee as he returned from Appomattox Courthouse, and he kindly stopped to inform me of the terms of surrender and of Grant's promise to send rations, telling me to keep my command together and make them as comfortable as possible until paroled.

T. M. R. TALCOTT,
Colonel of Engineers.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*.]

THE BURNING OF RICHMOND, APRIL 3, 1865.

Colonel Ripley, in Command of the Federal Troops, Gives
His Recollections of the Tragedy.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

SIR,—My attention has recently been called to an article in your paper recalling the memories of that eventful day, the 3d of April, 1865, which you may "well call the most memorable day in the history of Richmond."

That day witnessed the entry of the Northern troops into the city after four years of desperate struggle for its possession to find it fired by its own defenders, and being pillaged by its own inhabitants.

The generation that knew of the dramatic events of that great day has mostly passed away, and few remain to tell the true story.

Your own account, correct in the main, leaves so much untold of the real history of that day, that in justice to the heroic and successful labors of the devoted troops to which the city owed its preservation from total destruction, accompanied by an appalling loss of life. I am led to ask you to publish something supplemental, which will let the public know exactly to whom the credit of the saving of the city and the care of the people was due.

At the close of the war, I had the honor of commanding the First Brigade, Third Division, (Deven's Division) Twenty-fourth Army Corps, Army of the James, lying in the trenches at the point where our works approached nearest the city.

My brigade was first over the Confederate works, and headed the advance upon the city. It led the column in the formal entry, and at the City Hall halted while I reported to Major-General Weitzel, commanding the troops operating on the north side of the James that day.

He had taken up his position on the platform of the high steps at the east front of the Confederate Capitol, and there looking down into a gigantic crater of fire, suffocated and blinded with the vast volumes of smoke and cinders which rolled up over and developed us, he assigned me and my brigade to the apparently hopeless task

of stopping the conflagration and suppressing the mob of Confederate stragglers, released criminals and negroes, who had far advanced in pillaging the city at our arrival.

He had no suggestions to make, no orders to give, except to strain every nerve to save the city, crowded as it was with women and children, and the sick and wounded of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The recent fire in Baltimore will help to give an idea of the formidable task thus given my brigade.

After requesting Major-General Weitzel to have all the other troops marched out of the city and placed in the inner lines of works, and that no permissions should be granted to enter the city, I took the Hon. Joseph Mayo, then mayor of Richmond, with me to the City Hall, where I established my headquarters. With the help of the city officials I distributed my regiments quickly in various sections, and sent some of my staff to inspect the fire department and report upon the help we could expect from it. They reported little aid to be expected here, not, as you say, from lack of men, but because most of the hose had been destroyed or rendered useless. The danger to the troops engaged in this terrific fire-fighting, compared to such a fire as that in Baltimore, was infinitely enhanced by the vast quantities of powder and shells stowed in the section burning. It was like a contest of innumerable artillery, like that which preceded Pickett's memorable assault at Gettysburg, and was awe-inspiring, punctuated by the heavier explosions of the ironclads in the river. Into this sea of fire with no less courage and self-devotion as though fighting for their own firesides and families, stripped and plunged the brave men of the First brigade, with what success the citizens of Richmond have but to look about them to recognize.

Meanwhile, detachments scoured the city, warning every one from the streets to their houses, arresting Confederate stragglers, of whom we had thousands shut up before night, Libby and Castle Thunder being soon crowded with them.

All persons carrying plunder were arrested and the plunderer carried to the City Hall, where the available space was filled with it, an officer taking a careful description of it.

The ladies of Richmond, whose imaginations had for years been highly inflamed by the rather too lurid descriptions of the Richmond press of the barbaric hordes composing the Union armies, expecting a scene of mediaeval rapine, thronged my headquarters,

frantically imploring protection. They were sent to their homes under the escort of guards, who were afterwards posted in the center house of each block and made responsible for the safety of the neighborhood. Although these men were taken indiscriminately from the detail for duty that day from regiments from Wisconsin, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Brooklyn, Northern and Central New York, and were not selected men, I never heard a complaint of rudeness on their part, but uniformly unstinted praise of their soldierly performance of a trying duty, of which I hear echoes down through the years to this day. Many painful cases of destitution were brought to light by the presence of these safeguards in private houses, and the soldiers divided rations with their temporary wards, in many cases, until a general system of relief was organized.

You say, "that considering the tumult and panic of that heart-breaking day, the wonder is not that Richmond suffered so greatly, but that it did not fare worse." That it did not fare worse is due to the heroic efforts and high character of these representative men of the Army of the James, to whom I think you give but faint praise.

You also say: "From what we have heard there must have been a time when the operations of the fire department were practically suspended." In this you are quite correct, for the Richmond fire department was not a factor in that fight for the city's existence.

At 2 o'clock that night, with my staff, I mounted my horse and rode through the city on a tour of inspection, encountering no sign of life in the streets except the sentries pacing their beats. The fire was under control, though still burning, and the silence of death which brooded over the city so lately in the hands of that wild mob, was only broken by the occasional explosion of shells in the ruins.

And now, may I ask you to give to the citizens of Richmond the names of the regiments to which all this was due, in justice to and in perpetuation of their memory?

I have before me as I write the morning memorandum report of my Assistant-Adjutant-General of the strength of the 1st brigade on the day after our taking possession of the city. It is as follows:

Staff—On duty 7, aggregate 7, effective 6.

Eleventh Connecticut—Officers 15, men 390; officers 26, men 412; officers 15, men 390; commanding, Major Charles Warren.

Thirteenth New Hampshire—Officers 9, men 227; officers 13,

men 247; officers 13, men 247; officers 13, men 220; commanding, Major L. S. Studley.

Nineteenth Wisconsin—Officers 11, men 369; officers 15, men 388; officers 13, men 310.

Eighty-first New York—Officers 10, men 81; officers 11, men 83; officers 6, men 71; commanding, Major D. B. White.

Ninety-eighth New York—Officers 15, men 236; officers 17, men 268; officers 13, men 210; commanding, Lieutenant-Colonel W. Kreutzer.

One Hundred and Thirty-ninth New York—Officers 12, men 294; officers 16, men 309; officers 12, men 278; commanding, Major Theodore Miller.

Convalescent detachment from the 2d and 3d divisions which had gone over to the extreme left to reinforce Sheridan.

Officers 12, men 532; officers 14, men 546; officers 12, men 471.

Total—Officers 91, men 2,119; officers 119, men 2,250; officers 90, men 1,950.

Officers sick 3; men sick 81.

(Signed) STANIELS,
Captain and Adjutant-General.

I remain, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD H. RIPLEY,
Formerly Colonel of the 9th regiment, Vermont Volunteers,
and Brevet-Brigadier-General, U. S. Volunteers.

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, October 23, 1904.]

THE SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

Account of it by One of Jackson's Foot Cavalry.

POPE'S RETREAT TO THE CAPITOL.

[The writer of this sketch, with highly interesting details, was a trusty comrade of the editor in "F" Company and a gallant soldier. He is now a valued citizen of Richmond and bears in halting knee the evidence of a severe wound.]—ED.

The middle of August, 1862, found Jackson's Corps camped at the foot of Clark's mountain, in Orange county. Here he was joined by General Lee with Longstreet's Corps. After a few days' needed rest, the army broke camp on August 20th, and marched in the direction of Pope's army, Jackson's Corps marching over Clark's mountain and crossing the Rapidan river at Summerville Ford. As Pope had retreated behind the Rappahannock river, we made direct for that. After trying several fords along that river with the seeming intention of crossing, the morning of the 25th of August found our corps near the village of Jeffersonton in Culpeper county. Orders were given the men to cook three days' rations and be ready to move as soon as possible. A short time after we were ordered to fall in, the time was so short that none of the men had cooked all, and many none of their rations. This made no difference, half baked biscuits and raw dough had to be left, that meant to many, nothing to eat for some time, probably for days, as the wagons were to remain behind, and everything put in light marching order, indicating that something of importance was on hand.

As soon as the column was formed, we were hurried off on the march, passing through the village of Amosville and crossing the Rappahannock river at Hinson's mill, thence our march for several miles was right through the country, through fields, over ditches and fences, and through woods, until we came to a public road, this we took, passing through the village of Orlean and marching steadily until passing Salem about 8 or 9 o'clock at night, when we

are halted in the road, stack arms on its side, and are told we can lie down and rest. We marched about twenty-six miles.

Soon in the morning we were up and on the march again, passing through Bull Run Mountain at Thoroughfare Gap, thence through Haymarket and Gainesville, not stopping until 10 or 11 o'clock at night, marching about the same distance as the day before, and stopping in the road, many of the men now lie down right where they stopped, being so completely used up from the march and heat, they did not have energy enough to move to the side of the road. We were now near Bristow Station, and not far from Manassas Junction, and far in Pope's rear, "the man that had no rear." General Jackson now sends a force ahead to capture Manassas, which was done during the night with small loss to us. They captured immense quantities of stores of all kinds; several trains of cars, eight pieces of artillery, with caissons and horses, etc., complete, a number of wagons, ambulances, etc. Quite a number of prisoners were taken and several hundred negroes who had been persuaded to run away from their owners.

Early next morning Ewell's division marched in the direction of Bristow, the remainder of the corps to Manassas Junction, which place Jackson's division reached about 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning. The 2nd Brigade was filed by regiments to the right of the road in an open field, and stacked arms near the storehouses, and ordered to rest, but to remain near their guns.

Not long after this it was rumored that a force from Washington was approaching to drive us away. A. P. Hill's division was sent forward to meet them. They soon put the Yanks to rout. They consisted of a brigade of infantry with some artillery sent down to brush away a small raiding force of Confederates, as they supposed us to be. They caught a traitor and nearly all the party were killed, wounded or captured.

A guard was placed over the stores at Manassas as soon as we arrived a little while thereafter, rations were issued us, but not by weight and measure to each man, but a package or two to each company. Here is what was given to old F Company of Richmond: The first thing they brought us was a barrel of cakes, next a bag of hams, barrel of sugar and coffee (the Yankees had it mixed, ready for use) bag of beans, bag of potatoes and box of hardtack. This was a liberal bill-of-fare, for a small company.

General Jackson's idea in the early part of the day was to save what supplies he did not use for General Lee's army, and it was for

this reason the guard was placed over them. The enemy were now making such demonstrations that he knew he could not hold the place, so the houses were thrown open and the men told to help themselves. Now ensued a scene around those storehouses never witnessed before, and cannot be described. You recollect that many of our men were hurried off on the march on the morning of the 25th, with nothing to eat. It is now the 27th. We have marched in that time about sixty miles and the men who had prepared some rations did not have enough for two days, much less three, after dividing with such comrades as had none; everything had been eaten. Now here were vast storehouses filled with all the delicacies, potted ham, lobster, tongue, candy, cakes, nuts, oranges, lemons, pickle, catsup, mustard, &c. It makes an old soldier's mouth water now just to think of the good things got there. Well, what do you think they did? Go to eating? Oh, no. They had to discuss what they should eat, and what they should take with them, as orders had been issued for us to take four days' rations with us. Some filled their haversacks with cakes, some with candy, others with oranges, lemons, canned goods, &c. I know one that took nothing but French mustard; filled his haversack and was so greedy that he put one more bottle in his pocket. This was all his four days' rations. It turned out to be the best thing taken, as he traded it for meat and bread, it lasting him until reaching Frederick City.

All good times have an end, and as night approaches, preparations were made to burn everything that we could not carry; not long after sundown they were fired, our division marching as soon as the fire got under way, the other two divisions taking each a different road. This march by three different roads is what mystified Pope so much, and caused his delay in his pursuit of Jackson. Jackson's old division marched several hours when the 2d Brigade was ordered on a road to the left of the one we were marching on, and put on picket duty; when it becomes day we find we are on the Warrenton and Alexandria pike and near Groveton.

There was only one field officer in our brigade at that time, a major commanding the 1st Battalion; the 48th Virginia was commanded by a lieutenant; the 42nd Virginia by a captain, and the 21st Virginia by a captain. General Jackson assigned Colonel Bradley T. Johnson temporarily to command it. The 2nd Brigade (ours) remained about Groveton until late in the evening. Colonel Johnson had orders to demonstrate and make the biggest show he could, so as to

delay the enemy as long as possible from any advance in this direction, and well did he do this. At one time he would have one regiment on top of a hill; its colors under the next hill, just high enough to show over its top; a regiment with its colors on the next, &c., thus making it appear a long line of battle. We had two pieces of artillery; as one body of the enemy was seen, one or both pieces would be run in sight and as the enemy moved, he would limber the cannon up and carry it to some far hill, to go through the same movement.

BATTLE BEGINS.

Early in the morning, while the 21st Virginia regiment was on one of those hills, lying down in line, the enemy ran a cannon out on a hill, unlimbered and fired a shot at us, hitting one of the men of Company K, tearing off the heel of his shoe. This was the first cannon shot from either side at Second Manassas and the only one fired at that time, as the piece limbered up and withdrew in a trot. This same regiment soon after were deployed as skirmishers and posted across the Warrenton Pike, when a Yankee artilleryman rode into our line, thinking it his. This was the first prisoner taken.

The inmates of the Groveton house now abandoned it. A lady, bareheaded, and her servant woman came running out of the front door. They had a little girl between them, each having her by one of her hands. The child was crying loudly. They crossed the pike, got over the fence and went directly south through the fields and were soon lost to sight. In their excitement and hurry, they did not close the door to their deserted home.

The Yankee wagon train was now seen on a road south of us on its way to Washington. The two pieces of artillery were run out and commence to fire at them, causing a big stampede. It was now about 11 or 12 o'clock, and we retired to a wood north of the pike, formed the brigade in line of battle, stacked arms and laid down in peace.

None of the men of the Second brigade had seen or heard anything of the balance of our corps, and we had no idea where they were, and, singularly, old Jack had not made his accustomed presence along the front. The artillery fire did not even bring him. The men were much puzzled and mystified by this. Colonel Johnson now sent to the 21st Virginia regiment for a lieutenant and six men to report to him at once, armed. One of the men was to come from F Company and was designated by name. On reporting, they were ordered to drive a body of Yanks away from a house in

sight. This they did in quick order, although they had to cross an open field and get over three fences before reaching the house. We stayed at the house a short time, when, finding we were about to be cut off, we retired to the brigade under a fusilade of shots. This was the first musket fire of Second Manassas, and you may say that the battle had commenced, as the enemy were to be seen in several directions in our front. The officer, on getting back to Colonel Johnson, made his report, when the Colonel retained the man from F Company, and ordered him to go to the front as far as possible without being seen by the enemy and keep a lookout for them, reporting to him any body of the enemy seen approaching, and, in order to get along the better, to leave his arms. That man crept to the front, getting behind a brush on a slight rise. Here he laid down for several hours, observing during the time the movements of several small bodies of the enemy, mostly cavalry.

While lying down behind that brush an incident happened that has always bothered that man. He heard the quick step of a horse to his right and rear. On looking round he saw a horseman in full gallop, coming from the north and going along a small country road that joined the Warrenton pike at the Groveton house. On getting to a gap in the fence along the road, he wheeled his horse, passed through the gap, and made directly for the man lying down. It was done in such a deliberate way that it impressed the vidette that his presence was known before the horseman came along the road. He did not draw rein until getting almost on the vidette. He then asked if he knew where General Jackson was. On being told that he did not, he wheeled his horse and rode back to the gap, turned into the road, and was off at full gallop toward the Groveton house. That man was riding a black mare, and wore a long linen duster and dark pants. There was something so suspicious about his movements and dress that the vidette would have taken him to Colonel Johnson if he had had his gun. There was a squad of Yankees at the Groveton house, and when the rider reached there several of them ran from the front of the house and surrounded him, when he got off the horse and went with them to the front, while one of their number led the horse into the back yard and tied him. This was hardly done before a body of our cavalry charged up the Warrenton pike and grabbed the party. The vidette had seen that party coming along the pike a few minutes before, and could have warned the man riding the horse of the Yankees' presence, but a distrust came over him as soon as he saw him.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the vidette was startled by a long line of skirmishers stepping out of the woods in his front and advancing; jumping to his feet he made for Colonel Johnson. He had got only a short distance when he saw their line of battle following. Now, that fellow just dusted, made his report to Colonel J., who at once called the line to attention; the command was given, "right, face; double quick, march," and away we went north, through the woods. All of us were wondering what had become of old Jack. When we got through the woods he was the first man we saw, and looking beyond we could see that his command was massed in a large field; arms stacked, batteries parked and everything resting. Colonel Johnson rode up to General Jackson, made his report, when General Jackson turned to his staff, gave each an order, and in a moment the field was a perfect hubbub—men riding in all directions, infantry getting to arms, cannoneers to their guns, and the drivers mounting. But you could see the master-hand now, even while I am telling this you could hear the sharp command of an officer, "right face; forward, march," and a body of skirmishers marched out of that confused mass right up to old Jack, when the officer gave the command to "file right," and the next instant to deploy, and the movement was done in a twinkling, and forward they went to meet the enemy; General Jackson had waited to see this; he then turned to Colonel Johnson, and told him to let his men stack arms and rest, as they had been on duty since the day before; he would not call on them if he could do without them, and off he went with the advance skirmishers. Another body of skirmishers had in the meantime marched out and filed to the left and gone forward, a column of infantry was unwinding itself out of that mass and marching up to the same point as the skirmishers had, filed to right, fronted and went forward; another was now filing to the left, while the third column moved straight ahead. Some of the artillery followed each column of infantry. This was the most perfect movement of troops I saw during the war, and now the crack of musket and the bang of artillery told us that the lines had met; the fire in a few minutes was terrific.

An officer soon came for the 2nd Brigade, to report on the extreme left of Jackson's line. On getting there, the entire brigade was formed as skirmishers and ordered forward, and after getting a certain distance were halted and ordered to lie down. We staid there all night, sleeping on arms. The enemy did not appear in our front, but the right had a hard fight, in which the enemy were de-

feated and retreated during the night. Brigadier-General Taliaferro, commanded Jackson's division, and Major-General Ewell, being amongst the wounded.

The next morning the 2nd Brigade were marched to the right of Jackson's line on top of a large hill, where there were several pieces of artillery. We stayed there about an hour and were shelled severely by the enemy, who had made their appearance from another direction from that of the evening before.

Jackson now took position behind an unfinished railroad which ran parallel to and north of the Warrenton pike and I suppose about a mile from it. Jackson's division was on the right, Ewell's next and A. P. Hill's on the left. The 2nd Brigade was marched from the hill to the left about half a mile, where we formed a line of battle in two lines, in a wood and near its edge, facing south. In our front was a narrow neck of open land, say two hundred to three hundred yards wide; on the west the woods ran along this field about three hundred yards, where it widened into a large field; a short distance around the wood is the hill we were on soon in the morning. Jackson now had several batteries of artillery on it. On the east of the neck of land, the wood ran along the field for, say seven hundred yards, when it widened out into the same large field. About two hundred yards in our front is a part of the abandoned railroad, running across the open neck from the woods on the east to near that on the west. The eastern end runs in a bottom where there was a bank for say, seventy-five yards, when it reached a hill; through this hill was a cut, that runs out on level ground just before it reaches the west wood. You will now see that in front of the railroad at this point is a short strip of wood to the right (west) and a long strip on the left (east) where at both points the neck of the cleared land unites with a large open field that runs east and west and at its far side is the Warrenton pike.

Our skirmishers were placed at the railroad. We were ordered to lie down in place, with guns in hand and were directed to rush for the railroad as soon as an order to forward was given.

Colonel Johnson now came along the line, stopped about ten yards in front of F Company, took out his pipe, filled it and struck a light, then quietly sat on the ground and leaned back against a small sapling.

Everything with us was perfectly quiet. This did not last long. The stillness in our front was broken by a bang, and almost at the same instant a shell went crashing through the trees overhead; this

was a signal for a severe shelling of our woods; a man was soon wounded; Col. Johnson immediately got up and went to him and sent him to the rear, stopped long enough to talk to the men around him, and quiet their uneasiness, when he came back and resumed his seat. This was repeated several times. The enemy now advanced and engaged our skirmishers at the railroad, some of the balls aimed at them occasionally reached our line and some of the men were wounded. Colonel Johnson invited several of the men, who were becoming uneasy, to come and sit by him; he now had about a dozen around him, laughing and talking. Our skirmishers were then being driven back to the line of battle by the enemy and soon to the line, and the enemy was some distance on our side of the railroad. The brigade was then called to attention. Instantly they were on their feet, and when the order to forward was given, it found them rushing to the front. On reaching the field we emptied our guns into the enemy and made for them with empty guns. They turned and ran, leaving many dead and wounded on our side of the railroad. In approaching these men lying on the ground, about one hundred yards from us, I noticed one of them, who was lying on his back, gesticulating with his hands, raising them up, moving them violently backward and forward; I think he was trying to call our attention so that we would not injure him in our advance. On reaching him I recognized from his straps that he was a Yankee captain, and one of our captains running on my left said he was making the Masonic sign of distress. On getting to the railroad the 21st Virginia Regiment occupied the bank, and the remainder of the brigade the cut to our right. We loaded and fired at the retreating enemy and soon had the field cleared.

In anticipation of the attack being renewed by the enemy, we remained at the railroad, and we did not have long to wait before the announcement of "here they come," was heard. A line of battle marched out of the far end of the woods on our left, into our field, halted, dressed their line, and moved forward. They were allowed to come to about one hundred yards of us, when we opened fire. You could see them stagger, then halt, stand a short time, then break and run. By this time another line made its appearance, coming from the same point. This line came a little nearer us when they, too, broke and ran. Then came another line—they came nearer when they broke and ran. It then seemed as if the whole field was full of Yankees and some of them advanced nearly

to the railroad, when we went over the bank at them, the remainder of the brigade following our example.

The enemy now broke and ran and we pursued, firing as fast as we could. We followed them into the woods and drove them out on the other side, when we were halted and ordered back to the railroad.

We captured two pieces of artillery in the woods and carried them back with us. In going back, a Yankee battery of eight guns had full play on us in the field and our line became a little confused. We were halted; every man on the instant turned and faced the battery. Just as we did I heard a thud on my right like some one had been struck with a heavy fist. On looking around I saw a man at my side standing erect with his head off; a stream of blood squirting a foot or more from his neck. By the time I turned around, I saw three others lying on the ground, all killed by the same cannon shot. The man standing was a captain in the 42nd Virginia Regiment, and his brains and blood bespattered the face and clothing of one of my company, who was standing in my rear. This was the second time I saw four men killed by the same shot during the war—the other time being at Cedar Run a few weeks before—each time the shot struck as it was descending. The first man had his head taken off, the next was shot through the breast, the next through the stomach, and the fourth had his bowels torn out.

We now went back to our position in the woods, formed our old line of battle in two lines and laid down as before. We had hardly got fixed when our attention was called to a line of battle filing into line in our front, but nearly at right angles to us. What did this mean? Were the enemy making preparations to storm us again? General Starke, our Division Commander, then arrived. His attention was called to the line. He took his glass, and after a careful survey called a courier and directed him to go to the right around the hill in our front and find out who they were. The Yankees were shelling our woods heavily, but the excitement was so great that the men who had orders to lie down for protection were all standing up watching the line form, which grew longer each moment. Our courier, after a short stay, was seen coming as fast as his horse could run, and before he reached General Starke cried out, "it is Longstreet." A great shout that Longstreet had come was taken up by the men all down the line. The courier then told Gen. Starke that the man sitting on a stump, whom we had noticed

before was General Lee, and that Longstreet said he had got up in time to witness our charge, which he said was splendid.

This put new life into Jackson's men, as they had heard nothing of Longstreet. They knew that Pope with his large army would put forth all the energy he could to greatly damage us, but everything was changed then. We only wished him to renew the attack but were afraid he would not, after his repulse of the morning and the presence of Longstreet. He did attack A. P. Hill's division on the left of Jackson's line in the afternoon, and met with the same repulse as we had given him. A part of Longstreet's command became heavily engaged, also. This ended the second day's fighting and the Second brigade were jubilant over their share of Second Manassas. We slept in peace during the night.

The cannonading commenced early on the morning of the 30th, with skirmishing in the front that at times became active. About noon in anticipation of an attack, the 2nd Brigade was moved to the railroad, taking position as on the day before. About 2 or 3 o'clock we heard on our right the exclamation of: "Here they come!" And almost instantly we saw a column of the enemy marched into the field from the same point they did the day before, dress the line and then advance on us. Every man in our line shifted his cartridge box to the front, unfastened it and his cap box, gave his gun a second look over and took his position to meet the coming enemy who were rapidly approaching. We allowed them to come about the same distance as the day before and then opened, with about the same result. Another line took its place, we continued firing. Other lines advanced, each getting nearer us. The field was then filled with Yankees as on the day before, but in much greater numbers. Their advance continued. Every man in the 2nd Brigade at this moment remembered Cedar Run, each one loaded his gun with care, raised it deliberately to his shoulder, took deadly aim and pulled the trigger. We were fighting then as I never saw before. We were behind the railroad bank and in the cut, which made a splendid breastwork. The enemy crowded in the field; their men were falling fast, as we could plainly see. Our ammunition was failing, men were taking it from the boxes of dead and wounded comrades. The advance of the enemy continued. By this time they were at the bank; they were mounting it. Our men mounted, too; some with bayonets fixed, some with large rocks in their hands. (Some of the enemy were killed with these rocks. Colonel Johnson mentioned it in his official report.)

A short struggle on top of the bank and in front of the cut and the battle was won. The enemy were running, and then went up that yell that only Confederates could make. Some men, wild with excitement, hats off, and some went up into the air. It was right here that Lieutenant Rawlings, commanding F Company, was killed, his hat in one hand, his sword in the other, cheering his men to victory. He was struck in the head by a rifle ball and fell dead.

After the flying enemy we went, through the field in our front to the woods on the left; through that into the next field, where we could see our line advancing in all directions. Our artillery fired over our heads, some following in the pursuit, and on nearing a hill would run up on that, unlimber and fire rapidly through intervals in our advancing line—thousands of muskets firing, the men giving the old yell, the enemy in full retreat, and we right after them. It was one of the inspiring scenes whose actors will never forget and which makes a soldier at once of a recruit.

We kept up the pursuit until eight or nine o'clock in the night, when we were halted and allowed to rest until morning. And the man with "headquarters in the saddle" and who had "no rear" was taught the second lesson at Jackson's tactics. He wished then he had a rear, and he was putting forth all his efforts to find Washington with its fortifications, which was forty-five to fifty miles in his rear when we commenced our movement.

THE FIGURES OF LOSSES.

Pope's army numbered over 70,000; his loss was over 20,000 and thirty pieces of artillery.

Lee's numbered about 50,000; his loss was 8,000.

The loss in our brigade was small. Amongst the killed was Lieutenant Edward G. Rawlings, commanding F. Company. He was as good a soldier as the war produced, a magnificent specimen of manhood, tall and erect, over six feet in his stockings, weighing about two hundred pounds, with endurance in proportion to his size. I have often heard him say he could march forever if his feet would keep from getting sore. He was kind, gentle and always at his post and in the performance of his duty.

To Jackson falls the chief honor of Second Manassas, as it did in the first battle, and the position held by the 2d Brigade was one of the points the enemy made their most desperate and repeated as-

saults, in all of which they were repulsed with great loss. I saw more of their dead lying on the ground in our front than I ever saw in the same space during the war.

One of my company wrote home that "he was shot all to pieces," had twenty-seven holes shot through his blanket. In his next letter he explained that his blanket was folded and one shot going through it, made the twenty-seven holes.

It was the unanimous sentiment of the 2d Brigade that they were never handled as well before as they were by Col. Bradley T. Johnson, during this battle, and the balance of the time he was with us. His personal interest in the men went right to their hearts, and they showed their appreciation by obeying every order with cheerfulness and alacrity, and these circumstances made him a Brigadier-General.

Here is an extract from a letter written to the Secretary of War by Lieutenant-General Jackson, in which he thus mentions Colonel Johnson and the 2d Brigade at Second Manassas:

"The heroism with which the brigade fought, and its success in battle, but brightened my opinion of its commander."

JOHN H. WORSHAM,
F Company, 21st Virginia Regiment Infantry, 2d Brigade,
Jackson's Division, 2d Corps, A. N. Va.

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SHERIDAN'S BUMMERS.

Some Recollections of the War in the Great Shenandoah Valley.

MRS. GORDON ON THE FIRING LINE.

How the Soulless Raiders Devastated Fertile Lands and Smashed Things Generally.

Shenandoah, in the Indian tongue, signifies "Daughters of the Stars." The untutored saw its sparkling waters come trickling down the side of mountains that reared their lofty heads up towards the stars; and he saw these same stars mirrored in the crystal depths of the stream as it flowed in its channel below, hence was born the poetic name given to this river and its beautiful valley.

How the Southern soldier loved the dear old valley of Virginia! He loved its varied landscape, its fields of red clover and golden wheat, its bending orchards, its cool springs, its crystal streams, its genial, hospitable people, and last, but not least, he loved its rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girls.

And, when that cruel war was over, many a fair flower was transplanted from Virginia soil to bloom amid the myrtle trees of the Sunny South. If a hungry Southern soldier knocked at a door, it opened wide for his reception, and the last crust would be divided with him.

Especially was this valley dear to our brigade—the Old Stonewall—for here were the homes of our fathers, mothers, sisters and sweethearts. Our boys were never in better spirits when ordered from the piney woods and lowlands of eastern Virginia, back to the Shenandoah. In the retreat of the ten thousand, the Greeks from the hilltops cried out, "the sea, the sea!" So, when we reached the top of the Blue Ridge and saw the goodly land smiling below, shouts of "the valley, the valley!" made the mountain gorges ring, the bands played stirring airs, and every one kept step to the music.

On the 9th of September, 1864, the Stonewall Brigade was en-

camped near the town of Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley. The people of this town were intensely loyal to the Southern cause. Time and again had both armies marched through her streets, the one cheered, but she scowled on the other from behind closed blinds. At this time Sheridan was pressing Early back from the Potomac. The Federal army was 45,000 strong, and the Confederate about 10,000. Sheridan was advancing with a bolder front, having heard that part of Early's force had gone to re-enforce Lee. He had a large body of cavalry, splendidly equipped. However, he came on very cautiously and slowly, beating the brush, as it were, to uncover "masked batteries," and find hidden lines of brave Johnnies. After a few days of marching and counter-marching, of watching and waiting for the foe, there seemed to be a lull in the storm.

Then the thoughts of our younger soldiers turned from war's alarm to the more peaceful homes in the dear old town; Romeo had his Juliet there. We remember with the greatest pleasure how the parlors were thrown open to us, how we were invited to their tables, how the girls sang "Dixie" and "My Maryland" for us, and those delightful moonlight promenades, all made life so pleasant there!

There was to be a grand party at one of the old aristocratic mansions, and the society element in our camp were all aglee. Such rubbing and scrubbing, sewing and shining, borrowing and lending were only seen on such occasions. Major Bennett, of our regiment—the Fourth Virginia Infantry—and I, were comrades for the evening. The rooms were filled and the dear girls looked so sweet; many of them in calico dresses, yet made in an artistic way. The Major was in a devotional spirit towards a black-eyed widow, who charmed every one with her spicy conversation. I forgot there was war in the land as Miss Bonnie Eloise smiled graciously upon me, when I whispered to her that she was ten times sweeter than the rose she wore in her bonnie brown hair.

"The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
Then all hearts beat happily; and when
Music with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And went merry as a marriage bell;
The clock in the hall struck ten."

A courier dashed up to the gate, and the message came in, "Prepare to move in an hour's time!" The music ceased, the merry voices were low, and the farewells were hastily spoken. As we hastened away from the gate, the Major said: "Confound the Yankees. I wish they'd behave themselves and let us have a little fun." I replied: "Just to think of the nice cream and cake we've missed! I could kill a thousand of them!" Judging from the muttering along the road to camp the Federals were consigned to lower and warmer regions, especially for breaking up the party.

The camp was all astir, soon the order rang out, "Fall in," and we filed out of the beautiful grove. Woe unto the Yankee that had fallen into our hands that night, for there was fire in our hearts and we thirsted for his blood. In the morning the enemy was located and after some skirmishing, his advanced posts fell back. He was not quite ready for battle yet. Several days were spent in watching each other's movements. At dawn in the morning of the 17th of September the boom of a cannon and the rattle of musketry in our front told us that the enemy were in earnest. (By way of explanation let me say: Having been severely wounded at Chancellorsville, I was detailed as Commissary of our regiment. So, I generally saw the fighting from a point, where distance lent enchantment to the view.)

Gradually the enemy forced our skirmish line back on the main body. About two miles from it Early decided to make a stand, his centre resting on the Berryville pike. The gallant Gordon was in command of Jackson's old division, and held the right of the pike. I think Generals Rodes and Robert D. Lilley held the left of our line. By 9 A. M. the battle was raging along the whole line. The heavy blue lines were repulsed time and again. Never before, in the history of the war, did our boys fight with such courage and desperation. They knew what was at stake, even the hospitable town and the dear old valley itself. By gradually flanking our right, the enemy began forcing our line back. Rhoades had fallen, and Lilley was left badly wounded on the field. But our men, like lions at bay, came back stubbornly. At length the Federal line halted, deeming it wise to measure well the ground in front before venturing too far. Imboden's cavalry covered our left wing on the valley pike. About 3 P. M. we heard a great shout from that point, and climbing an eminence I saw the charge of Sheridan's troopers. It was a splendid sight. In a front line of half a mile they swept on, their sabres flashing in the sunlight, and their fine

horses clearing the stone fences in their way. I heard a captured trooper say that whiskey had been issued to them to make them fearless. Imboden's cavalry did not wait to clash swords with their cousins in blue, but made a gallant charge to the rear. It reminded me of the charge of the Mamelukes of the battle of the Pyramids, when some of those splendid Arabian steeds leaped over the wall of the bayonets into the hollow square of the French army. The troopers were checked only by the forts guarding the approach of the town. Some even dashed by them and rode into the very streets.

Our wounded, who were gotten off the field, were tenderly cared for by the citizens of Winchester. As our battle-stained, smoke-begrimed soldiers marched through the town, women wept, and old men bowed their heads in sorrow. That evening as the sun went down, I stood on the hill, north of town, and looking to the east I saw the Federal line some two miles long moving forward as if to encircle in its folds the doomed town. To the west I could see our flags drooping in retreat, and hear the rumbling of trains and artillery on the stony pike. With a sad heart and weary step, muttering to myself: "Farewell, dear old Winchester!" "Good-bye, sweet Bonnie Eloise!" I joined the retreating, but still defiant army.

Mrs. General Gordon was in Winchester at this time. About noon, when the battle was at its height, and they were pressing our centre back, she heard that the General had been killed. Accompanied by a young soldier, and on foot, she started down the Berryville pike to find her husband. The road was crowded with wounded and stragglers hastening to the town. A battery of the enemy was throwing shells along the road, bursting and scattering destruction on every side. I saw her myself, in the face of all this, walking right on calmly and courageously facing death for the sake of one she so loved! To me it was the sublimest exhibition of female courage and devotion that I had ever heard or read of. Just then one of the General's staff, dashing along, saw her and told her it was General Rodes who was killed and that General Gordon was safe. Pausing for a moment, her lips moving as if in prayer, she turned, and with the same steady step came back to the town. Around her men were running and dodging, pale and trembling with fear. Noble woman, to have passed so bravely through such an ordeal, and what a lesson she taught those men.

The old Valley suffered much and long during the war. She was the battle ground for the contending armies. Her rich lands helped to feed the Confederates and her splendid barns were warehouses to supply forage.

Sheridan, acting under Grant's order, determined to desolate this fair section, so that in the language of the instructions, "a crow could not fly from one end to the other without carrying his rations." And right well did he carry out Grant's order. Several hundred of those new barns were burned with all they contained. On three roads the barnburners went, and, by day, the smoke, like a funeral pall, hung overhead, and by night the lurid flames lit up the whole country. And these fiends were mercenary in their hellish work. Dividing into two parties, one would go before and ask the owner what he would give them not to burn his barn. Grasping at a straw, and not thinking of treachery, he would bring forth hidden treasure of gold and silver, and sometimes as high as \$300 to save his property. This party, having bled the owner, galloped on and then came party number two. They applied the match, and rode on to share the ill-gotten gains.

When the fires of Chambersburg painted the sky red, then were the barns of the Shenandoah avenged.

Finally, peace again smiled on the stricken Valley. Ruined homes were soon rebuilt, the barns went up as if by magic, the stout fences were repaired, and every trace of war vanished. And the stranger as he now sees it in its fruitfulness and beauty is reminded of the lines of the poet :

" A land of fatling herds and fruitful fields,
All joys that peace and plenty yield;
Earth's sweetest flowers here shed perfume,
And here earth's fairest maidens bloom."

ALEX. S. PAXTON.

[From the *Times-Dispatch* May 29, 1904.]

“STONEWALL” JACKSON’S DEATH.

Wounded by His Own Men—Last Order on the Battlefield.

The writer of the following article served under Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson in the war between the States. He says:

“General Lee’s army was located on the south side of the Rappahannock river, near Fredericksburg, Va., in the winter of 1863. General Hooker’s army was on the opposite side, and in the early spring crossed the Rappahannock. On the morning of May 2, 1863, General Stonewall Jackson received orders from General Lee to attack Hooker’s rear, and forthwith Jackson put his corps in rapid marching order. About 5 P. M. Jackson had reached the desired location in the rear of Hooker’s army and at once gave orders to attack the enemy. The movement of the Confederates was so sudden and terrific that the Federal troops were routed in the utmost confusion. The Confederates continued to advance until about 9 P. M. Jackson had paralyzed the right wing of Hooker’s army and his men were stampeded in much disorder upon the center of Hooker’s reserves. But the thick undergrowth rendered rapid pursuit almost impossible at night. At this hour the Confederate lines became somewhat entangled, in consequence of darkness and thick undergrowth, and it was necessary to halt the Confederate force in order to reform the regiments. To complete the victory Jackson was about to swing his left, interpose his corps between Hooker’s army and the Rappahannock river, and then cut off the retreat of the enemy.

At this critical moment, accompanied by Captain R. E. Wilbourn, Captain William Randolph, with a half dozen couriers and two men of the signal corps, Jackson rode forward to determine the exact location of the enemy. Hooker’s army was within 300 yards and no picketts had been established between the opposing forces. Such was Jackson’s ardor at this crisis of the battle that he continued his way without thought of personal danger. One of his staff officers, realizing the peril to which the general was exposed, ventured to remark:

"General, don't you think this is the wrong place for you?"

"The danger is all over," replied General Jackson, "the enemy is routed. Go back and tell A. P. Hill to press forward."

Then Jackson continued forward and had advanced about 100 yards beyond his line when suddenly a volley was fired by his own men, and apparently aimed at him and his staff.

Jackson received three wounds, two balls entering the left arm, severing the artery, and one the right arm. All his escort excepting Captain Wilbourn and Mr. Wynn, of the signal corps, were killed or wounded. The firing ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Captain Wilbourn, standing near Jackson, said:

"General, they must certainly be our men," to which he assented with a nod, but said nothing.

He looked toward his lines with apparent astonishment, as if unable to realize that he could have been fired at by his own troops. He was taken from his horse, and soon General A. P. Hill rode up and expressed his regret.

The enemy was not more than one hundred yards distant, and it was necessary to remove Jackson, as the battle was likely to be renewed at any moment. He was carried to the rear with much difficulty through the undergrowth.

General Pender recognized General Jackson as he was being carried through the lines, and said:

"Oh, General; I am sorry to see you wounded! My force is so much shattered that I fear I will have to fall back."

Although much exhausted by loss of blood, General Jackson raised his drooping head and exclaimed:

"You must hold your ground, sir! You must hold your ground!"

This was Jackson's last order on the battlefield. He was then placed in an ambulance and taken to the field hospital at Wilderness run. He lost a great quantity of blood and would have bled to death, but a tourniquet was forthwith applied.

He was asked if amputation was necessary should it be done at once. He replied:

"Yes; certainly, Dr. McGuire; do for me whatever you think right."

The operation was performed under the influence of chloroform. The wounded soldier bore it well. He slept well Sunday morning and was cheerful. He sent for Mrs. Jackson and asked minutely about the battle, saying:

"If I had not been wounded or had one hour more of daylight, I would have cut off the enemy from the road to the United States ford and we could have had them entirely surrounded. Then they would have been obliged to surrender or cut their way out; they had no other alternative. My troops sometimes failed to drive the enemy from a position, but the enemy always fails to drive my men from a position.

This was said with a smile.

Monday he was removed to Chancellor's House. He was cheerful. He spoke of the gallant bearing of General Rodes and of the heroic charge of the old Stonewall Brigade. He made inquiries concerning many officers and said :

"The men who live through this war will be proud to say, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade,' to their children."

He insisted that the term "Stonewall" belonged to the brigade and not to him.

Tuesday his wounds were improving. He asked Dr. McGuire :

"Can you tell me from the appearance of the wounds, how long I will be kept from the field?"

When told he was doing remarkably well, he was much pleased.

Wednesday night, however, while his surgeon who had not slept several nights previous, was asleep, General Jackson complained of nausea, and ordered his nurse to place a wet towel over his stomach. This was done, and about daylight the surgeon was awakened by the nurse, who said that the General was suffering with pain in the right side, due to incipient pneumonia.

Thursday Mrs. Jackson arrived, greatly to the joy of the General, and she faithfully nursed him to the end. In the evening all pain vanished, but he suffered much from prostration.

Friday morning the pain had not returned, but the prostration was increased. Saturday there was no change in his condition.

Sunday morning, when it was apparent that he was sinking rapidly, Mrs. Jackson was informed of his condition, and she imparted the knowledge to the General. He said :

"Very good, very good, it is all right."

He had previously declared that he considered "these wounds a blessing." He sent messages to all the generals, and expressed a desire to be buried at Lexington, Va.

About 3:30 o'clock, May 10, 1863, Stonewall Jackson passed over the river of rest. His military achievements are without parallel in history.

To General Jackson's note informing General Lee that he was wounded, the latter replied :

"I cannot express my regret at the sad occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of my country to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you on the victory which was due to your skill and energy."

It was on receiving this letter that Jackson exclaimed :

"Better that ten Jacksons should fall than General Lee!"

He had unbounded confidence in General Lee's eminent ability.

The Stonewall Brigade was composed of men from the Valley. The 4th Virginia Regiment was from the southern part of the Valley—Greenbrier and adjoining counties—and was commanded by Colonel Preston. The 2nd Virginia Regiment was from the lower valley—Jefferson, Berkeley and Frederick counties. Colonel Allen was the commander. The 5th Virginia Regiment was from Augusta county, excepting Captain Stover Funk's company, from Winchester, Colonel Harper commanding. The 27th Virginia Regiment, of Rockbridge and adjoining counties, was commanded by Colonel Echols. The 33d Virginia Regiment, most of the members of which were from Shenandoah county, was commanded by Col. A. C. Cummings. These were the original commanders of the regiments composing the Stonewall Brigade, but in the storms of battle they were soon numbered among the dead and their successors met a similar fate.

General Jackson was the incarnation of a Christian soldier. His sublime faith in God dominated all else. Duty was his guiding star, and he personally attended to all the possible details of a great battle. Generally he was in front, leading his legions, with his hand pointing to heaven, his lips moving as if supplicating guidance from the Supreme Ruler.

In my mind's eye, I see him astride "old sorrel," and now and then giving the terse command, his forefinger pointing towards heaven and his lips quivering :

"Push forward, men! Push forward!"

He was devoted to his men and always gave them generous praise for heroism. He was a strict disciplinarian, and would not tolerate disobedience of orders by any one.

General Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in the spring of 1862 was a series of brilliant victories, which has no equal in war. Within a period of five weeks he defeated General Fremont, at the battle of McDowell; General Banks, near Winchester;

General Shields, at Port Republic, and General Fremont again, at Cross Keys.

In each battle Jackson's opponent had double the force he commanded. The design of the Union generals was to concentrate their forces and crush Jackson by their overwhelming numbers, but Jackson's superior strategy of keeping them separated, retreating and advancing at will, and attacking them in detail at places which he desired, proved that he was a great master of the art of war. His men were inspired by the motive of self-defence and self-preservation—the first laws of nature.

After Jackson had driven the Federal forces from the Shenandoah Valley he joined General Lee at Richmond, and fell upon the right wing of General McClellan's army. Victory after victory crowned the Confederate banners for two years. But the magnificent army that defeated McClellan in 1862 was gradually lessened by bullet and disease, and when the surrender came it was a mere skeleton in numbers. Attrition did the work.

After the battle of the First Manassas General Jackson advanced, getting together all the available men of the South to invade the North. He argued that the North had unlimited resources, while those of the South were limited. He declared that in acting upon the defensive it was sometimes necessary to become the aggressor in order to be successful. He maintained that the North would wear down the South if the duration of the war developed upon endurance of numbers.

Subsequent events proved Jackson's theory to be correct. The 2,800,000 soldiers enlisted in the North simply wore out the 550,000 Southern soldiers. New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio alone enlisted for the cause of the Union 750,000 men, which is more than the combined South enlisted in defense of its cause.

I. C. HAAS.

Tokoma Park, D. C.

WHY JOHN WILKES BOOTH SHOT LINCOLN.

Committed the Crime, Not to Aid the South, But to Seek
Revenge for a Supposed Personal Wrong. He
Believed Captain John Y. Beall Had
Been Unjustly Executed.

Mrs. B. G. Clifford, of Union, S. C., Corresponding Secretary of the South Carolina Division Daughters of the Confederacy, writes as follows in the *State*, in January, 1905, of Columbia, S. C.:

Most historians have been content to state the simple fact that J. Wilkes Booth shot and killed President Lincoln in Ford's Theatre, at Washington, on April 14, 1865.

Barnes' School History adds to this statement that by the shooting of Lincoln, Booth "insanely imagined that he was ridding his country of a tyrant," while a recent Southern historian says: "Abraham Lincoln was shot in a theatre at Washington on the night of April 14th, by an actor, who, sympathizing with the falling Confederacy, thought this deed would avenge the South."

In the editorial column of the *Christian Observer*, of Louisville, Ky., of Oct. 13, 1904, the following statements are made, in which, as a Daughter of the Confederacy, deeply interested in all that pertains to the truth of history and honor of the South, I desire to call the attention of South Carolinians: * * * "No citizen of the Southern Confederacy had anything to do with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln." * * *

"John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Mr. Lincoln was a citizen of the United States, not of the Confederate States. He was at no time a resident of the Confederate States. His Southern sympathies did not lead him to come to the South and make common cause with the South. It was not an ardent love of the South or of the Southern cause that prompted Mr. Booth's crime, but rather a spirit of revenge for the personal wrong that Mr. Lincoln had done in having Captain John Y. Beall, one of Booth's friends, unjustly executed.

"The editor of the *Christian Observer* was acquainted with Captain Beall. He was a native of Virginia, a member of a good family, a college graduate, a brave young man of attractive personality.

In Richmond, Va., we boarded at the same house, ate at the same table and we learned to appreciate his sterling worth. He possessed traits similar to those which, during the Spanish-American war, made Richard Pearson Hobson the idol of the American people, and when in the fall of 1864 a man was wanted to lead a hazardous enterprise and make a diversion on Lake Erie, he promptly responded to the call of his government. With a handful of brave seamen he seized a boat on Lake Erie, made its crew prisoners, converted it into a war vessel, captured or sank one or more other boats, terrorized the commerce of the Great Lakes, produced a panic in Buffalo and the cities on the lakes, and thoroughly alarmed the Northern people. In due time he was captured. He was tried by a court-martial and sentenced to death as a pirate.

“John Wilkes Booth interested himself in his behalf; obtained from the Confederate government at Richmond, Va., the evidence that he was a commissioned officer of the Confederate navy; he obtained, also, evidence that his acts were only those of legitimate warfare, and that he was acting under instructions from the Confederate government. Booth went to Washington armed with these documents and secured from President Lincoln the promise that Captain Beall should not to be put to death, but should be treated as a prisoner of war. This promise of Mr. Lincoln’s gave offense to Secretary Seward, who persuaded him, in the face of it, to sanction Beall’s execution, and Captain Beall was hanged at Governor’s Island, N. Y., on Feb. 24, 1865.

“John Wilkes Booth was not a well-balanced man at his best. Doubtless he inherited a streak of the insanity with which his father, though a great actor, was from time to time afflicted. Be that as it may, he was fearfully wrought up by the death of his friend in such circumstances. He denounced the killing in cold blood of a prisoner of war after he had surrendered as ‘murder,’ and the doing it after the president had given his word that it should not be done as ‘falsehood’ and ‘treachery,’ and vowed vengeance against the author of this wrong.

“At once he organized a conspiracy for the assassination of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, and on the night of April 14, only seven weeks after Captain Beall was hanged, the plot was executed. Booth shot Mr. Lincoln at Ford’s theatre, Washington, exclaiming: ‘Sic semper tyrannis!’ and on the same night Paine,

one of his co-conspirators, inflicted severe but not mortal wounds on William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

“The United States was fearfully aroused by the assassination of the President. At first it was suspected that the crime had been instigated by Confederates. Many prominent citizens of the Confederacy were arrested. The most thorough and searching examination was made, and it was conclusively proved that no representative of the Southern Confederacy had any hand in it. It was as sincerely regretted and as severely condemned through the South as in the North. Mr. Lincoln was killed not by a citizen of the Confederate States, but by a citizen of the United States—a partially deranged man, to avenge the wrong he claimed had been suffered by his friend at Mr. Lincoln’s hands.”

[From the *Sunday News*, Charleston, S. C., July 17, 1904.]

CONFEDERATE DIPLOMACY.

The Opposition Our Representatives Faced in Europe.

MR. JOHN WITHERSPOON DuBOSE REVIEWS THE FAILURE OF CONFEDERATE DIPLOMACY.

He Appears to Think that the Result May Have Been Different had the Masterly Statecraft of the Hon. R. Barnwell Rhett been Adopted—The Queen, Prince Albert, Palmerston, Cobden and Bright for the North, and the Negroes, while the Tories Warmly Approved the Cause of the South—The Status of France and the Views of Napoleon—Sharp Criticism of President Davis and His Cabinet.

Was it ever before that a nation at its birth was ready with a million young horsemen to ride across its borders as Forrest and Morgan and Mosby rode, gathering arms and blankets and horses for wider range of unparalleled enterprise in the enemy's territory? Was ever invaded nation firm in its foundations to drive back the million young horsemen from the farms of the South!

When Robert Barnwell Rhett in masterly statecraft, at the outset, would prepare compensatory treaty rights for the commercial powers of Western Europe in Confederate ports, thus to hold them safe from hostile blockade; and when this measure of statecraft was refused by the Confederate government, the act of refusal became tantamount to the use of a policy of military defence of thousands of miles of Southern coast, impossible of success, yet a policy wherein the Confederate soldier was shorn of his peculiar prowess in war and whereby an exhaustive draft was made upon the army for garrison forces.

The government of the Confederacy lost no time in entering a field of diplomacy of its own devising, a sentimental appeal to an unwilling world. The Confederate States made prompt advances for admission of the most refined free government that had ever

lived into the family circle of hereditary monarchies, but it brought in its pure hands no temptation to the avarice of the old monarchies. It appeared with long scroll of argument in its pure hands, going to prove to ancient kingdoms that the only hope for free institutions in America lay in the length and safety of its own precious life. That was all of Confederate diplomacy—all, from first to last, brief as the time.

The young slave republic, the offspring of a dismembered government at peace with all Europe, and which, if let alone, would go, full sail, into the sphere of monarchical conditions—the young republic mounted the pedestal of natural right, and with the curl of virtuous scorn upon its lip challenged the monarchical world to turn from the spectacle if it could !

FOUR ENEMIES OF THE SOUTH.

Lord Palmerston, the Whig premier of England, an octogenarian, who had been a personal disciple of Wilberforce in his youth and who had brought down to his present life and office the enthusiasm then inspired by the great emancipator, heard with a smile of incredulity the solemn plea of the Confederacy at the Court of St. James. John Bright and Richard Cobden, the venerable premier's lieutenants, had hardly composed themselves from the exciting sympathy with which they had watched the campaign Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. The German Prince-Consort, too, Albert, was near to carry into the predicate of Confederate recognition the national German morbidity of hate against slavery.

Albert died soon, yet not before he had developed his stand for the side of the United States in the American conflict. For years after her husband's death, the Queen lived in a melancholy, and he would be a rash minister who should approach her Majesty with suggestion of variance with her dead husband's known policy.

THE QUEEN FOLLOWS ALBERT'S PREJUDICES.

It was not new or recently excited prejudice that the Confederacy met at the Court of St. James. The amiable Victoria in her happiest years had been offended to hear the truth of the Southern States. She had retired from her household the chosen companion of her childhood, the constant associate of her domestic life and the favorite among her four maids of honor, Miss Amelia Murray. The tale so simple, now so ominous, had been long told to the

world. Miss Murray made a tour of the United States, from North to South, accompanied alone by her English maid. She came in the time of the Kansas agitation and being informed in public affairs, wrote voluminously in private letters to friends in England of party politics as she observed them in Congress and elsewhere. She wrote critically of American society, its customs and the sectional lines that separated what was good North from what was good South. Gradually approaching slave States, the tourist accepted proffered hospitality of the planters and visited plantations. The tone of her original Wilberforcean prejudices began to moderate as information reached her mind of practical conditions concerning the Southern plantation and its African bondsmen. The truly valuable letters of Miss Murray were published. The delightful literature proved an offence in the Royal Court. The revelation of truth on the Southern plantations published from the household of the Queen of England whose government, directed by her husband, was even then engaged in vigorous efforts to put down the surviving slave trade in English bottoms with Spanish-American islanders and Brazil, was bad politics. Not only so, but the Queen's government had a rule to enter upon no new treaty of amity and commerce which failed to commit the signatures alike to suppression of the African slave trade. Miss Murray's published reports of Southern plantations were an unwelcome information and must needs suffer a positive royal repudiation in her dismissal from the semi-political post she had so long adorned. The Southern Confederacy, nevertheless, had already taken the most advanced step open to it against an indefinite expansion of the institution of slavery. The Secession Convention of Alabama had led in the movement which culminated in a proviso of the Federal Constitution forever forbidding the introduction of slaves into the Confederacy from any foreign country whatsoever.

THE TORIES WERE WITH US.

But the Palmerston ministry resolved from the outset upon an unfriendly policy toward the Southern Confederacy. The Tory party, dividing almost evenly with the Whigs, met the ministry on the issue. The *London Times* earnestly supported the Tories and the South. At Liverpool, Manchester and in London voluntary associations of the higher classes were formed to express in practical methods their sympathy with the South. Rich men offered money to army hospitals of the Confederacy, competent writers

published paragraphs and authors wrote bound volumes arguing for the South, members of Parliament from their seats prodded the ministry for its shirking policy toward the South. The Tories were as much our friends as if they had been of us, on the land.

While the Southern sympathizers in England were thus busy in practical ways at home, they did not fail to approach Napoleon III in their urgency of the Southern cause. The Emperor of France was a willing listener. He took up the cause of the South through formal channels of diplomacy with England. He held interviews with English members of Parliament, committing himself to the most advanced suggestions of co-operation with their own Government for the recognition and support of the independence of the Confederacy. He urged them to force the British ministry to favorable action.

Robert Barnwell Rhett, deputy from South Carolina, had given the subject of Government for the South the study of an acute and philosophic mind for more than the life of a generation. He took his seat at Montgomery well prepared with an outline of foreign policy for the young republic which he had done so much to make possible. Mr. Rhett's suggestion was founded upon certain accomplished facts of daily experience in the relations of the commerce of the slave States to European trade. The export commerce of the slave States in raw material was the richest in the world. The official report of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1859, gave the exports initiating in the slave States at \$188,693,490 and the exports initiating in the free States at \$5,281,091. England was both the chief ocean carrier and the chief manufacturer of the main subject of Southern commerce, cotton. The industries of France were also largely involved in the carrying trade and the manufacture of Southern raw material.

THE RHETT SCHEME.

Upon the demonstrated value of Southern commerce and the historical record of Southern civil and military character, Rhett's object of a foreign diplomacy rested. The Rhett scheme was, to proceed without a moment's delay to assail the well-known anti-slavery prejudice and finaticism of the Palmerston ministry on the moral aspect of Southern slavery with an irresistible temptation of treaty stipulation into the interest of English commerce and manufactures known to be generally controlled by Whigs and abolitionists. The Rhett scheme would pledge the trade of England and

France special advantages and privileges in Confederate ports; for example, a tariff rate for twenty years, not to exceed 20 per cent. ad valorem, and certain fixed port charges not to exceed the cost of maintenance. It was not pretended that the suggestion of special and compensatory terms of commercial treaty in the premises was original. On the contrary, the terms were recommended as proven by the treaties of the United States with France and England in the revolution.

The policy of Rhett was a practical confronting of an emergency; the refusal of his policy without a substitute in any degree was a sentiment without an apology.

Did the rejection of Rhett's scheme of foreign alliance give promise of any uncommon exertion of vigor in the Confederate government within the limits of its own resources? The inexplicable situation was laid open by the act of rejection, the diverting of the Federal government of seceded States from control of the political school that had long resisted the invention. Secessionists had called the government into existence upon an argument all their own; Unionists immediately rose to the administration and held it firmly until the end. Perhaps an intrepid spirit for hazards revealed itself in the conduct of the men who had been loth to the last moment to enter upon so daring an enterprise as the erection of the new republic. It is enough to say the leading secessionists of 1860-'61 lost control of the Confederate government at the outset. If discernment was to be used, if opportunity was to be seized, if influence was to be reckoned on, the founders of the Confederacy had no voice in the situation. Whether the road to the Confederacy was straight or devious, the one significant thing was, it led to the goal which the road builders were denied.

CALHOUN TRUSTED DAVIS.

In the last months of his life, John C. Calhoun, seeing the end of his own availability approaching, prophesied that the young Senator from Mississippi, then on crutches from the field of Buena Vista, would be the master spirit in the ripening movement to confederate under one government the slave States. Calhoun died in the belief that the Senator intended his eloquent defence of the right of secession and his eloquent portrayal of the perils which beset the slave States should lead to the remedy of secession. But the President of the Southern Confederacy never approved the se-

cession movement. Mr. Davis was, perhaps, never quite understood.

The hand of the Confederate government denied the predicate of preference to the men from whose brains and hearts the Southern movement had been nourished into complete system. In the years of opportunity from foreign diplomacy, the Secretary of State was Judah P. Benjamin, a Whig and Unionist in the period when tariffs and free trade were contending American theories; the Secretary of War was James A. Seddon, by whose order General Johnston was retired from command, the second army in strength then destroyed, and Seddon had been earnestly opposed to the formation of the Confederacy long after President Davis took the oath at Montgomery; the Secretary of the Treasury, Christopher G. Memminger, was a lifelong and active opponent of the Calhoun doctrine and he was put in office against the declared judgment of the President that Robert Toombs, secessionist, was the ablest financier among all American public men. It is not worth while to say these officers were all faithful; they were all failures. The axiom remains unimpeached, that statecraft is the intellectual product of an ideal. Without the ideal there is no statecraft. Statecraft involving the efficiency of the Confederate war office did not suggest John A. Campbell for Assistant Secretary of War, yet Campbell held the place until the end in the face of his avowal to the President that he had no sympathy with the motives of the Confederacy. (Letter of Campbell to Judge Curtis.) The Senator from Georgia, Benjamin H. Hill, was notoriously the friend and counsellor of Mr. Davis, yet within thirty days of the meeting of the Confederate Congress at Montgomery, Mr. Hill had denounced bitterly the Southern movement. There was never a day when he either expected or desired the Confederacy to live. (*Life and Speeches of B. H. Hill*, by his son.)

RHETT, YANCEY AND WIGFALL.

Neither text-page or index of the five octave volumes prepared by Mr. Davis and his wife, purporting to relate the tale of the rise and fall of the Confederacy and the parts acted by many persons, contains the name of Robert Barnwell Rhett, William L. Yancey, Louis T. Wigfall and their associated secessionists. The massive volumes leave a perfect hiatus between the lucid accounts of the incorporation of the States' rights principle in the Federal system of the United States and the application of the principle in the per-

fected Confederate government. Who prepared the people through long years of public discussion, and what the motive of final action, the many books omit to tell. We are denied the simplicity of facts, for the gratification of a patriotic desire to find the men and their motives who built a government which sought to live among the nations.

YANCEY'S FRUITLESS MISSION.

In March, 1861, the Confederate commissioners in Europe, Wm. L. Yancey, President, and F. A. Rost and A. Dudley Mann, Associate Commissioners, with their accomplished young Secretary, Mr. Fearn, of Huntsville, Ala., sailed out of the port of Charleston. Orders were obeyed. Mr. Yancey made Southern rights' speeches and all talked to the kind people who received them into their confidence, of the inherent virtue of the Confederate cause. Yancey had no confidence when he left home in his mission. "Don't go to Europe, if you value your reputation," his friends warned him. Having exhausted the field of his instructions, he asked to be called home. The request was reluctantly granted by his government. He was too fluent a talker to be spared. The others remained. Mr. John M. Mason, long a distinguished Senator from Virginia, and Mr. John Slidell, a native of New York, long a Senator from Louisiana, were sent out to the Court of St. James and St. Cloud respectively.

MASON AND SLIDELL.

The two commissioners, their respective secretaries, and the family of Mr. Slidell, passed uninterrupted through the blockade at Charleston and at Havana boarded her *Britanic Majesty's* mail ship *Trent*, plying between Vera Cruz, Mexico, and Southampton. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, had determined from the beginning of the war to bluff England and alarm her ministry. Among the first of his unrelaxing acts in this line was the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell under the British flag on the high seas off the coast of Cuba. Seward held his finger firmly on the pulse of Palmerston's timid government. When the time came, he surrendered the commissioners to a British ship in the harbor of Boston, and in February, 1862, they were landed at Liverpool.

Early in February, 1862, Mr. Mason delivered informally Secretary Hunter's message to the British ministry. There was absolutely nothing in it beyond the stale argument Yancey had left behind him, that secession was not revolution in the American system, that

the Southern people were not in rebellion; that the success of the South in the war was inevitable; that the Southern people would never return to the Union; that there were vast stores of cotton on the plantations, which an enterprising neutral could have for the asking. In the retirement of his later years President Davis recounted the success of the first commissioners, as he had anticipated success, in these words:

“ Our efforts for recognition by European powers, in 1861, served to make us better known, to awaken a kindly feeling in our favor, and cause a respectful regard for the effort we were making to maintain the independence of the States which Great Britain had recognized and her people knew to be our birthright.” (*Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, Vol. I, p. 469.) This, after contemplation in fact, comprehended the whole scheme of Confederate foreign diplomacy from first to last.

TORIES WELCOMED MASON.

The Tories of England received Commissioner Mason with open arms. They flocked to his apartments to welcome him and to applaud his country. They escorted him to a seat in the galleries of Parliament, that he might hear with his own ears how they prodded the ministry and shamed it. They carried him to their country homes to see their kennels and their stables and to look upon their balls. “ They are the same people here as in old Virginia,” wrote Mason to his wife. The Lord Mayor invited him to attend the grand annual dinner. He was there called upon to speak and his speech was tumultuously applauded.

Commissioner Mason took up the question of blockade with the English ministry, to the limited extent that the ministry would hear him. England had insisted that the Confederate States should informally accede to the Paris Convention; and this Paris Convention had committed the powers that signed it to the proposition that: (1) Blockade by belligerents must be effective; (2) That blockade once raised, even for an hour, could not be restored without notice to neutrals.

THE BLOCKADE INEFFICIENT.

Mr. Mason showed to the British minister conclusively that in the second year of the war the blockade of the Confederate ports was not effective; that a lively trade continually passed through the blockade, so called; that, for instance, 100 vessels and more had

passed through the Confederate ports laden with incoming and outgoing merchandise in the three months only of the winter of 1861-62. The commissioner further showed the British Secretary for foreign affairs that in lieu of a port blockade which it had failed ignominiously to maintain, the United States government had established a line of patrol ships at sea in front of the various Confederate ports, and that the captures of several neutral vessels, made in their attempts to trade with the Confederacy, were actually captures made upon the high seas, and not in the harbors or within the Confederate jurisdiction. These, therefore, were unlawful prizes and were a direct insult and injury to neutral commerce.

SLIDELL AND NAPOLEON.

Meantime Commissioner Slidell was active in Paris. He persuaded M. Thouvenal, the French Secretary of Foreign Affairs, to obtain permission from the Emperor for Messrs. Lindsay and Roebuck, members of the British Parliament, to see him in the interest of the Confederacy. The Emperor cheerfully received the visitors, Mr. Slidell also being present. The interview was prolonged at the Emperor's insistence. He authorized the Englishmen to prepare Parliament for any advanced movement in favor of the South, even to a break up of the Whig government that stood in the way, and he would promptly and effectively join it. Mr. Lindsay explained at length to the Emperor that the battle of the United States was not really for the maintenance of a Union from which slavery should be eliminated, but for the maintenance of a Union which would abolish the revenue tariff and in lieu restore the Clay-American system, or protective duties for the benefit of the commerce and manufacturers of the North. He showed that as imports are paid for by exports, and as the imports of the South were great and of the North small, the South really paid three-fourths of the Federal revenues, only to be denied an equitable disbursement of the collection. The Emperor admitted the probable correctness of Mr. Lindsay's views, and reiterated his readiness to join England in recognition of the Confederacy at once and to sustain that proceeding at all cost. "Why not advance to that step alone, may I ask your Majesty?" inquired Lindsay. "Ah, what then becomes of my fleet off Vera Cruz?" was the reply.

While the commissioners were thus employed Moncure D. Conway, a Virginian of extraordinary ability, who had in his youth gone North to enlist with Garrison, Phillips, Mrs. Howe and the

most radical of the abolitionists, advertised in London that he would lecture in that city under the auspices of Mr. John Bright, and that the object of his lecture was to give moral support to a party in the United States that would rise up and coerce the Lincoln administration, to stop the war, and concede the independence of the Confederacy. Conway sent Commissioner Mason a ticket to his lecture.

THE BLOCKADE TWICE BROKEN.

Again and again the Confederate Commissioners urged upon England and France the rights of their governments under the terms of the Paris Convention. It was shown that now in the third year of the alleged blockading, Flag Officer Ingraham, of the Confederate navy, had attacked the blockading squadron off Charleston, destroyed some of its vessels, and entirely dispersed the others from view. The next winter, it may not be amiss at this place to say, Captain Dixon and crew ran the submarine torpedo boat *Hunley*, the first boat of the kind known to naval warfare, under the blockader *Housatonic*, a powerful warship, off the harbor of Charleston. The *Housatonic* and all on board, about 400 persons, went to the bottom, carrying the *Hunley* with it. Every blockader, taking fright, fled, and the port was open for several days. At the same season in which Ingraham opened the port of Charleston, Semmes opened Galveston. But neither England or France enforced the terms of the Paris Convention. In the winter of 1862-63 the improvised navy of the Confederacy destroyed eleven warships of the United States, while the *Alabama* and the *Sumter* drove the merchant marine of the enemy off the high seas.

PRESSING NEED FOR FIREARMS.

Among those in high place, early impressed with the importance of foreign sympathy and trade, especially in the matter of procuring arms for the Confederacy, was the first Secretary of War, General Leroy Pope Walker. The Secretary suffered a rare experience. He was so beset by importunate captains of companies to receive their commands into the army that he found it essential to his personal comfort to reach his office in Montgomery by the back way to avoid the importunities of the soldiers. He made a requisition on his government for 150,000 foreign rifles, but was shut off with 25,000. The government did nevertheless promptly select a purchasing agent, and ordered him to Europe with full dis-

cretionary power to buy arms and army equipments. The person selected was an old army officer, who had been detailed as drill master and commandant at the University of Alabama, a young man, Captain Caleb Huse, of Massachusetts. Captain Huse was a graduate of West Point, and a good soldier, but citizens and prudent soldiers thought General Beauregard, with a competent staff, must have been a more serviceable officer to have sent abroad on so vital a responsibility.

As the sequel proved, when General Joseph E. Johnston, soon after the First Manassas, proposed to invade the North as the necessary strategy of war, President Davis assured him the War Department had not the arms needed. The President said, with apparently deep feeling, that he "had tried to get arms, but had failed, and he did not know when he could get them. So about the same time, when General Albert Sidney Johnston, had recruited and put in camp ten or twelve thousand volunteers for the Western army, the Secretary of War ordered the camps broken up and the men returned home for want of arms. In all that time, and for months after, Capt. Huse was receiving only \$250 or about that sum, a month from his Government to use in his duty, but having made known to friends of the Confederacy in London his urgent need, Sir Isaac Campbell loaned him half a million dollars on his private account and his cargo of much needed arms sailed.

The Confederacy needed a currency and manufactured one. Did the abortive effort fairly represent the opportunities of the government? There was much of foreign sympathy rejected in the proceeding. We shall see that "cotton" bonds of the Confederacy, marketed in England and France were almost 100 per cent. higher than the bonds of the United States at the same period. I well remember that Vice-President Stephens in conversation remarked to me, in the war time, that the Confederacy with a little more business tact in the finances, might establish "the strongest paper currency in the world," referring to the uses that might be made of credit, founded on cotton, by the Treasury Department.

"COTTON OBLIGATIONS."

The Confederate cruiser *Alabama*, was built for the government at Birkenhead, on the Mersey, by a firm of Laird, a member of Parliament, was a member. The cost was \$250,000 and the firm rejected offers from the Secretary of the Navy, at Washington, to

build several war ships for the United States. They would have built others for the Confederacy, because it paid good prices.

In September, 1862, Commissioner Mason wrote to his government that twenty or twenty-five millions could be had for its uses for "cotton obligations." Now the income of the United States, in 1860, was about \$75,000,000 only. At a single draft our government was able to command one-third that sum. "Cotton obligations" of the government consisted in a simple pledge of honor to deliver so many pounds of lint, at a price named, at a convenient seaport within the Confederate limits, within three calendar months after the arrival of peace. So attractive to foreign money lenders were the "cotton obligations" that Mr. Erlanger, of the private banking firm of Erlanger & Co., Paris, made his way through the blockade to Richmond to urge the authorities there to sell large blocks of this character for gold delivered in London.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND "UNION" HESSIANS.

The Union States, pending these incidents of Confederate financing, was selling bonds in Germany and devoting the proceeds to bounties to German subjects to enter its army. Approximately a quarter of a million stout Germans flocked to save the Union upon their bounties. At the same period the United States had agents in Ireland recruiting soldiers to come to the rescue of the Union on promise that the scanty farm at home, crippled with tithings and landlords exactions, should be replaced with many fruitful American acres as a free gift. Then, too, to fill out the quota of soldiers, school teachers and others of both sexes came from New England to Southern rice and cotton plantations to recruit negro troops, and of these some 241,000 were armed and mustered into the ranks of the Union army. What the United States bonds brought on the market in Europe is immaterial. They sold as low as 40 cents on the dollar in Wall street.

THE SOUTH BORROWS \$15,000,000.

Under date "Richmond, January 15, 1863," Secretary of State Benjamin wrote to Commissioner Mason: "The agents of Messrs. Erlanger & Co. arrived a few days before your dispatches and were quite surprised to find their proposals were considered inadmissible. They very soon discovered how infinitely stronger we were and how much more abundant our resources than they had imagined. We

finally agreed with them to take fifteen millions instead of twenty-five millions which they offered." The 7 per cent. bonds of the government were taken at 77. The Secretary said the government took the money really because Mr. Slidell advised the step to assist the negotiations for recognition of France. At that very time, when the government wanted no money, the Ordnance Department was drawing the copper to make percussion caps from old distillery outfits in North Carolina and the commanding generals stood aghast at the long line of shoeless, ragged men in their ranks.

The Erlanger loan was placed in London with immediate and astonishing success. March 3, 1863, Mr. Erlanger had returned and the first offering of \$5,000,000 appeared on Lombard street. Before the day closed \$10,000,000 had been subscribed and the premium was 5 per cent. When the aggregate of bids for the entire loan of \$15,000,000 was summed up \$75,000,000 had been subscribed.

PRIVATE BLOCKADERS.

The government, now endeavoring to make order, sent Mr. Colin J. McRae, a successful cotton factor of Mobile, to Europe as its financial agent. McRae soon sent home a protest against the neglect of his government in failure to make proper control of the blockade running business. He found the Liverpool market fairly well supplied with cotton, brought through by private enterprise. He earnestly urged that the government should take charge of the blockade running and control the commerce to its own advantage. He gave as one reason for his counsel information that much cotton escaped the blockade direct for the port of New York.

Two splendid iron ships of war for the Confederacy were completed on the Clyde by Captain Bulloch. The other brother, Captain Bulloch (both uncles of President Roosevelt) arrived in London to take command of one, for work against the enemy, and Commodore Matthew F. Maury arrived to take command of the other. Ambassador Charles Francis Adams discovered the approaching readiness of the ships to put to sea. The American minister again played his old game of bluff successfully. He at once called on Earl Russell, her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and demanded the sailing of the ships should be promptly forbidden. The banker, George Peabody, agreed to put up the \$5,000,000 gold that Russell required, to indemnify his government, and the ships were thrown out of the Confederate possession at once,

before leaving their docks. All ships building in Europe on account of the Confederates then ceased. The Southern cause was dead in Europe.

GETTYSBURG AND VICKSBURG.

General Lee returned from Pennsylvania upon a drawn battle and General Johnston lost Vicksburg in the same days of midsummer in the third year of the war. Confederate sympathizers in England grew despondent. The Southern people did not grow despondent, nor did the army for a moment lose faith in the final outcome of the war. It is a notable fact that the battle of Gettysburg did not come within the plans of Lee, and would not have occurred at all had Lee's order to the marching van of his army been duly executed. Gettysburg village did not lie on his line of invasive march. It was reached by the turning of a head of corps in the van at right angles to the prescribed course from headquarters. And the movement was a surprise to the commanding general. Not less notable an instance of disobedience of orders from Johnston was the retreat of a wing of his army into Vicksburg and the resultant siege and inevitable capitulation that followed.

OTHER CONFEDERATE AGENTS.

Several young men were sent abroad to excite the good will of foreign people toward the government of the Confederacy and its people. Major Norman S. Walker, of Richmond, was placed at Bermuda to receive and forward merchandise both ways. Mr. Henry Holze, some time one of the editorial writers of the *Mobile Register*, was sent to London in a confidential government office. Mr. Edwin de Leon, a noted newspaper paragraphist, was sent to England with \$25,000 to purchase, if need be, space in important journals for the discussion by him of the Southern situation for the better enlightenment of the public as well as the government. Various other citizens were sent abroad on missions of the government from time to time.

After the cruiser *Alabama* began upon her wonderful work on the high seas, the neutrality promised by Great Britain at the outbreak of the war languished. The United States continued to get all the support it needed from English trade, while the corresponding benefit was denied to the Southern Confederacy. Both belligerents were negotiating for the construction of war ships by British build-

ers when the Alabama was launched, yet after the war England paid losses inflicted by the cruiser on Northern commerce to the sum of \$15,000,000.

We have seen that the South did in fact face a frowning world. While the government lived, to the latest moment of its life, the proud spirit of its Chieftain was burdened with no doubt or the shadow of a doubt. In the period of his vicarious sacrifice that followed the fall, his memory stands forth in the splendor of dignity, truth and valorous endurance incarnate.

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, May 15, 1904.]

A MIDNIGHT CHARGE

And the Death of General J. E. B. Stuart.

HE PROPOSED TO ADVANCE ON THE ENEMY'S CAMP AT
YELLOW TAVERN.

Made a Reconnoissance but Found the Federal Pickets Wide Awake.

[For account of death of General Stuart, see *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vols. XXIX, p. 22; XXX, p. 236.]

While the article following deals, in part, with the much controverted point as to how Jeb Stuart received his death wound, a far more interesting question is discussed by its author. That is, with respect to a charge Stuart desired to make upon the enemy's camp on the night, or morning, rather, preceding the battle of Yellow Tavern. The adventures of General Stuart made in a scout, designed to "locate" the enemy, the cavalry sergeant describes as follows:

I was a member of Company C, 1st Virginia cavalry, and will commence my story by relating what happened the night before the killing of Stuart. I will show that he expected the general engagement to come off the next day, and also that he knew the odds against him would be very heavy.

The General conceived the idea of charging the enemy's camp that night. Our camps were not very far apart.

About 12 o'clock at night, my captain, C. F. Jordan, came to me and waked me up and said that General Stuart had sent for me, and wanted me to report to him at once, mounted.

I asked the captain what the general wanted. The captain said he did not know. As he wanted me to come mounted, I supposed he was going to send me off on a scout or wanted me to go with him to reconnoiter, as I had done before, so I was particular about loading my pistol and carbine with fresh cartridges. I reported to him as quickly as possible. As I rode up to his tent I could see him sitting in there by himself. He had a light. He could see no one else about, his horse was nearby. As I stepped in front of his tent, I said: "Here I am, General, ready for orders." He came

out, and said: "Sergeant, I want you with me to-night. I'm going to charge the enemy's camp." (He always addressed me as "Sergeant," as I was a sergeant in my company.) "Wait here and I will be ready directly to start. He had notified all of the different commands to meet and form at a certain place. He very soon came out of his tent and mounted his horse, a very pretty gray or cream colored mare, which he prized very much. Some friend of his had made him a present of her.

I was riding a fine gray horse myself, which I had recently bought.

We started off and he went straight to where the command was already formed by fours. We took our positions at the head of it and he gave the command, "Forward," and off we started, all perfectly quiet, no one talking, as I suppose they had been ordered to keep quiet. Whether the men knew what the General's intentions were or not, I do not know.

We had one piece of artillery with us, and after going a short distance across a field, then into a piece of woods a little distance, he halted the command and told them to remain there until he returned. He then said: "Sergeant, we will ride on." After going a little ways, he said: "I want to find a position to place that gun" (meaning that piece of artillery). We had not gone over three or four hundred yards before we were halted by a picket. It was dark or getting so, and we did not see them until we were halted in twenty feet of them or nearer.

I asked the General, in a very low tone, "If it was not our picket?" We had come upon them so soon after starting. He said: "No, they are Yankees;" and just as he replied, they fired a volley at us. Seven shots, we counted, successive shots, very close together, and we could see seven men.

Our horses wheeled to the right into some bushes. They were badly frightened. The General said: "Sergeant, are you hurt?" I replied: "No, sir; are you?" "No," he said, "but I am afraid my horse is." I said my horse does not jump like he was hurt, and we had then turned and were going back the way we came. The General said: "Sergeant, that firing has just spoiled my fun." We made a miraculous escape. They were so close to us, I suppose they were asleep, and did not hear us until we got right on them. I suppose it was near 2 o'clock then. We went back to the command. The General said: "We will wait where we are until day begins to break, and I will fire from here into their camp."

The pickets were firing around their camp, and we could hear them giving orders.

When day began to break, we could see them moving out, and the General commenced firing into their camp with that gun, as fast as possible, and it got away from there in a hurry. From that time on we had some skirmishing until the general engagement commenced, near Yellow Tavern. The General kept me busy that day carrying orders. It was the hardest and hottest day's work I ever did. It was one of the hardest fought battles during the war. I was told by one of our commanding officers—one who was in a position to know—that we fought about five to one against us. We did not have over 1,500 men in action, if that number; about 2,200 or 2,300, all told.

Fitz. Lee's division did the fighting. I did the hardest day's work and had more narrow escapes than I ever had on any battlefield during the war. I was in most of them. I was carrying orders for General Stuart the whole day in every direction across that battlefield, and came within a hair's breadth of being killed many times. General Stuart exposed himself very much. When I went with an order I always found him in a different place, when I returned to him. I saw no other courier, and never saw any of his staff with him, but always found him alone when I returned from carrying an order.

When I was not carrying orders I was riding over the battlefield with him. He went over the field very frequently by himself, and exposed himself very much. The last order I took from him that evening was to General Wickham, my brigadier-general. On my return I found him alone, between 4 and 5 o'clock (nearer 5 I suppose, judging from the sun), some distance in front of the Baltimore Light Infantry. He dismounted with his right arm through his bridle rein, holding his glasses to his eyes with both hands, looking across a field at the edge of a piece of woods some distance off, a half or three quarters of a mile or more.

I could see with the naked eye a body of men mounted near the woods, but could not tell what they were about. When I rode up to Stuart he took down his glasses and turned his head, and saw who it was. He said to me: "Sergeant, they are preparing yonder to charge this battery, and if I don't have a regiment mounted to meet them they will capture it. I want you to go and bring up the lead horses of the 1st regiment."

I asked: "Where are they, General? I don't know where you

had them left." He pointed and said: "They are in a straight line from here, in this direction, about a mile off. Go as fast as your horse can carry you, and get them here as quick as possible. I will have the men to meet them."

"I will have them up in a few minutes, General," I replied. I turned my horse, and as I looked back I saw the General looking again through his glasses, with his right arm through his bridle rein. I set out at full speed, and that was the last time I ever saw my beloved and gallant general.

I went straight to the horses, without any trouble, and was not over three minutes in getting there. My horse was a good one and a fast one. I found the men that were holding the horses all mounted and the horses turned the right way, and I started them off at once, as fast as they could come back, in the same track that I went, and met the men coming to meet the horses, as the General told me he would have them meet them, about three hundred yards from where I left General Stuart, and I am sure I was not gone altogether over fifteen minutes. I left him by himself. He must have mounted his horse as soon as I left him and ridden to where the 1st regiment was in line of battle. I dismounted and ordered the men from the field to meet the horses, that they might mount and meet the enemy's charge, to save the Baltimore Light Artillery. That must have been the time when Mr. Oliver saw him riding alone through the woods towards them, and took his position between him and another Maryland man of Company K, of the 1st Virginia regiment of cavalry. He may have ordered all of the companies to meet the horses before he got there, as that company was on the extreme left, and when he got to Company K found it was too late to order them, and let them remain. The balance of the regiment certainly met the horses, and left the field before the General was shot.

I was riding at the head of the regiment of led horses, Company C, being in front, when we met the men. The men had just about finished mounting and were ready to make the charge and I expected to see General Stuart ride up every second. I intended to join him, but General Fitz Lee rode up right in front of me and said: "It is too late to charge now. The enemy have made the charge and captured the Baltimore Light Artillery, and General Stuart has been shot. I am am afraid mortally wounded." The men called out, some of them, "For God's sake, General, let us charge them, anyhow." "No, it is too late," General Fitz Lee

replied, "we are going to retreat now, and I want the regiment to cover our retreat."

I never saw such a distressed looking body of men in my life as they looked to be, many of them shedding tears when they heard our gallant General had been shot, and the first they knew of his being shot, was when General Fitz Lee told them with tears in his eyes. He knew too well what a shock such sad news would be to the Old First. He knew what the men thought of Stuart, and what their beloved General thought of them.

The regiment was General Stuart's old regiment. He was their first colonel. He drilled them thoroughly on foot and on horseback. I suppose it was one of the best drilled regiments in the whole cavalry service, if not the best. He endeared himself to his men, and the men endeared themselves to him. The First did cover the retreat and fought all night, holding the enemy in check until we got to Mechanicsville the next morning. There we met the enemy again and defeated them. Mr. Oliver's statement, I have no doubt—or part of it—is correct, the part about his own Company K. The other companies could easily have been ordered from the field to meet the horses, without his knowing it, as he was stationed in the extreme left and probably not in sight. Mr. Dorsey's statement also, I have no doubt, is correct; both could easily be to my mind. I knew Company K, and I know General Stuart thought very highly of it. It was a gallant command and I know it had a high regard for our beloved General Stuart. These statements of Mr. Oliver's and Mr. Dorsey's, I saw in the issues of October 23, 1903, of the *Baltimore Sun*. General Stuart was no doubt seen giving orders to the First Virginia Cavalry in line of battle to go to meet their horses, to mount and make a charge, to save the Baltimore Artillery. He did not get mounted in time to make the charge. That action of General Stuart's may have been mistaken by others for rallying his men to charge to save the Baltimore Artillery.

These statements are absolutely correct, and can be substantiated. My captain, C. F. Jordan, will confirm many of them. There has been so many differences of opinion as to how Stuart was mortally wounded, and how he happened to be where he was, at the time he was shot, I, being in a position to know something about it, have made these statements.

WM. B. POINDEXTER.

P. O., Greenlee, Rockbridge county.

[From the New Orleans, La , *Picayune*, Sept., 25, 1904.]

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH

And the Shiloh National Military Park.

BY GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

[See also *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XXXI, p. 298, *et seq.*]

General Grant in his "Memoirs" says: "The battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg, has been, perhaps, less understood or, to state it more accurately, more persistently misunderstood than any other engagement between the National and Confederate troops during the entire rebellion."

This is as true now as it was when it was written. Most of those persons who have written of Shiloh on the Union side have confined themselves to discussing the comparative achievements in that battle of General Grant's command, the army of Tennessee, and General Don Carlos Buell's command, the army of the Ohio. Most of those who have written from a Confederate standpoint have confined themselves to the discussion of what should have been the final result should General Albert Sidney Johnston not have been killed, and should General Beauregard have pressed forward instead of ordering a retreat on the afternoon of the second day's battle. So that what we have mostly of the battle of Shiloh from those who write of it is not what was actually done by the two great armies on that field the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, but "what might have been."

Shiloh was the first great battle that had ever been fought on the American continent. When the American colonies entered into the war for independence in 1776, they had only an aggregate population of three millions, scattered along the Atlantic Coast from the Penobscot river in what is now the State of Maine, to the Savannah river in Georgia. In 1812, when the second war with Great Britain was begun there were about seven million people in the United States. No great armies were assembled, and no great battles, as measured by great numbers, were fought.

When the war between the States, or Civil War, of 1861-5 began, the United States had a population of over thirty-one millions.

The official statements show that the battle of Shiloh, up to the date upon which it was fought, saw the greatest array of men marshaled in hostile conflict that had ever been seen on the Western Hemisphere; and its results were more disastrous than any known in the history of the continent. The bloodshed was only exceeded at Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor and Chickamauga.

The Count of Paris, in his history of the war, says of Shiloh :

“It was in fact, from the date of this battle, that the two armies began to know and respect each other.

“Taught by experience thus gained, the generals felt that so long as such armies continued in the field, the struggle between the North and the South would not come to an end.”

It is not proposed in this article to undertake an exhaustive or even particular account of the events of that great battle, but rather to give briefly from the official records now published to the world, such a general statement as will lead to an intelligent understanding of the battle, the causes which led to it, and its results. I must not omit to say that my work has been much aided by the very accurate report of Major D. W. Reed, Historian and Secretary of the Shiloh Commission, published in 1902.

The report on the Confederate side was made by General G. T. Beuregard, who succeeded to the command on the death of General A. S. Johnston.

General Grant made no report further than what was contained in a letter written immediately after the battle to General Hallock, informing him that an engagement had been fought and announcing the result. General Grant explains the reason of his not making a report as follows :

* * * “General Hallock moved his headquarters to Pittsburg Landing and assumed command of all the troops in the field. Although next to him in rank, and nominally in command of my old district and army, I was ignored as much as if I had been at the most distant point of territory within my jurisdiction, and although I was in command of all the troops engaged at Shiloh, I was not permitted to see one of the reports of General Buell or his subordinates in that battle until they were published by the War Department, long after the event. For this reason I never made a full official report of the engagement.”

General Grant's "Memoirs" have been consulted in writing this article, as have all reports published in the official records, both Union and Confederate, and the *Life of General Johnston*, by his son, the late Colonel William Preston Johnston, and the writing of others on both sides.

I give a brief resume of General Johnston's command, and what occurred previously, which led to the battle of Shiloh.

PRELIMINARIES TO THE BATTLE.

On the 10th of September, 1861, General Johnston was assigned to the command of that part of the Confederate States which lay west of the Alleghany Mountains, except the gulf coast; General Bragg being in command of the coast of west Florida and Alabama and General Mansfield Lovell of the coast of Mississippi and Louisiana.

His command was very large in extent, and his powers and discretion as large as the theory of the Confederate government permitted. He lacked nothing except men, munitions of war, and the means of obtaining them. The Mississippi river divided his department into two distinct theatres of war. West of the river Fremont held Missouri with a force of from 60,000 to 80,000 troops confronted by Price and McCulloch in the extreme southwest corner of Missouri, with 6,000 men, and by Hardee in the northeastern part of Arkansas, with several thousand raw recruits, the major part of them suffering from diseases incident to camp life.

East of the Mississippi the northern boundary of Tennessee was held in sufferance from an enemy who for various reasons hesitated to advance. The Mississippi was open to a naval invasion unless it could be defended and held. General Grant was at Cairo, and had there and at Paducah about 20,000 men, and to oppose his invasion General Polk had seized Columbus Ky., with about 11,000 Confederates and had placed it in a state of defense. Tennessee was divided by the Tennessee river, and also by the Cumberland. Insignificant works of defense had been erected on both sides at Forts Henry and Donelson, near the boundary line, but in fact there was no practical defense against the capture of Nashville by the Federals, which was the most important depot of supplies west of the Alleghanies. The defence of the border of Tennessee first engaged General Johnston's attention. Kentucky had assumed a position of neutrality, which was abandoned by act of its Legislature in September. There were about 34,000 Federal volunteers

and 6,000 Home Guards assembled in that State under General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, and he had with him Generals Sherman, Thomas and Nelson.

The Confederacy had 4,000 poorly-armed and badly-equipped troops at Cumberland Gap under General Zollicoffer, guarding the only line of communication between Virginia and Tennessee. Eastern Tennessee was hostile to the Confederacy, and required constant guarding and vigilance. Besides Zollicoffer's force there were only about 4,000 available men to protect General Johnston's line against some 40,000 Federal troops. His line extended from Cumberland Gap to Columbus, Ky., with Bowling Green as a salient. Buckner was moving with a small force in Kentucky, the numbers of which were greatly exaggerated, and created much alarm. Bowling Green was strongly fortified, and General Johnston used every means in his power to rally the Kentuckians to his standard. He brought Hardee from Arkansas, with 4,000 men, and appealed to the Southern governors for arms and 50,000 troops. Governor Harris, of Tennessee, responded as best he could, but the government at Richmond was unable to re-enforce him or to arm the troops he had. General Johnston realized the magnitude of the struggle, and his unprepared condition, but the people of the South only awoke to it when it was too late. He was never able to assemble more than 20,000 troops to meet the 100,000 on his front.

On the 7th of November the battle of Belmont was fought opposite Columbus, in Missouri, General Grant commanding the Federal and General Polk the Confederate army. In January, 1862, General Johnston was confronted by General Halleck in the west and General Buell, who had succeeded Sherman in Kentucky. With the exception of the army under General Curtis in Missouri, about 12,000 strong, the whole resources of the Northwest were turned against General Johnston in Kentucky. Halleck, with troops at Cairo and Paducah, under Generals Grant and C. F. Smith, threatened Columbus, and the defenses at Forts Donelson and Henry. Buell's right wing menaced Donelson and Henry, while his centre was directed against Bowling Green and his left was advancing against Zollicoffer at Mill springs on the upper Cumberland.

The campaign opened with the defeat of the Confederates under Crittenden and Zollicoffer on the 19th of January, 1862, by General Thomas at Mill springs, or Fishing creek.

While the loss was not severe, it ended with a rout, which left General Johnston's right flank exposed. To then reduce the force

at Columbus would imperil the Mississippi river, nor could he hazard the loss of Nashville, and he, therefore, determined to make the fight at Forts Henry and Donelson, and soon Fort Henry fell. He had determined when the movement against Fort Henry was made to fall back on the line of the Cumberland, and make the fight for Nashville at Donelson. Buell was in his front with 90,000 men, and to save Nashville he had to fall back on it with a part of his army. He retained for this purpose some 14,000 men—of whom only 8,500 were effective to confront Buell's force—and concentrated at Fort Donelson 17,000 men under Generals Floyd, Pillow and Buckner, to meet General Grant with a force of 25,000 troops. When, on February 16, General Johnston learned of the defeat and surrender of the troops at Donelson, his first object was to save the remnant of his army, and he at once determined to abandon the line of the Cumberland, and concentrate all his available troops at Corinth, Miss., and prepare for a renewed struggle.

On the 25th of March he had assembled an army of 23,000 at Corinth. He was re-enforced by General Bragg from Pensacola with 10,000 men, and on General Johnston's arrival at Corinth his army numbered 50,000 men.

The fall of Forts Henry and Donelson and abandonment of Nashville raised a storm of indignation over the country, and especially in Tennessee, and a committee of congressmen was sent to President Davis to ask General Johnston's removal. To the committee Mr. Davis replied: "If Sidney Johnston is not a general, I have none." To a friend who urged him to publish an explanation in vindication of his course, General Johnston replied: "I cannot correspond with the people. What the people want is battle and a victory. That is the best explanation I can make. I require no vindication; I trust that to the future."

His plan of campaign was to concentrate at Corinth, and interpose his whole force in front of the bend of the Tennessee river, the natural base of the Federal army, and this effected, to engage and defeat Grant before the arrival of Buell. This required immediate action, but time was required for the reorganization of the troops of Bragg and Beauregard. This occupied ten days. Hope was entertained of the arrival of General Van Dorn with re-enforcements before the arrival of General Buell, who was marching from Nashville with 37,000 men to join Grant, but who did not arrive until two days later. Hearing of Buell's near approach on the 2d of April, General Johnston determined to at once move to the

attack. General Bragg was assigned to the command of a corps, and also as Chief of Staff. To General Beauregard was tendered the immediate command of the army in the impending battle, which he declined. He did this because he had just come into the district which he had assigned to General Beauregard and was disinclined to deprive him of any reputation he might acquire by the victory, if one should be gained. This did not mean that he relinquished the supreme command of the army. General Grant's army had been transferred up the Tennessee river by boats and was concentrated on the western bank at Pittsburg landing. It arrived by divisions, and General Bragg had proposed to Beauregard to attack before the arrival of the whole force, but General Beauregard did not acquiesce. General Grant's plan was for a continued movement of his men and General Buell's army. With Pittsburg landing as a base, the army was to occupy north Mississippi and Alabama, command the entire railroad system of that section, and take Memphis in the rear while Halleck came down the Mississippi river. General Johnston suspected the movement and prepared to defeat it. General Grant's army in camp consisted of 58,000 men, 50,000 of whom were effective, and Buell was near at hand with 37,000 more. General Mitchell with 18,000 men was moving against the railroad at Florence, Ala., not far distant. General Johnston had determined to attack on the 3d of April. His general plan was to attack by columns of corps and to make the battle a decisive one; to utterly defeat Grant, and if successful, to contend for the possession of Kentucky and Tennessee. On Saturday afternoon while waiting the disposition of the troops, a council of war was held, in which Generals Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Polk, Breckinridge and Gilmer took part. The Confederate army was in line of battle within two miles of Shiloh Church, and of General Grant's line. General Beauregard proposed that the army should be withdrawn to Corinth. He argued that the delay and noise had given the enemy notice of their approach, and that they would be found fully intrenched. General Johnston expressed surprise at the suggestion and Generals Polk and Bragg expressed their dissent. General Johnston closed the conference with the simple remark:

"Gentlemen, we shall attack at daylight to-morrow," and turning to one of his staff officers, said: "I would fight them if they were a million. They can present no greater front between the two creeks than we can, and the more men they crowd in there the worse we can make it for them."

Another council was held at General Johnston's tent that evening, which elicited the same views and same determination of General Johnston. At the dawn of day on the 6th of April as the troops were being put in motion, several of the Generals again met at the campfire of General Johnston. The discussion was renewed, General Beauregard still expressing his dissent, when rapid firing in front indicated that the attack had commenced, and General Johnston closed the discussion by saying:

"The battle has opened, gentlemen; it is too late to change our dispositions." He proposed that all move to the front, and the Generals promptly rode to their commands. The front line of the Confederate army was composed of the 3d Corps and Gladden's Brigade under Hardee, extending from Owl to Lick creek, a distance of three miles. Hindman's Division occupied the center, Cleburne's Brigade on the left and Gladden's on the right, having an effective total of 9,024. The second line was commanded by Bragg with two divisions—Wither's and Ruggle's—Wither's on the right and Ruggle's on the left. This line was 10,731 strong. The third line, the reserve under Polk (the 1st Corps), with three brigades under Breckinridge. Polk's corps was massed in columns of brigades on the Bark Road, near Mickey's and Breckinridge's, on the road from Monterey toward the same point.

Polk was to advance on the left of the Park road, at an interval of eight hundred paces from Bragg's line, and Breckenridge to the right of that road was to give support whenever necessary. Polk's corps was composed of two divisions, Cheatham's on the left, and Clark's on the right, being an effective force of 9,136 men in infantry and artillery. It followed Bragg's line at an interval of eight hundred yards. Breckenridge's reserve was composed of Trabue's, Bowen's and Statham's brigades, with a total of infantry and artillery of 6,439 men. The cavalry, 4,300 strong, guarded the flanks. The total effective force of all armies was about 39,630.

The Federal army present was about 49,232, or present for duty, 39,830. At Crump's landing, six miles distant, General Lew Wallace had a force of 5,640 men. General Nelson's division, of Buell's army, arrived at Savannah on Saturday morning, and was about five miles distant; while Crittenden's division had arrived on the 6th.

The first gun of the battle was heard at 5 o'clock in the morning of the 6th, and General Johnston and staff at once mounted and rode to the front.

Some skirmishes on Friday had aroused the vigilance of the Federal commanders. Yet, General Grant had telegraphed General Halleck Saturday night: "The main force of the enemy is at Corinth; one division of Buell's column arrived yesterday. I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us."

General Prentiss had, however, thrown forward Colonel Moore with the 21st Missouri regiment on the Corinth road, who had encountered Hardee's skirmish line under Major Hardcastle, and taking it for an outpost attacked it vigorously. Thus in reality the Federals opened the fight. The struggle was brief. The 8th and 9th Arkansas regiments came up, and Colonel Moore was wounded, and his troops gave way.

THE BATTLE.

Briefly, on the first attack by the Confederates the front line of Grant's army was driven from its position, excepting two of Sherman's brigades, whose position intrenched the first line of battle. These brigades resisted stubbornly, but their flanks becoming exposed, they were compelled to give way and take position on McClelland's right, which was held until the afternoon, when both divisions were driven back. General Grant arrived on the field at 8 A. M., and ordered Lewis Wallace up with his division, while he set to work to reorganize his scattered lines. Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace were now attacked, but repulsed the Confederates, who, however, continued the assault until 4:30 P. M., when Hurlbut fell back, and Wallace, being left to meet the assaults alone, fell back a half hour later. General Lew Wallace, who, as before stated, was at Crump's landing, six miles distant, did not reach the field until near night. The Federal army was then crowded back to the river, leaving all of its encampments and some 3,000 prisoners in possession of the Confederates; it halted after the falling back of W. H. L. Wallace, the remaining Federal artillery was hastily assembled by General Webster, of General Grant's staff, posted on a ridge covering Pittsburg landing, and a renewal of the attack by the Confederates was successfully resisted, two gunboats adding their fire. Buell's advance had reached Savannah on the evening of the 5th, and at 6 P. M. on the 6th, Ammen's brigade crossed just at the close of the day's battle.

Next morning all of Nelson's, Crittenden's and McCook's divisions had crossed, and with Lew Wallace's command, some 25,000

fresh troops were available. General Johnston had fallen about 2:30 P. M. on the 6th, and the command developed upon General Beauregard.

At daylight on Monday General Grant attacked along the whole line, but was stubbornly resisted, the battle continuing until about 4 P. M. The Union line of the previous day and thirty captured guns were regained.

The arrival of Buell's army with its fresh troops made the contest unequal, and though stubbornly contested for a time, at about 2 o'clock General Beauregard ordered the withdrawal of his army. To secure this he placed Colonel Robert F. Looney, 38th Tennessee regiment, augmented by detachments from other regiments at Shiloh Church, and directed him to charge the centre of the Union lines. In this charge Colonel Looney passed Sherman's headquarters and pressed the Union line back to Purdy road. At the same time General Beauregard sent artillery across Shiloh Branch, and placed the guns in battery on the high ground beyond. With these arrangements Beauregard, at 4 o'clock, safely crossed Shiloh Branch with his army, and placed his rear guard under General Breckenridge in line upon the ground occupied by him Saturday night. The Confederate army returned leisurely to Corinth, while the Union army returned to the camps it had occupied before the battle.

No general pursuit of the Confederates was made, General Halleck having issued orders forbidding it, and the Confederates were allowed to retire to Corinth while the Union army occupied itself in burying the dead and caring for the wounded.

Soon after General Halleck's arrival and assumption of command was inaugurated the "advance on Corinth," in which the most conspicuous and leading part was played by the spade.

General Beauregard reported a loss of 1,728 killed, 8,012 wounded, and 959 missing. The Union's loss was reported at 1,754 killed, 8,408 wounded, and some 2,855 prisoners. Revised statements make the total loss in both armies killed, 3,482; wounded, 16,420; missing, 3,844; total, 23,746.

THE SHILOH NATIONAL MILITARY PARK.

I have stated that the battle of Shiloh is less known or understood than any of the great battles of the war, and gave, what I think, are the reasons.

So, also, the Shiloh National Military Park is much less known

than Gettysburg or Chickamauga Parks, partly on account of its inaccessibility by reason of remoteness from railroads. The only public means of reaching it is by boats on the Tennessee river. The nearest railroad points are Selma, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, about eighteen miles westward, and Corinth, at the junction of the Mobile and Ohio and Southern (formerly Memphis and Charleston) Railroads, some twenty miles south. A gravel road, of which twenty-five miles is of very excellent character, has been constructed within the park, extended to either Corinth or Selma would greatly facilitate travel, and doubtless add many visitors to the park. The Commissioners have recommended this, naming Corinth as the point, and a bill is now pending in Congress for its construction. A survey has been made by the Illinois Central Railroad from Jackson, Tenn., by way of the park to Tuscumbia. If this is built it will help the present facilities; but even with this railroad, there should be a wagon road.

The park was established by an act of Congress, approved December 27, 1894, and lies wholly in Hardin county, on the west bank of the Tennessee river. The Secretary of War appointed as Commissioners, Colonel Cornelius Cadle, of Cincinnati, for the Army of the Tennessee, Chairman; General Don Carlos Buell, of Paradise, Ky., for the Army of Ohio; Colonel Robert F. Looney, of Memphis, Tenn., for the Army of the Mississippi; Major D. W. Reed, of Chicago, Secretary and Historian, and Captain James W. Irwin, of Savannah, Tenn., Agent for the Purchase of Land.

The Commission organized April 2, 1895, at Pittsburg Landing, and at once entered on its duties. Mr. James W. Riddell was appointed clerk of the Commission. Mr. Atwell Thompson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., civil engineer, was employed to take charge of the work. He at once began surveys, and ran parallel lines across the field from north to south every two hundred feet, upon which stakes were placed two hundred feet apart. From these surveys levels were taken, and a contoured topographical chart made of all land within the limits of the park. From official maps and reports, information received from residents, personal recollections of survivors of the battle, etc., roads, fields and camps were restored, battle lines and positions of troops located and shown on the map, and marked by historical tablets on the ground.

General Don Carlos Buell died in November, 1898, and Major J. H. Ashcraft, 26th Kentucky Volunteers, was appointed to his place. Colonel Robert F. Looney died November 19, 1899, and Colonel

Josiah Patterson, of Memphis, Tenn., 1st Alabama Cavalry, succeeded to his place. Colonel Patterson's death followed soon afterwards (Feb. 12, 1904), and General Basil W. Duke, of Louisville, Ky., was appointed.

As before stated, twenty-five miles of excellent road has been constructed, the undergrowth has been cut out, such of the original trees as remained, preserved, and a fine growth of trees forty-two years old, grown since the battle, adorn the park.

The park embraces, in round numbers, 3,675 acres of ground upon which there was actual fighting. Of this area the government has purchased 3,325.05 acres. About 350 acres more are needed for marking correctly the positions of all the troops. With this addition the government would own all the land upon which there was any fighting, including the Union camps and General Hardee's line of battle Saturday night.

The monuments in the park erected by States, are as follows:

Illinois has erected 38 regimental monuments, and one very handsome State monument; Ohio 34; Indiana 23, Iowa 11 regimental and one State monument. The latter in beauty of design, excellent workmanship and solidity of construction, is unexcelled. Pennsylvania has one monument to its one regiment engaged; Wisconsin will soon erect a monument.

General William B. Bate, of Tennessee, who commanded the 2d Regiment at Shiloh, has raised the necessary money, and will soon have erected a monument to that regiment. This, when in place, will be the first Confederate monument on the field.

The Commissioners have placed monuments to the general officers on both sides, and officers commanding brigades who were killed in battle. On the Confederate side Generals Albert Sidney Johnston and A. H. Gladden were killed, and of the Union Army, General W. H. L. Wallace and Colonels Julius Raith and Everett Peabody.

These are uniform in size and shape. Though plain, they are quite imposing. They are made with concrete foundation and base twenty feet square with pyramids of cannon-balls on each of the four corners. A concrete second base in the centre is surmounted by a 24-pounder parrott gun set on end. On this is a bronze shield with the inscription. The inscription on General Johnston's monument is as follows :

C. S.

GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON,

Commanding the Confederate Army,

Was Mortally Wounded

Here at 2:30 P. M., April 6, 1862.

Died in Ravine Fifty Yards East at

2:54 P. M.

The place in the ravine where he died is plainly marked, the tree under which his volunteer aid-de-camp, Governor Isham G. Harris, laid him, still standing there.

The inscription on the other mortuary monuments are of a like character.

The headquarters of general officers of divisions and brigades are marked by pyramids of shells, with inscriptions giving names of the officers. The lines of all organizations are plainly marked, so that it is easy to recognize the ground over which any body of troops passed during the battle.

The Confederates who fell at Shiloh are buried in large trenches, five in number, near where they fell. The Commission has placed them in fine order and adorned them with shells similar to the adornment of the monuments just mentioned.

I was there on the 30th day of May last (Decorative Day). The Commissioners invited me to a seat in their carriage, and we passed to all these resting places of Confederates, and on arrival at each burying place the Commissioners alighted and decorated them.

Hereafter it is expected that there will be a general decoration of Confederate graves, as is usual at other places.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.

This adjoins the park, and is on a bluff 120 feet high, immediately on the Tennessee river. It was laid out in 1866, and contains ten and a half acres. There are buried in the cemetery the bodies of 1,239 known and 2,375 unknown Union soldiers. It is handsomely laid out, and under the superintendence of Mr. John W. Shaw is kept in admirable order.

There is a very good hotel near the offices of the Commissioners, and a general store, where almost any article usually found in such places can be had.

Altogether, the park is a most beautiful one, and the work done by the Commissioners reflects credit on their good judgment and business capacity.

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, September 16, 1904.]

PRESENTATION OF THE PORTRAIT OF LIEUT.-
GENERAL WADE HAMPTON, C. S. CAVALRY,

To R. E. Lee Camp, C. V., at Richmond, Va., September
15, 1904.

ADDRESSES OF COLONEL W. W. FINNEY AND EX-GOVERNOR
CHARLES T. O'FERRALL.

Among Lee Camp's silent heroes now hangs in an honored place the portrait of South Carolina's most famous son, Wade Hampton, warrior and statesman, general and cavalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

In the presence of a distinguished gathering of veterans and ministers, ladies and gentlemen, who entirely filled the hall, the presentation of the engraving that will in time be replaced by a full length painting in oils, was made last night with considerable ceremony. On behalf of the donors, the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, S. C., Company A, Hampton Legion, Colonel William W. Finney, of this city, spoke words of choice and chaste elegance, and was at times singularly happy and beautiful in his references to the glorified name of Hampton, of South Carolina.

In a manner equally felicitous, Governor Charles T. O'Ferrall, of this city, in the war a cavalry colonel under Hampton, accepted the picture, and expressed to the generous givers the appreciation of the camp.

The occasion was in all respects a most delightful one, and lacked only the presence of General Fitzhugh Lee, friend and comrade of the great South Carolinian, and like him a famous commander of the Confederate horse. On account of illness General Lee was forced to send his regrets, which he did in a message to the camp.

One of the striking incidents of the evening was the immediate response of the audience to the mention of the name, not of Confederate or a hero dead, but of a statesman and politician, now very much alive, indeed—Grover Cleveland. Colonel O'Ferrall was referring to the onslaught of Tillman upon the Democracy that Hampton represented—the Democracy of Jefferson, Madison and others, ending with Cleveland, to whom he applied most compli-

mentary terms. The speaker called this name, the last of a noted list of statesmen. The audience applauded spontaneously and immediately. One or two of the old vets shook their heads, but it was evident that the name of the sage of Princeton was pleasant to the ears of most of them there.

The camp met in regular session and transacted a mass of business, routine and otherwise,. Commander J. P. Smith presided, with his usual grace. He introduced Colonel Finney, who spoke in part as follows:

THE PRESENTATION ADDRESS.

Commander, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I should do violence to my profound sense of the honor conferred by the far-famed Washington Light Infantry battalion of Charleston, S. C., Company A, Hampton Legion, in having me represent them on this occasion; violence, too, to my keen appreciation of the further honor yourselves bestow upon being present to-night, were I not, at the outset, to make to all here and in Charleston at least the poor return of my thanks for the unmerited compliment. At the same time it is, I assure you, with sincere distrust and unaffected embarrassment that I undertake a duty that had been entrusted far more wisely to some other, to any other comrade. Indeed, so acute is this feeling that I am restrained from throwing down my accoutrements and running away in disgrace, only I fear, by remembering our great commander's definition and exemplification of the sublime word, duty. This remembrance will, I trust, ever hold me to my own duty, if not in all things, at least my duty to my old comrades in arms, whether they be living or dead.

That duty demands that I present, at this time, to R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, in the name and on behalf of the Washington Light Infantry Battalion of the city by the sea, this portrait of South Carolina's most distinguished son - among many distinguished sons—Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton—illustrious name!

How the spirit is stirred and the eye kindles and the heart throbs with unbounded admiration and love akin to adoration whenever and wherever it is spoken "through all the wide border" of his and our beloved Southland!

What vivid and abiding recollections of lofty patriotism, of undimining courage, of unsullied honor, of knightly deeds, of master-

ful help in times of peril: of all manly qualities, whether of person, or mind or heart, and all womanly gentleness and melting pity for the weak and helpless it evokes!

In contemplating the latter phase of his singularly beautiful character how peculiarly applicable to Wade Hampton are the words of the poet:

“The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong,
And love outstretching unto all God’s creatures
With sturdy hate of wrong.”

Notwithstanding, my comrades, a tendency grown somewhat into a habit in these later times—a habit more honored in the breach than the observance—to depreciate the value of gentle birth and its usual, but alas! not invariable influence on one’s subsequent career, I nevertheless take for granted that no member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, which tonight accepts any more than any member of the Washington Light Infantry Battalion, which to-night presents this portrait; in short, that no South Carolinian and no Virginian, par nobile fratrum, will sneer when I repeat the well-known fact that Wade Hampton was born a gentleman; was surrounded from childhood with all that was wont to embellish the planter’s home, in the golden life, before “those people” came over the border to forever destroy, and left not a hope of restoration behind, not a hope, not one.

For my friends (we are all friends who are here to-night, I trust) ages may come, ages may go, go on forever; but never again will be seen beneath the silent stars, so beautiful a civilization as that of our Southern States, in the halcyon days of the quarter century and something more, just preceding those four bloody years that opened up the pathway to immortal fame for him whose handsome, strong face, with its clear-cut, elastic features is before you; is before you as I remember him near the close rather than in the heyday of his eventful life, in which heyday he is described by the pleasing and intelligent author of *Hampton and His Cavalry*, Mr. Edward L. Wells, as being, when in his forty-sixth year, the meridian of his splendid manhood, he became Chief of Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, “of impressive personal appearance, full-bearded, tall, erect and massive; a horseman from life-long habit,” and (I may well and truthfully add a word here) a grand military

chieftain; *sans peur et sans reproche*, *Wade Hampton III.* our Wade Hampton, of whose military genius and achievements and civic and social virtues we think and speak in grateful remembrance to-night, descended in direct line from men likewise distinguished in the history of the State and country. His paternal grandfather was a colonel of cavalry in our first war, of independence, which we won. (Our second war for independence, which we lost—the more's the pity—was, as none know better than these Confederate veterans, that from 1861 to 1865.)

After a review of the life of General Hampton, his birth and environment in which he was reared to manhood, the speaker spoke in detail of his noble military career and his services to the Confederacy. He then said :

In all his engagements with the enemy I have named, and many not named, Wade Hampton demonstrated to all the world, for all the world was looking on in admiration and in wonder, his right to hold in history a place in the front rank of the greatest soldiers of ancient or modern times. A born leader of men, a consummate strategist, a skilful tactician, with a topographic eye, to take in at a glance the advantages and disadvantages of natural positions; sagacious therefore in choosing his ground, his point of attack or defense; unsparing of self, but ever watchful of the safety and comfort of his men; cautious in manoeuvre, but impetuously crushing and destructive, in the charge, breaking down and riding over everything and everyone in his way, towering above himself, as it were, as above all others, a veritable giant of battle, in the hurly-burly of the intricately entangled melee; none quicker or more accurate with the pistol, none with more hurculean strength or greater skill to sabre and thrust, none to ride with firmer seat or more perfect control of his steed; and, with all and above all, none, paradoxical as it may seem, of a gentler nature, of a kinder heart, truly a lady-like and therefore loveable man.

Time does not permit me to dwell longer on the great soldier's arduous work and mighty deeds in the red field of gory war; not even when that field had been transferred to South Carolina and his foot planted once, after an absence of nearly four years in defending Virginia altars, Virginia wives, Virginia children, and Virginia maidens—had been planted once, MacGregor-like, on his native heath, in a vain endeavor to beat back the ruthless, torch-bearing invaders, from other homes, other firesides, other altars, other wives, other children and other maidens, no less dearer to him for

being those of his special people. All this in *The Last Days of the Confederacy*, when the light of its eye was dimmed and gone, its quick pulse stopped and the clammy dew of its dissolution had overspread the brow of the fallen giant, the Confederate States of America. And he Wade Hampton, who had so conspicuous a part in that grandest drama, that saddest tragedy in all the surging tide of time, he too, a stricken giant now sleeps his last sleep. He has fought his last battle; no bugle call can awake him to earth's glories again.

Great Hampton! "with storied brave"

The "South" nurtured in her glory's time;

Rest, thee! there is no prouder grave,

Even in her own proud clime,

We tell thy death without a sigh.

For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—

One of the few immortal names,

That were not born to die.

From the depths of loyal, loving hearts we breathe for both, the soldier-statesman and his holy cause, the fervent prayer: *Requiescat in pace!*

My last word spoken (in feeble portrayal of General Hampton's great achievement in war) I had thought to trespass further on your generous indulgence by briefly recounting his supreme service in 1876, in relieving his State, chivalric South Carolina; South Carolina, much misunderstood, misrepresented and even maligned, but grand, magnificent in her integrity and her inflexible adherence to the spirit as well as letter of the Constitution, ordained and established at Philadelphia, anno domini one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven.

As is well known, that Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia was made up of the duly accredited representatives of thirteen sovereign commonwealths of nations. Thirteen nations as separate, distinct and independent of each other as are England and Russia, France and Germany, or any others of the great powers of the world to-day. Thirteen commonwealths that then and there solemnly covenanted and agreed among themselves that their inherent rights—that is to say, the rights each carried into the Convention (and they were well understood and fully admitted at the time) and that were not specifically surrendered, *tolidem verbis*, for their common good, were rights reserved by and to each and every Common-

wealth of which no act of any one, or of all the others, singly or jointly, could ever legally deprive it.

It is also well known that without this solemn and binding stipulation South Carolina's representatives in that convention and her free and freedom-loving people at home would have refused promptly and emphatically to enter into (and there was no power then, as in our time to coerce), would have refused to enter into an alliance which afterward proved—and the whole world is witness to the fact—so false to those pledges, and so disastrous to the State, when the snake she had taken to her white bosom had been warmed back to its venomous life.

And now "those people," or, what amounts to the same thing, their descendants and responsible heirs would, forsooth, have the world believe and would teach their and even our children to believe that the South and not themselves inaugurated the war of 1861-'65. With all its horrors and distresses, its desolated homes, broken hearts and multitudinous graves, and that only to extend and perpetuate African slavery! *Credat Judaeus Appella!*

It had been my thought, I repeat, to recount this supreme service of General Hampton at that crucial epoch of the Southland's history—the reconstruction period—but since it boots not now, at this late day, to characterize in deserved terms the "bitter, burning wrongs" heaped upon the Southern people in those long, oh, so long years of hopeless desolation and fruitless effort to restore broken fortunes and build up the waste places, I turn from their recital with mingled feelings of anger and pity for "those people" who perpetrated them, and having first thanked you, Commander, Ladies and Gentlemen, for your courteous hearing, especially the fair and patriotic women, whose presence here is alike an inspiration and a benediction, I shall with but a few words more have finished speaking, already at greater length than I had intended.

Not long since the Legislature of South Carolina voted an appropriation for an equestrian statue of her great son to be erected at her capital, Columbia. To-night Company A, of his famous legion, cherishing still, as in the bloom of manhood, their exalted admiration and deathless love for their old commander, tenderly and lovingly commit this portrait to the trustworthy hands of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, in full assurance of its welcome to this, the camp's beautiful hall of fame, a worthy companion piece of the worthiest here. Nor is there a doubt in the mind of any survivor of the old legion or of any Confederate veteran anywhere, that General Hamp-

ton's predecessors here will cheerfully make room and salute with the old time mark of respect and affection.

Were it for us of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, to choose an epitaph for the monument yonder at Columbia, it were not easy, I apprehend, to find one more appropriate than is contained in the supreme testimony of Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton's virtues and abilities by his great commander, peerless Robert Edward Lee, in a letter from the latter to him in the summer of 1865.

If I might venture to make a request of those to whom I have here so feebly spoken, it would be that they ponder well the words therein written and with which I close my remarks; ponder them in all their deep and unmistakable significance as they wend their homeward way from this hall to-night. In all the annals of war you shall find no higher praise of one great soldier and every way great man from another.

What a world of meaning General Lee's words convey! What a world of meaning! They are these: Listen!

"Had you been there with all our cavalry the result at Five Forks would have been different."

Taken in their obvious connection and comprehensive sense, what unspeakable pathos in the words: "Had you been there with all our calvary the result at Five Forks would have been different."

COLONEL O'FERRALL ACCEPTING.

After pleasantly expressing his gratification at being so honored by the camp on this occasion, former Governor O'Ferrall in accepting the portrait said in part:

South Carolina, the first State to secede and lead in the movement for Southern independence, was the last State to throw off the detestable rule of the carpet-bagger; the last to emerge from the slough of negro domination.

In 1869, this mother State of ours wrenched from her limbs the shackles of reconstruction and stood a free, independent and sovereign State, yet in 1876, seven years thereafter, the Palmetto State was still writhing under the iron heel of a despotic, cruel, ignorant, and corrupt government. Her population then was 350,721 whites, and her colored population was 572,726—a negro majority of 222,000. Think of it! a negro majority of 222,000! Five colored voters to every three white voters, and the colored welded together in a solid mass against the whites. Goaded to desperation, the

white people to the manner born determined to strike for their liberties, their homes and firesides, their lares and penates, come weal or deeper woe.

As with one voice they selected a leader, nominated him for Governor and placed the fate of South Carolina in his hands. He was virtually clothed with dictatorial power; his will was the law of his people and party. We had made South Carolina proud of him on the battlefields of Virginia, and doubly proud of him as the successor of the chivalric, farfamed and lamented Stuart, as commander of the cavalry corps of the glorified Army of Northern Virginia, and they were willing to trust their all to him. In the untried position to which he had been called he displayed the same supreme courage and superb judgment he had displayed in directing his divisions, where cannons roared and the missiles of death flew thick as hail.

From county to county, city to city, town to town, and hamlet to hamlet, he went arousing the men of South Carolina, with Caucasian blood in their veins, to rise in the majesty of their manhood and strike for all that was sacred and dear—strike with all their might and power.

His commanding personality, his fearless bearing, his bold and ringing utterances, his flushed cheek and flashing eye stirred the brave, gave courage to the timid and life to the laggard, and when his canvass ended every true white man was imbued with his spirit, animated and inspired, and every carpet-bagger stood trembling like an aspen leaf, for, like Belshazzar of old, he could read the hand-writing upon the wall—he knew his days were few, and that before the setting of many suns he would have to pack his grip and seek a more congenial clime. Never was superior civic leadership shown; never was a civic leader more absolutely obeyed and followed.

WITHOUT A PEER.

Mr. Commander and Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen, this man had no predecessor in South Carolina, and he will have no successor. He wrought more good for his State than any son before him, and more than any son that has come after him, or will come in future ages.

His service in the Senate of the United States extended from 1879 to 1891, two terms or twelve years. From the day he took his seat until his retirement he was a conspicuous figure in that august body. Every visitor to the gallery, if a stranger, wanted to have him

pointed out as a marked and most distinguished member. His influence in the councils of his party in that body of many giants was powerful, especially as to Southern matters, and whenever he spoke he had the close attention of both sides of the chamber—a distinguished honor enjoyed by a very few. He was modest and unassuming, yet zealous in any cause he espoused. He was plain and simple in manner, approachable and affable, yet there was a dignity that was impressive and commanded respect. He was fond of a joke and enjoyed an anecdote, but neither must be coarse; if so, his frown showed his displeasure. In the society of ladies he was as gallant as a chevalier in the days of knighthood, and his language was as chaste as the icicle on Diana's temple.

Mr. Commander and Comrades of Lee Camp, for you and on your behalf I accept this portrait of General Wade Hampton, and for you and on your behalf I authorize the gallant soldier who presented it, and who, though a Virginian in every sense of the term, wooed and won his bride amid the magnolia bowers and palmetto clusters of South Carolina—I authorize him to return to the Washington Light Infantry Battalion our hearty thanks for their valuable gift, and to assure them that it will have a choice place among the multitude of portraits of the South's true and loyal sons that adorn these walls.

Mr. Commander and Comrades, somebody has said "that a room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts." Then how a glance around this room must inspire thoughts—thoughts of ensanguined fields, heroic deeds, glorious achievements, blood and carnage—thoughts of martial powers, sufferings and sacrifice—thoughts of comrades who fell at their posts of duty, and comrades, just as true, who survived the shafts of war, but now

" Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking
Morn of toil or night of waking."

in Oakwood and Hollywood and other consecrated spots, where the grass is kept green and flowers are scattered at each recurring memorial season by woman's hand, where the cedar and the holly grow, and nature's songsters, undisturbed by the hunter, warble their sweetest lays.

GENERAL EPPA HUNTON AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN, JULY 21, 1861.

Statement That he Saved the Confederate army From Defeat.

A writer signing himself "C" contributed to the *Prince William Times* of July, 1904; the following interesting story of the first battle of Manassas:

The writer of this has read and heard so many conflicting accounts of the first battle of Manassas, and commented publicly on some of these as to make it impossible to conceal his name if he tried to do so. Recently he has been persuaded to write a plain account of what he saw and knows to be true in relation to this battle.

The Confederate forces had for a week been fortifying at the stone bridge against a front attack. I was engaged in cutting a heavy body of timber out of the way on the bottom land leading to the bridge, so as to enable our artillery to sweep the turnpike and adjacent low land, for over a mile in the direction of Centreville, and had just finished this work when the enemy attacked at Blackburn's and Mitchell's fords. There was so little blood shed, and the Federal forces were so easily repulsed, that I began to look upon the whole movement as a feint, and believe it is now generally so regarded.

On Saturday, July 20th, I had occasion to ride over into Prince William, and met the 8th Virginia, commanded by Colonel Eppa Hunton, who had been ordered to the next day's battlefield. We were then old friends, and are such still. He had the Loudon Cavalry with him. In a brief interview I told him I believed the attack would not be made at the stone bridge, but by way of the Braddock Road, and the "Big Woods" (all upper Fairfaxians will know what I mean by Big Woods), and also that our people were not picketing north of the stone house, and suggested that a squad of the cavalry be left at my house on the Sudley Road to prevent a surprise. Colonel Hunton replied: "Your suggestion is a good one,

and I will adopt it at once, trusting you to act for me as commissary and quartermaster for the time being."

He sent Sergeant Amos Slaymaker, Private Hansbrough and four others whose names have escaped my memory, to my house with orders to keep a strict watch night and day, and to report to him at once so soon as any Federal advance was seen. This order was well obeyed, as the sequel will show. One thing not exactly germane to the point, I cannot refrain from mentioning. It showed Colonel Hunton's regard for his men. He said:

"Have you got anything in the way of cooked rations you can send my men about nightfall? They have been marching all day long without anything but an early breakfast." I replied "that I had not, but said I would go home, have four or five lambs killed and cooked, and all the bread we could cook, and send it to his camp by dark."

The servant I sent the provisions by delivered all safely, and in doing so had to run the gauntlet of the Tiger rifles. These fellows claimed to be Colonel Hunton's men, but some of the 8th being on the lookout, came to his rescue, and saved the lambs in short order.

Now, to the point. Who saved the Confederates from a disastrous surprise on July 21, 1861? I will endeavor to prove that General Hunton was the man.

The people in the vicinity of the battlefield were in possession of information that a battle was imminent, and were on the lookout. On Saturday evening, July 20th, Captain J. D. Debell, of Centreville, who had been in our vicinity for several days, came to Sudley and remained that night. He believed with me that the advance would be made through the route referred to, and Bull Run passed at Sudley Ford. He had a field-glass, small, but a fairly good one. Exactly at sunset he, Sergeant Slaymaker and myself discovered by the use of the glass eighteen or twenty blue-coat infantry inside of an open field, and not over thirty yards from the woods road we expected the enemy to follow. We were on this road, in a direct line, a mile and a half distant from them. Slaymaker sent information to the Colonel at once, and he (Colonel Hunton) sent word to General Beauregard by the same messenger. Slaymaker held his post until the advance of Tyler's division drove him from it. I remained at home until the infantry advanced to within three hundred yards of me, and retreated to the battlefield. I saw the firing of infantry, and the mad rush of the Federals down the Henry Hill to

get out of harm's way. Taking into consideration the fact that Colonel Hunton got Sergeant Slaymaker's report at 7:30 A. M., and that the battle was on before 10 A. M., I cannot reconcile the report of some of General Evans's friends that he discovered the advance of the army through a signal station that he had established a day or two before on Hooe's Hill, below Manassas, with what I saw and know. I am very sure I am correct in my opinion that General Eppa Hunton is entitled to the honor of being the officer who prevented the defeat of the Confederate forces on July 21, 1861.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, June 12, 1904.]

SOUTHERN WOMEN IN THE CIVIL WAR.

T. C. DeLeon's Eloquent Tribute to Their Courage.

WHAT THEY DID FOR WOUNDED AND SUFFERING SOLDIERS.

The Hospital Offered Opportunities for Heroism.

The great German who wrote :

Honor to woman! to her it is given
To garden the earth with roses of heaven!

precisely described the Confederate conditions—a century in advance. True, constant, brave and enduring, the men were; but the women set even the bravest and most steadfast an example. Nor was this confined to any one section of the country. The “girl with the calico dress,” of the lowland farms; the “merry mountain maid,” of the hill country, and the belles of society in the cities, all vied with each other in efforts to serve the men who had gone to the front to fight for home and for them. And there was no section of the South where this desire to do all they might, and more was oftener in evidence than another. In every camp of the early days of the great struggle, the incoming troops bore trophies of home love, and as the war progressed to need, then to dire want—the sacrifices of those women at home became almost a poem, and one most pathetic. Dress—misconceived as the feminine fetich—was forgotten in the effort to clothe the boys at the front; the family larder—ill-stocked at the best—was depleted to nothingness, to send to distant camps those delicacies—so equally freighted with tenderness and dyspepsia—which too often never reached their destination. And later, the carpets were taken from the floors, the curtains from the windows—alike in humble homes and in dwellings of the rich—to be cut in blankets for the uncomplaining fellows, sleeping on freezing mud.

So wide, so universal was the rule of self-sacrifice, that no one reference to it can do justice to the zeal and devotion of “Our Girls.” And the best proof of both was in the hospitals, where

soon began to congregate the maimed and torn forms of those just sent forth to glory and victory. This was the trial that tested the grain and purity of our womanhood, and left it without alloy of fear or selfishness. And some of the women who wrought in home and hospital—even in trench and on the firing line—for the “boys,” had never before handled aught rougher than embroidery; or seen aught more fearsome than its needle-prick. Yes, these untried women, young and old, stood fire like veteran regulars! indeed, even more bravely in moral view, for they missed the stimulus of the charge—the tonic in the thought of striking back!

Again, taking Richmond as an example, because Richmond was cosmopolitan and representative of every section in its phase—we find the strangest familiarity of women with danger. Indeed, it literally bred contempt. In the early occupation of the capital, “Pawnee Sunday,” scarce became a laughing by-word. The churches were crowded, and fluttering with expectant and well-dressed femininity. At that date war was a mere shadow of a name; and rigors had paled no feminine cheek, nor denuded her fluffiest gown or frill or flaunting ribbon. Richmond women were eager to inspect the flounces and furbelows of their incoming cousins. All the churches were packed; the one where Mr. Davis and his family sat under the then famous Dr. Hoge, literally overflowing to the streets.

[Mr. De Leon trips in this statement in his entertaining communication. Mr. Davis was then at Montgomery, Ala., the first capital of the Confederacy, and was besides, an Episcopalian, and attended, while in Richmond, St. Paul’s Church, under the ministration of the late Rev. Charles Minnigerode, D. D., of beloved memory.

He was seated in St. Paul’s on the Sunday of April 2, 1865, when he received from General Lee intelligence of the intention to evacuate Richmond, and this incident of the “Dies Irae” of April 3, 1865, was doubtless the occasion of the *lapsus memoriae* of Mr. De Leon.

The ludicrous *Pawnee* scare of Sunday, April 21, 1861, was only three days after the passing of the Ordinance of Secession by the Virginia convention. The description of the consternation prevailing is not overdrawn; it pervaded all classes of citizens. A well-known merchant, of diminutive stature, armed with a gun on each shoulder, and a venerable and famous divine, armed with a double-barrelled shotgun, were with the frenzied throng, seen hastening

through the streets to the defence of our loved city, and Main street in front of the Custom House, remained obstructed for several days with a quaint, French, brass cannon, a trophy of the Revolution, and of the reign of Louis XIV, which had been taken from the State armory, placed upon a wagon and drawn to the point at which abandoned by staid citizens, led by the whimsical Martin Meredith Lipscomb, a whilom City Sergeant of Richmond.

The three heroes mentioned have been for years numbered with the dead.]

There a crowd waited dismissal benediction; the men curious to see the new president at close quarters, and the men and women alike eager to inspect—and possibly to dissect—Mrs. Davis and her brilliant sister, Miss Howell, of Mississippi. It was a balmy, breezy Sunday, the whole face of nature and the flutter of society alike breathing peace. Suddenly that changed to a nameless, predominant and never-understood war panic. Whence coming, none paused to ask; possibly the invention of some fear-crazed brain; more probably the cruel hoax of some thoughtless wag—but the grewsome whisper ran round every church simultaneously: “The *Pawnee* is coming!”

That whisper was enough. It caused ten times the consternation that the close cannonading for months did a brief year later; and it fluttered dainty bodices as the whine of the Minnie, or the whoop of the shell over the battlefields did not do in still later trials of the leaguer. The “*Pawnee*” was a not very terrible United States cruiser, and her captain was reputed to “Git onto Uncle Jeff’s har!” as a member from a border State expressed it. First singly, then in pairs; quickly in battalions, the congregations melted into the outer air. Making history as they went, crowds converged to Capitol Hill, where the dingy doors were tightly closed for peace, and where

“The great ‘First Rebel’ point the storied past!”

Thence it surged into the throng without Dr. Hoge’s church. That divine had never paused in his reading; Mr. Davis had never turned his eyes from him, and the two steadfast women in that pew had probably never looked upon a preacher with such strained interest. So only—by a look or gesture—Dr. Hoge had to silence the fear-born whispers. Then when the—surely not lengthened—services was ended, that congregation poured into the crowd without

pressing close upon the narrow little lane that let the White House family through. Then it was rumored that Mr. Davis had denied any despatch to him; but pandemonium reigned. Men rushed home, flew back to the Capitol Square, with shotguns, target rifles, and one stately old gentleman with his dueling pistols! Companies fell in, under any volunteering the command; some started on the terrible march to Rocketts, full three miles off; and each courier, or staff officer lashing by, followed at a run. None paused to recall that the dreaded ship was a single one; and that she would have to pass Drewry's Bluff, eight miles below.

Still the hubbub raged, in spite of formal denial from the War Department that there was any ship above Norfolk; until woman's wit calmed the storm. Some one repeated Miss Howell's quiet speech to her, on the steps of the White House. It flew from lip to lip, was caught by popular fancy, and laughed the bugaboo out of court "in one round." The President's sister-in-law had only said:

"How is the *Pawnee* coming; on wheels? These people forget that there is no water above Drewry's Bluff, and her guns do not carry half the distance."

Shame brought revulsion that reason had not, and the panic allayed itself. I may add that no one paused to analyze either the brilliant woman's hydrography or her gunnery. That was not needed.

On many a Sunday, a few months later, these same women assembled in their churches and worshipped calmly and unnoting, while the dull boom of great guns made dread discordance with the hymnal. Thence, bravely as gently, they moved almost as one, to Rocketts, Chimborazo Heights, or other hospital, to receive the incoming loved ones—of their own kith, or with unknown faces, alike—and then—

"To do for those dear ones that woman alone in her pity can do."

During the entire war—and through the entire South—it was the hospital that illustrated the highest and best traits of the tried and stricken people.

Doubtless, there was good work done by the women of the North, and much of it. Happily, for the sanity of the nation, American womanhood springs from one common stock. It is ever true to its own, as a whole—and, for aught I shall deny—individually. But behind that Chinese wall of wood and steel blockade,

then nursing was not an episode. It was grave duty, grim labor; heartbreaking endurance—all self-imposed, and lasting for years, yet shirked and relinquished only for cause.

But the dainty little hands that tied the red bandage, or “held the artery,” unflinching; the nimble feet that wearied not by fever cot, or operating table, the active months of war, grew nimbler still on bridle, or in the dance when “the boys” came home. This was sometimes on “flying furlough,” or when an aid, or courier, with dispatches, was told to wait. Then “The One Girl” was mounted on anything that could carry her; and the party would ride far to the front, in full view of the enemy, and often in point-blank range. Or, it was when frozen ruts made roads impassable, for invader and fender; and the furlough was perhaps easier, and longer. Then came those now historic dances, the starvation parties, where rank told nothing, and where the only refreshment that came in, that intoxicant—a woman’s voice and eyes.

Then came the “Dies Irae,” when the Southern Rachel sat in the ashes of her desolation and her homespun was sackcloth. And even then she rose supreme. By her desolate hearth, with her larder empty, and only her aching heart full, she still forced a smile for the home coming “boy,” through the repressed tears for the one left—somewhere in the fight.

In Richmond, Atlanta, Charleston and elsewhere was she bitter and unforgiving? If she drew her faded skirt—ever a black one, in that case—from the passing blue, was it “treason,” or human nature? Thinkers, who wore the blue, have time and oft declared the latter. Was she “unreconstructed?” Her wounds were great and wondrous sore. She was true then to her faith. That she is so to-day to the reunited land, let the fathers of Spanish war heroes tell. She needs no monument; it is reared in the hearts of true men, North and South.

T. C. DELEON.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, September 4, 1904.]

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL J. B. HOOD.

Tribute to the Famous Confederate Soldier.

A LIFE FILLED WITH NOBLE DEEDS AND FAITHFUL SERVICE.

Sketch of General Hood's Military Career—Heroic Traits in His
Character.

IN MEMORIAM.

NOTE.—Tuesday, August 30, 1904, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of General J. B. Hood.

Sadly and wearily,
Eyes dimmed by grief,
Thou, who has fought for us
With thy blood bought for us,
Freedom so brief—

Slumbereth now peacefully,
Resteth now fair,
Could I but have thee now,
Soothe from thy furrowed brow
All lines of care !

Bleeding and aching wounds
Counted for naught,
They did not pierce thy heart,
Injustice's cruel dart
Such sorrow wrought.

Only the victor is
Honored and cheered,
But Defeat's martyr must
To kind oblivion trust,
Misery reared.

Yet, where is he so strong,
 Standing alone,
Fighting with Dignity
All the Malignity,
 As thou hast done ?

Though thou art dead and gone,
 Better than fame
Thou hast to us bequeathed,
With holy memories wreathed—
 A noble name.

Slumber now peacefully,
 Thou didst thy share,
Thou hast not lived in vain;
Leaving the stormy main,
 Rest thee now fair.

Busts of brass and alabaster, pillars of granite and basalt, columns of porphyry and marble yield to the tooth of time. In the palaces of nature even, the vast domes and cupolas, the towering peaks and rugged crags, fashioned by subterranean fires or cleft by rushing torrents and polished by the sweep of winds, fall victims to decay.

Men's spirit only lives. Its product, be it the thoughtful measure or the kindly deed, the word of wisdom or the noble sacrifice of self and substance on the altar to the common good, is never lost. Cast upon the broad bosom of the ever-surging sea of humanity, deep-running currents, whose secret courses the subtlety of human reason cannot fathom, carry it far and wide, into the habitations of the lowly and to the mansions of the great.

Sometimes a man is spared to see it return after its first circuit, enriched by the homage of the grateful and the tribute of the just; oftener, Time, measured by the stately march of stars, has conquered him. Fate in its irony and wisdom has denied him that gratification and silenced his senses.

Then, when he is resting in his grave, perhaps after a long journey over the thorn-studded path of disappointments, and the tombstone has solemnly mounted its lonely guard to warn off with silent, majestic and awe-inspiring gesture the noisy clamor of petty jealousies and strife, then the fields and gardens are ransacked for their blossoms and a wealth of fragrance is lavishly shed about the grave; then men will rise and outvie each other to do honor to the mem-

ory of one to whom they had perhaps denied the barest recognition while he was in their midst.

Perhaps 'tis better so. The lasting monument of Influence, based on the firm pedestal of the human heart, needs time to anchor and take root. But once unveiled, it draws with might and main. Men flock to its foot to find there the inspiration for noble effort or the worthy deed, a sculptured image or the graven word can never give. The poet's unawakened fire is there lashed to flame; philosophers arrest their steps to ponder; the worn and foot-sore find repose, and others, weaker than the rest, some comfort and some rest.

At certain seasons the magnetic force of such a monument is doubled, trebled. 'Tis then the mind calls afresh in long review the life of virtue and of strength, which gave it birth. And so, on this occasion, the recurring day of death of one whose memory will never fade, stirs me profoundly by the sweetness and the sadness of many recollections.

John Bell Hood was born at Owingsville, Bath county, Ky., June 1, 1831. Of an old family, originally coming from Devonshire, England, he inherited from his paternal side the military spirit, which decided his career, and that absolute, unflinching integrity of purpose that knows no bending. No man is greater than his mother—in which rule he was no exception. But through her he was endowed with those greater traits of character—a sympathetic heart, a soul responsive to the noble, great and good—by which nature understands to balance the grosser with the more spiritual, to make one harmonious whole.

Overcoming the opposition of his father—a widely-honored physician, who intended his son for the medical profession—Hood was nominated to the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1853. For two years he saw service in California, was honorably mentioned in a dispatch in connection with an encounter with Indians, was promoted, and then made cavalry instructor at West Point, a most highly coveted appointment.

Then came a day when his conscience bade him resign his commission. I doubt not, it was a day of struggle and pain for him—for the time of terror and upheaval, when the whole continent was to tremble under the shock of the cannon's roar, and the insatiable thirst of the earth for human blood was to be stirred, was at hand.

Matters of morals, ethics and emotions do not yield to the rigid

application of mathematical formulae. The judge enthroned in each individual conscience is the sole and independent arbiter. A consensus of opinion of such judges, the highest tribunal on earth, is seldom had. One part decided, and if the other, relying on the soundness of its contention, refuses to submit, and the matter be weighty enough, and all means of arriving at an amicable settlement are exhausted, hell is let loose; slaughter becomes a motto. So the civil war broke out, and entering the army of the Confederacy, John Bell Hood became Colonel, and soon after Brigadier-General of the Texas Brigade.

If his military attainments and genius I will let others speak, better fitted for a keen analysis and criticism on matters of strategy than I am.

But he was one of the bravest, who never spared himself, sharing with his men all the burdens, the joys and sorrows. He was more than merely their general officer commanding, he was their friend; doubly so, as they reciprocated his feelings. In the battle of Gaines' Mills he received his first wound in the civil war. Promoted for his valor to a Brevet Major-General, he served in both campaigns in Maryland, was engaged in the second battle of Bull Run, fought gallantly at Boonesborough, Fredericksburg, Antietam and Gettysburg, where he was again so severely wounded that he lost the use of his arm. In the following September he rejoined his command and was ordered to re-enforce General Bragg in Tennessee.

On the second day of the battle in Chickamauga he fought most splendidly, rallying the wavering troops, imbuing them with his spirit and charging the enemy at the head of the gallant Texans—to fall, badly wounded by a minnie ball. His leg had to be amputated, and when on the road to recovery he was offered a civil position, away from danger and personal risk, he refused without hesitation. His mind—his blood—aye, his life, he had consecrated to the active service at the front. He thought not of his own safety. He thought of his country and its cause.

After six months he returned to the field and was assigned to a command in General Johnston's army, distinguishing himself repeatedly during the retreat of the army from Dalton to Atlanta. When in July, 1864, General Johnston was removed from the command, General Hood was placed at its head. In the desperate conflict of Atlanta, both sides lost heavily. The following November, though, he compelled the evacuation of Decatur and then made a move-

ment into Tennessee, where he fought one of the fiercest battles in the whole war, at Franklin, September 20.

After the battle of Nashville, General Hood was forced to retreat. His opponents were numerically too strong. The campaign had proved disastrous, partly through the non-arrival of expected re-enforcements from the Transmississppi Department, and on January 13, 1865, General Hood requested to be relieved of his command. This request was finally granted, and on the 23d he bade farewell to the Army of Tennessee.

After a sojourn in Richmond for several weeks, General Hood then was ordered to Texas to form a new army, when the report of General Lee's surrender reached him. It was not until in receipt of positive information of the surrender of General E. Kirby Smith that he rode into Hatche on the 31st of May, 1865, and there proffered his sword to Major-General Davidson, U. S. A., who bade him retain it and paroled the officers and men in General Hood's company to proceed to New Orleans.

A battle is not comparable to a game of chess, in which two keen, agile and alert minds, the leaders of opposing armies, are pitted against each other in a struggle for victory. It is more like a game of probabilities, in which the element of chance plays as important a part as cool calculation. For who can foretell the shower of rain that will retard the advance of the batteries to occupy their assigned places, to cover an attack or to divert the attention of the enemy at the preconceived psychological moment?

Who can, like Joshua, bid the sun stand still, lest the advantage gained during the combat of the day be lost or neutralized through the enforced suspension of activities in the night, when the enemy may have time to rally and secure re-enforcements. And who, lastly, can so control the spirits, so animate the mass of his troops that the supreme effort is propelled by "all" the available energy?

And yet he who has lost a battle has not only to bear the mortification of defeat, the soul-burning misery of failure, the awful, oh, how awful! feeling that all the sacrifices of life have been in vain, but also the almost crushing burden of reproach, which is then dealt out with so lavish hands.

General Hood feared not the just and unbiased criticism of his superiors. So great was he, indeed, so chivalrous, that, should he have erred deeply, he would not have hesitated, like Cotton Mather, to unbare his head at the corners of the street and ask forgiveness of everybody.

To mere slander he replied with the silence of contempt. And to the unjust strictures derogatory to his fair name and character, which were passed on him by his former comrade on the field, and echoed by many to whose honor it would have redounded more had they held their peace, General Hood replied towards the end of his life in a book, singularly temperate and liberal in tone, and free from all bitterness.

Retiring after the war to civil life, General Hood entered a business career and shortly afterwards married.

"How can any adversity come to him who hath a wife?" said Chaucer; and, truly, his wife was more—she was his comrade, counsellor, friend. A solace in his trials, a comfort in his hours of sadness, her gentle, winning and so tender devotion sweetened his life. Their home was a sanctuary—their union ideal.

So years of happiness rolled by until the scythe of Time was sharpened by the plague.

Preceded by his eldest child and his beloved wife, General Hood followed them to the grave within a week, breathing his last on the 30th of August, 1879.

Death, the master of princes and paupers, of saints and sinners, of the hale and broken, the happy and miserable—often so cruel—was merciful when he reunited them in the cold bosom of the earth.

He had lived fifty-eight years; not one fraction thereof had been allowed to pass without being devoted to the service of his fellow-men. Refined by sorrow, purified by aspirations, strengthened through self-reliance, and made gentle by an earnest faith in the things unseen, he was genial, generous and indulgent towards others and severe with himself. His aims were prompted by noble desires, and in politics his ideals for democratic action were high. He knew his powers and also his limitations. And he had his limits as the sun has its spots.

Above all, the strong force of his character yielded an influence no oratory can command, and that influence is not ended—nay, it is only just beginning to sprout in our hearts.

IDA RICHARDSON HOOD.

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, April 24, 1904.]

THE GOLD OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES TREASURY.

Guarded to Atlanta, Georgia, by the Naval Cadets.

[See *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. IX, p. 542, *et seq.*, and Vol. XXVI, p. 94, *et seq.*]

The following we take from the columns of the *Confederate Veteran* for April 1904. It is doubly interesting, because it gives some history of the formation of the Confederate Naval Cadet Battalion, and because it deals with the transportation of the government gold from the time when it was taken from Richmond on the day of the evacuation until it was put into the bank vaults at Augusta, Ga. The author was Dr. John W. Harris, of Augusta, who died in 1890 :

CONFEDERATE NAVAL CADETS.

It may not be known generally that the Confederate government had established and conducted through the last three years of its existence a regularly organized and well perfected naval school for the education of naval officers. Early in 1862 a prospectus appeared in one of the Richmond papers announcing the formation of an academy for the instruction of midshipmen; and soon after, by regular congressional appointments, the various districts of the Confederacy were enlisted.

The school was under the command of Captain William H. Parker, a lieutenant of the old service. Assistant instructors in the various departments were detailed, some of them ex-students of Annapolis, and others men of high scholarship selection from the army. The steamer *Yorktown*, which, a few months before had participated in the conflict of the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* as a tender to the former ship, was fitted up, given the name of *Patrick Henry*, and anchored off the shore batteries at Drewry's Bluff, where the school was quartered in cottages built for the purpose. Here she remained for a short time, and was then towed up the river to within two miles of Richmond, where she lay for nearly a year, with the entire academy on board, and finally, about eight

months previous to the surrender, was moved up to this city and lay at Rocketts, where she perished in the flames of the 3d of April, 1865.

In March, 1865, the health of the crew became impaired by the foulness of bilge water, and the midshipmen were removed from the ship and quartered in a large tobacco factory on the corner of 24th and Franklin streets. The writer, in company with twelve or fifteen others, had been sent to the naval hospital in the city some two weeks previous.

On Sunday, the 2d of April, there were anxious looks upon the faces of medical officers of the hospital, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon a midshipman, coming into the ward to see a sick comrade, met the jeers and amused expressions of many of us because he was armed and equipped as an infantry soldier instead of the dainty dress of the Confederate "Middy." The visitor informed us that at 2 o'clock that day orders had been issued for the corps to be armed as infantry, and that they had been marched to the naval storehouse in double-quick time and supplied with all the necessary accoutrements. Other rumors came in that members of the senior class and some passed-midshipmen had been seen as officers in infantry marching through the streets, and that a naval brigade had been formed and the iron-clad squadron at Drewry's Bluff had been abandoned.

Then began a bustle in and about the wards, and at sundown the statement was freely bandied around that the President and cabinet had left the city, and that it was to be evacuated at once. At 8 o'clock the writer and two comrades drove in the hospital ambulance to the quarters of the midshipmen at the factory and found it empty. On one of the upper floors was the mahogany table and the silver table service of the wardroom, watched over by an old boatswain's mate, and, sitting in solemn state at the bottom of it, drinking, and eating crackers, was the second lieutenant. To him we mentioned the rumors, asked where the boys had gone, and requested to have the sailors transport our baggage to the depot from which the school had started. These he met with ridicule, denied the evacuation of the city and said the "Middies" had gone to Chapel Hill, N. C., which would be the seat of the naval academy for the rest of the war. He told us to return to the hospital and retire, and the next day leave with him and two other midshipmen for Chapel Hill. We did so, and on the next morning were awakened by the explosion of the magazines. Dressing rapidly, we proceeded to the surgeon's

office and received our discharge from the hospital, with "permission to leave the city."

On going out into the street it appeared as if the final day of doom was upon us. The air was filled with smoke and sparks, and the darkness of twilight was over and about the city. Stores were being broken open and rifled; dead men—shot down in the attempt to rob—were lying at intervals, while negroes fought over barrels of provisions that had been rolled from burning warehouses. Mingled with the roar of flames came the appalling crash of exploding magazines and the rumble of falling walls. Rapidly as possible we forced our way through the frantic masses and gained the Danville Railroad bridge, only to find it in flames at different points, and no evidence of trains on the southern side. Retracing our steps, we sought egress from the north side of the city. When crossing Main street we noticed two blocks below us, advancing on a trot, a regiment of Federal cavalry. They overtook us and rode by without observing us, although we were gorgeous in full uniform, but without side arms or accoutrements, save small haversacks, in which we had stored all the crackers we could get. By means of a locomotive, obtained under compulsion, and with the assistance of two army officers, we rode twenty-five miles from Richmond, and then, having no experienced engineer, and the steam being exhausted, we abandoned it on a side track and reached the Valley of Virginia after days of tiresome progress on foot.

THE CONFEDERATE TREASURY.

Going back now to the departure of the midshipmen from the warehouse, we can trace the connection of the Naval Academy with the fleeing treasury of the Confederacy. For the following accurate narrative we are indebted to the diary of Midshipman R. H. Fielding, then a zealous and efficient young officer, and now a Presbyterian minister of prominence in Virginia. He says:

"We left our quarters at the tobacco factory at 4 P. M. on Sunday, and proceeded rapidly to the Danville depot. On reaching it we were formed in line and were addressed by Captain Lowall, the commandant of midshipmen, who told us that we had been selected by the secretary, because he believed us to be brave, honest and discreet young officers and gentlemen, for a service of peculiar danger and delicacy; that to our guardianship was to be committed a valuable train, containing the archives of the government, with its

money. We were then marched into the depot, where our train, in company with others, was receiving freight. Guards were placed at all entrances, and the squad, with fixed bayonets, cleared the building of loafers and citizens.

"The train left the depot at midnight, and two midshipmen, with two loaded revolvers, were placed in each car containing the government boxes, one to sleep while the other watched, in these cars also were government clerks, with several ladies, their wives, and their personal baggage. The next day we reached Danville, and on the 5th of April Admiral Semmes, with the men of the James River Squadron (the ironclads had been blown up on the night of the 2d) reached the point and were assigned to its defense. Midshipman Semmes was here detailed to his father's staff, and Midshipman Breckenridge accompanied his father (Secretary of War) as his personal aid. Our train stood on the track not far from the depot, and our encampment was in a grove not far from the train.

"On the 9th of April, we left Danville and reached Greensboro, N. C., about 4 P. M., the 10th; then on to Charlotte. While there the money was placed in the mint and the midshipmen feasted at the leading hotels. On the 13th we were off to Chester, S. C. Here the government's specie, papers, treasury clerks and their wives, etc., were placed in wagons for a march across country to the railroad at Newberry. I saw the cargo transferred to the wagons, and there were small, square boxes, which we supposed contained gold, or bullion, and kegs, resembling beer kegs, which we inferred contained silver. The train was not a long one. Mrs. Davis and child and nurse occupied a large ambulance. I do not know whether she joined us at Greensboro or Charlotte. We marched to Newberry, reaching there on the 15th of April, and the same day took cars for Abbeville. Left Abbeville with wagon train on the 17th, and reached Washington, Ga., on the 19th. We went to Augusta, Ga., on the 20th, and here the money was placed in the vaults of a bank. Some of it, I know not how much, was sold to citizens; at least men crowded around with Confederate currency to get gold. On the 26th we were ordered back to Washington, Ga., the things going along with us. (It seems the 'middies had playfully dubbed the specie boxes the things.)

THE COIN.

"On the 27th the midshipmen who desired them were offered furloughs, which were accepted by all but five Virginians—Quaries, Hudson, Slaughter, Carter and Fleming. The things were again put in wagons, and across the country we marched on the 29th of April to Abbeville, S. C., where the things were put on board some cars that stood at the depot. We had no guard duty to do after leaving Washington, Ga. On May the 2d President Davis and Staff and Cabinet reached Abbeville, coming, I imagined, from Charlotte, on horseback. On that day we five Virginians were discharged, as per the following order, probably the last official act of the navy of the Confederate States :

"ABBEVILLE, S. C., May 2, 1865.

"*'Sir,—*You are hereby detached from the Naval School, and leave is granted you to visit your home. You will report by letter to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy as soon as practicable. Paymaster Wheless will issue you ten days' rations, and all quartermasters are requested to furnish transportation.

"*'Respectfully, your obd't servant,*

"*'WILLIAM H. PARKER,*

"'Commanding.' "

In continuation, Mr. Fleming does not know when the money left Abbeville, but thinks it was on the morning of the 1st of May. Some money was paid to the soldiers at Greensboro, how much he did not know, but says he observed soldiers en route home rattling coins in their pockets and singing, "One dollar and fifteen cents for four years' service." The President and staff left on the night of the 2d. A committee of five discharged midshipmen, through Captain Parker, requested Secretary Reagan before leaving to pay them in gold sufficient to enable them to reach home. He obtained several hundred dollars to be distributed pro rata among the naval officers, and the midshipmen received forty dollars apiece. They remained in Abbeville until May 7, when they started homeward. A few days before the remaining specie had been placed in charge of some general of the army, and there personal knowledge of it ends.

This is the high testimony of a man who had followed closely the fortunes of the Confederate cause in its death throes, and who adhered until the last feeble nucleus of an organization had dissolved. In the close of a private communication recently received from him he says, referring to the imputations against President Davis and his connection with the government money: "I have no word of commendation for his accusers. Mr. Davis was never with the specie train a single day during our connection with it."

We contribute this as a subject which has never been referred to in any written records of the war, and it possibly contains a more succinct history of the route pursued by the heads of the government after the 3d of April than any yet given.

We have ever regarded the safe transit of this treasure through so large an area of country as a tribute to the honesty and law-abiding spirit of the Southern people. It will not be forgotten that the region through which it passed, with its little guard of forty boys, was filled with stragglers and unofficered bands of scattered and suffering soldiers—men knowing all the pangs of hunger and destitution of clothing and utterly hopeless of the success of their cause, yet men who obeyed through their sense of right when no law existed, and kept their hands free from the stain of robbery while boxes of this treasure lay in their midst, with only the lives of its slender little bodyguard between them and its possession.

(The coin belonging to the Richmond banks was upon the same train, but on a different car. It was under the charge of the officers of the banks, we believe.—EDITOR CONFEDERATE COLUMN.)

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Dr. John W. Harris was born in Augusta county, Virginia, July 16, 1848. His father was Dr. Clement R. Harris, M. D., surgeon in charge of the gangrene ward in Dellivan Hospital, at Charlottesville, Va. His mother was Eliza McCue, of Scotch descent. His early boyhood was spent near Brandy Station, Culpeper county, Va. This home was broken up by the war. In 1863-'64 he entered the Confederate States service from Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., enlisting with Mosby. He could, in his vivid and versatile manner, tell of his experience with this command, which was varied and oftentimes savored of hairbreadth escapes. In January, 1865, he received from his congressman the appointment as midshipman in the Confederate States Navy. He

passed his examination before Secretary Mallory and went aboard the school ship, *Patrick Henry*, at Rocketts, James river, Richmond, Va., where he remained until a few days before the evacuation of Richmond, when, with many of the ship's crew, having contracted dysentery, he was sent to the old Belleview Block Hospital, at which place the ever-memorable morning of the 3d of April, 1865, found him somewhat improved, though by no means sufficiently strong for the journey to his home, after receiving his discharge. He, with two of his shipmates, began a forced and weary tramp, however, up the old Central Railroad for Staunton, Va. They tarried and rested a few hours with his friend, Mr. Pratt, at the University of Virginia, and in due time they reached the old homestead at Mount Solon, Augusta county.

We all know what those days were to older hearts and heads than his, but he carried with him to the end the consciousness that he had stood by his State through her dreadful ordeal. While at the University of Virginia, three years after the war, he formed a lasting friendship with his classmate, the late lamented Henry W. Grady, whose untimely death he deeply mourned. These two friends died of the same disease, only one month apart. Dr. Harris studied the problems of unity between the North and South, and thought that Grady's genius was the touchstone that would be a power in formulating this unity of interests.

During the prevailing epidemic of la grippe, which appeared in Staunton in 1890, Dr. Harris was engaged in taking care of others, and in thus exposing himself to the weather, he contracted cold, which was followed by acute pneumonia, which resulted in heart failure, which was the immediate cause of his death, January 24, 1890. He fell with his "harness" on in the faithful discharge of his professional duties.

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, May 8, 1904.]

GOVERNOR Z. B. VANCE.

Story of the Last Days of the Confederacy in North Carolina.

HISTORICAL FACT vs. FICTION.

How Injustice Was Done this Gallant War Executive.

The story told by my friend, Major A. B. Stronach, in his interesting narrative of a "Boy Rear Guard," in the *Raleigh, N. C., Post*, of April 17, 1894, of the attempt on the part of certain patriotic citizens to persuade Governor Vance, our great war Governor, to be false to his oath of office, and surrender to General Sherman this city and State upon his entrance into the former on the morning of the 13th of April, 1865, has a sequel! Perhaps I am one of the few now living who can furnish the data from which the future biographer of that great man may correct history.

The appointment by Governor Vance of a commission to negotiate with General Sherman terms for the surrender of this city, that would save it from the fate of Columbia, had preceded the efforts to force Governor Vance to remain at his office in the Capitol on that fatal day and receive and surrender to General Sherman the Capital of the State. As I understand it, this commission, consisting of Governor William A. Graham, Governor Swain and others, had not as yet returned from their mission, as I will be able to show. I was at the time a member of Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton's staff, who, with the cavalry under his command, was moving on the Middle road toward the town of Hillsboro, General Wheeler moving by the Chapel Hill road with the cavalry of his command, of course, both protecting the rear of General Joseph E. Johnston's army, then falling back before Sherman, and having his magnificent cavalry under General Kilpatrick in advance.

Our force was engaged in constantly skirmishing, as we fell back slowly before him, and for the two days consumed in this march from Raleigh to Hillsboro, we were barely out of sight of each other. I had repeatedly warned General Hampton of an old dis-

used stage road, which left the city at that time by what is known as St. Mary's street, and ran due north from the Hillsboro street road. It is now known as the "Upper Durham road," and comes back into the Hillsboro road again at a point some fifteen miles from the city. I say that I had repeatedly warned General Hampton of the existence of this road, fully expecting that Kilpatrick would have flanked us, though, strange to say, he did not, and seems to have been in ignorance of it. Not so, however, the commissioners, Governors Graham and Swain! Returning from their mission to Sherman, and finding the army of General Johnston had fallen back on Hillsboro, they proceeded by the old stage road, known, of course, to them, and did successfully flank both armies, and actually caught up with us at the point where the roads forked.

GENERAL HAMPTON.

We had stopped for the night at Strayhorn's, nine miles from Hillsboro. This was a long, low farm house on the south side of the Hillsboro road, the stables, barns and lot being on the north side of the road. Here the staff horses were being fed and attended to, the officers of the staff doing their own feeding and such rubbing as the horses got. My servant, "Lambert Owens," who had followed me faithfully throughout the war, and was as good a Confederate soldier as we had, though the blackest negro I ever saw, was engaged with my horses, which was the reason I was able to be sitting on the veranda of the Strayhorn residence and talking to the chief. Raising my eyes, and looking up the road, I exclaimed:

"Yonder comes the commissioners!" when General Hampton rose from his seat to walk out to the front gate, saying simply, "Introduce me." I went out with him as they drove up and did as he had requested. The conversation that ensued was of an ordinary character. It was evident, however, that Governor Graham, who was spokesman, was detailing the facts of his recent visit to Sherman with a reserve, and I, who had known and honored them both from my boyhood, could easily guess what it was. He did not tell Gen. Hampton of what had passed at his interview with Sherman. They drove on, and we returned to our seat on the porch, when General Hampton, turning to me with a puzzled expression, asked "what do you think of all this?" I answered, laughingly, that I had "expected him to have asked them in!" He instantly exclaimed, suspiciously, "What do you mean?" I replied, "Why, couldn't

you see that Governor Graham had a letter in his pocket to Vance?"

In a moment the soldier was alive in him, and with an order in a sharp and decisive voice: "Go and get your horse, sir," he went into the house and began to write hurriedly. Calling for an orderly to accompany me, I soon reported for duty. He gave me two letters, one for Governor Graham and one to General Joseph E. Johnston. My verbal instructions were "to overtake Governor Graham and give him that letter (of course a demand for the letter he had for Vance). If, not, to follow him to Hillsboro and if possible secure it before its delivery to Governor Vance. If I failed to do so, take Governor Graham on an engine to General Johnston at Haw River and deliver him with the second letter. The night was very dark and stormy and I could not ride as rapidly as I should have done, and, therefore, I did not overtake the Rockaway, but on my arrival went immediately to the station to secure an engine, and wire Haw River. Meeting Major Johnson, the quartermaster of the cavalry corps at the station, I told him of my disagreeable duty and begged him to accompany me; arriving at Governor Graham's residence we were promptly admitted, and found the Governor with Mrs. Graham in the sitting-room. He said: "My dear, you had better retire, as these gentlemen doubtless wish to see me on business." I silently handed the Governor General Hampton's letter. He read it; his face flushing angrily. Drawing himself up to his full height, he exclaimed: "I am ready to accompany you, sir!" I said: "Governor, had you not better hand me that letter?" He replied: "I have already delivered it to Governor Vance, sir!" His whole manner then instantly changed and laying his hand on my shoulder he said in a feeling voice: "I understand, I know how you feel your position." I returned to the station, but having failed in my mission, did not feel at liberty to take the engine, but proceeded on my horse to General Johnston at Haw River in accordance with instructions to report facts, through rain, mud and the darkest night I ever saw. I rode the eighteen miles, arriving at daylight.

MIDNIGHT CONFERENCE.

General Hampton occupied the house on the left side of the Hillsboro road, midway between the dirt road and the railroad—now the Southern—as his headquarters. It was three miles from the town, and owned and occupied by the family of Dr. Dickson, they having kindly given up to us the whole of the lower floor, re-

tiring to the rooms on the second floor. It was an old-fashioned house, the entrance being immediately upon the main or sitting room. Around this room we, the staff, slept, General Hampton occupying a small shed room in the rear. We also ate in this room, when we had anything to eat, and all the work of the adjutant-general, Major McClellan, was done here. But the long, old-fashioned family table was generally bare. It was in this room and around this table that, as we sat at supper one night in that fated April month of the year 1865, that General Hampton said to the officers of his staff: "Gentlemen, a council of war is to be held here to-night at 12 o'clock—you will take to the grass."

That night a train came down the railroad from Haw River, a little before 12 o'clock, having on board General Joseph E. Johnston and staff, General Breckenridge, the Secretary of War; Judge Reagan, the Postmaster-General; Governor Vance, Mr. Leo D. Heartt, executive clerk, and others whose names I do not now recall. They were immediately conducted to the house, one hundred yards from the railroad.

At this council there were present, beside those named above, Generals M. C. Butler and Wheeler, of the cavalry corps, and others that I am now unable to remember. The object of this council was, of course, to decide on the terms of surrender of the army, and the purpose of holding the same at night to conceal, as far as possible, its object from the men of the command. As it was, many heard of it the following day, and left for home.

We rolled up in our blankets and were asleep under the trees in front of the house when the council was over, far into the small hours of the night. Some one pointed me out to Governor Vance when he came out of the council room, and he came and, without awakening me, got under my blanket beside me, preferring the open air and grass with a friend to the company of men who had treated him so cruelly at the council board, as I was afterwards to learn from his own lips. About daylight I awoke from cold, and rousing up, found that some fellow had appropriated all of my blanket and left me in my shirt-sleeves, my coat being under my head. Seeing it was Vance, I carefully covered him up, and filling my pipe sat and watched him, tenderly thinking of all his weariness and the great care that was weighing him down. When day came I did manage to secure for the Governor of my State a tin basin with water to wash his face, but he had to wipe it with his handkerchief.

VANCE'S ANGER.

After breakfast he proposed a walk. When out of sight and ear-shot he turned on me and said in a tone of cruel mortification and wrong: "I came here to explain that Sherman letter, and they wouldn't hear me. Me in communication with the enemy, me making terms for my State unknown to the authorities! Of all men, sir, I am the last man they can accuse of such infamy!" Poor fellow—as the tears rolled down his cheeks—the strong man in his agony, mortification and shame put upon him by those whom he had served so grandly and so nobly! As he covered his face with his hands the words *Et tu Brute* came with force to my mind. For four long weary years we had fought and struggled and given our all for the cause that now was lost—but God forgive me, as I gazed on this strong man in his agony of the shame put upon him, I felt all the bitterness of resentment, and for the first and only time, I, a soldier of the Confederacy, was untrue and disloyal to its colors.

With one little story of this last meeting of the leaders of our cause, I will conclude this story of a letter! At dinner time we had these gentlemen for our guests. Of all the miserable faces I ever saw, that of General Wade Hampton was the worst as the hour of dinner approached. He was absolutely without even Marion's rations, the potatoes with which he dined the British officer! Calling for my horse, I said: "General, I think I can find relief in town among my friends; wait until I return." I rode over to Colonel Cadwalladar Jones's. This beautiful old home of a hospitable race—noted for a century for all that was grand and good in human nature—and I laid the situation in the strongest language I could command before the venerable lady, who, bowed down in grief at the loss of a son, Robin Jones, killed at the head of his men under the command of the noble soldier who was now begging through me, bread of his broken-hearted mother with which to feed the chiefs of the cause for which he had so nobly given his life. She instantly arose to the occasion and said: "William, go back and tell General Hampton not to be troubled, I will have everything prepared in time and send it over." At the hour named a plantation wagon was driven up to General Hampton's headquarters, loaded with servants, glass, china, and such a dinner as only a Southern matron could provide. We never see them now, they live only in tradition, but the twenty-five pound turkey that graced that dinner I'll never forget this side of the grave.

W. J. SAUNDERS.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, March 6, 1904.]

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

Recollections of the Great Confederate Secretary of State.

MEETINGS WITH HIM IN LONDON IN 1873 HIS UNFAILING KINDNESS TO AMERICANS.

In a memorable address delivered a few months ago in Richmond, Va., the Honorable John Goode, in speaking of Judah P. Benjamin, described him as "the great." This ascription of greatness to Benjamin has often been made tentatively, but the time is, without doubt, fast approaching when the fame of this eminent man will be universally recognized. Benjamin was one of the most remarkable men that the United States has produced, and the fact that he was a son of Louisiana is one of which the State may be well proud. It was the writer's honor to meet Mr. Benjamin a number of times and to become well acquainted with him in the summer of 1873. At this time Mr. Benjamin was enjoying a most lucrative law practice, and had his office in Lamb's Building, Temple Bar, London. This pleasant acquaintance was most happily renewed and continued five years later, when I was again sojourning in the great English metropolis.

I had several times seen Mr. Benjamin some ten years previously, when he was a prominent figure in the councils of the Southern Confederacy, filling the positions respectively, of Secretary of War and Secretary of State in President Davis' cabinet. Then I was only a well-grown lad in my teens, serving in the army of the Confederate States. I had often heard of the great reputation he had earned in the United States Senate before the Civil war. I also knew of him as a famous lawyer. I had heard of him getting the best of Daniel Webster in an argument before the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Benjamin, while serving his two terms in the United States Senate, was considered one of the ablest lawyers of the country. The brilliant array of talent and statesmanship furnished the Senate by the South, just preceding the Civil war, was

well represented by the leadership of such men as Jefferson Davis, Judah P. Benjamin, *in genus omne*.

After the close of the Civil War Mr. Benjamin at once sought refuge in England. He had not been long in London before he published a work that soon became a most citable and standard law authority. This proved an entering wedge for a most successfully paying law practice. For some years the famous lawyer had an annual income of £20,000—\$100,000. When I first met him he was about 60 years old, then a most active, tireless worker, giving his large practice the closest attention early and late. He was very systematic and painstaking. He always appeared in the courts with his cases well prepared and ready for trial. He did not believe in delays and continuances from term to term; neither did the quibbles and technicalities of the law find any favor with him.

I was once in his office, when two American heirs—so-called—of the celebrated Jennings estate called to consult and employ him to represent their interest. In the politest and firmest manner possible he would not give them a particle of encouragement; he refused to receive a fee, or in any manner represent them—in fact, he told them not to spend good money for bad or doubtful and what they could never realize. He earnestly and positively informed them that no so-called American heirs would ever receive a shilling of the Jennings' reputed millions. He laughingly remarked soon after that that they were a fair type of their countrymen—"the cleverest and most credulous people ever fashioned by a great and just Creator."

Mr. Benjamin was much sought after by Southern men who visited London. They all took pride in him and his professional success. They esteemed him for his record before and during the "war between the States." His good standing abroad was the natural result of his great mental abilities, his perseverance and his determination to rebuild his fortunes among his fellows. He knew well enough how to take the world—how to capture success. He was ever the same suave, polite, considerate gentleman; the man of business and of affairs; and a lover of his profession and the polished man of the world. He left a grand and just reputation in the new world. He was anything but a shiftless adventurer. He soon found an appreciative market for his large stock of brains and tireless energy.

He was a generous-hearted man in every sense. Many and many a kind act and deed did he perform for his needy countrymen so

stranded in London, all from his own bounty. He had a most kindly heart for all the men who wore the gray from 1861 to 1865. I well remember his stout figure, pleasant face, curly gray locks and his laughing eyes; a most delightful talker, a brilliant conversation-alist, ever ready and willing to entertain.

The vignettes on several issues of the Confederate States' bank notes fairly represent Mr. Benjamin's handsome features.

I once requested his opinion of Gladstone and D'Israeli, not as orators, but simply from a general intellectual point of view, and that comparatively. His answer was brief, positive and conservative, and, as nearly as I can recall, it ran in this wise: "I regard Mr. Gladstone as the strongest and soundest man intellectually. His ideals are nobler, higher. He is the greater statesman, with greater depth and breadth. His versatility as a scholar is marvelous; his capacity for persistent and tireless work wonderful. He is wholesouled and wholehearted in his undertakings. He always convinces you that his impulses are the purest and truest. He is ever in dead earnest in his many efforts along every line of honest, human endeavor.

"Mr. D'Israeli is more of a politician and well up in all the sinuous subtlety of statecraft—a very talented man, ever ready to use and adapt all his resources in any emergency. He is a very brilliant and captivating leader of men; the young men of his party are devoted to him, and delight in fondly calling him 'Dizzy.' At times he poses as a seeming ripe scholar even of very lavish erudition. He often tries to impress his hearers with the honesty of his convictions; yet many of his most famous and grandest public utterances lack sincerity. He is entirely different and opposite in mind, matter and method from Mr. Gladstone—in fact, the two men are so differently endowed, so variously equipped intellectually, it is difficult, and it may be unfair, to compare them by any ordinary standard of either general or special excellence."

The first time I called on Mr. Benjamin I presented several letters of introduction from prominent ex-Confederates who knew him in the old bellum days. He kindly received me in his pleasant, genial way, and, after a few moments chat, as I was about taking leave, inquired if there was anything he could do for me. I remember I wished to attend Parliament the next day. I knew it required a member's card for admission. I stated my wish. He touched a bell for his office boy and directed him to step over to Mr. Watson's office and request him to call in. In a few minutes a

clever-looking middle-aged gentleman made his appearance, to whom I was presented and my wish stated. Mr. Watson very graciously gave me his card, after writing on the back the necessary permission. He received my thanks, and after a few commonplace remarks, bowed himself out. The next day I "took in" the House of Lords and House of Commons; the first I noted with the critical eye of an American, the other in a more kindly spirit.

The next time I met my distinguished friend and compatriot was in the summer of 1878. I had been abroad several months and had returned to London from Paris, only intending stopping in London a few days before going to Liverpool to take a steamer for New York. In this interval I experienced the misfortune imposed by a member of the light-fingered fraternity in being relieved of my purse containing my homeward fare of some \$35. My traveling companions were in Liverpool waiting for me to join them. I did not wish them to know of my loss, so I called on Mr. Benjamin and borrowed 17 guineas, which he kindly and cheerfully loaned me; and then, without any solicitation, he also very thoughtfully gave me a most friendly and commendatory letter to Messrs. Cook & Sons, well-known cotton brokers of Liverpool. This firm showed me several kindnesses while in their great commercial city, showing me the immense shipping, etc., of that port. I herewith append a copy of the autographic letter I received from him about the loan and which I value for his well-known signature :

BIARRITS, PYRENEES, FRANCE,

27th September, 1878.

My Dear Sir,—Your two letters of 27th August and 6th September followed me here from London, and I have since received a cheque for seventeen guineas from the National Bank of New York, in payment of the amount advanced to you, all which is quite in order.

I am glad to hear of your safe return home, and trust you will never in future fall into the hands of the "Philistines" again.

Yours very truly,

J. P. BENJAMIN.

C. A. Richardson, Esq., Staunton, Va.

After our last meeting in August, 1878, I only saw occasional notices of the great lawyer in some of the English papers, and from time to time they mentioned his declining health. I felt sad when I heard of his death in Paris, May 6, 1884, in the 72d year of his age.

He was one of the gifted sons of the South when the Southland held the ruling power of intellect in the national councils—the peer of any man then on the floor of the United States Senate. The highest law courts of the country were enlightened by his great legal lore, his brilliant oratory, his profound arguments. In all that trying period of fierce struggle and deadly trials and heroic efforts, memorable months and years of glory and renown and final disaster, he was one of the noble and devoted men who gave his all to the glorious cause, even to the sad day of Appomattox, when—

On Flodden's fatal field—
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield.

He was a noble and gifted man, and, as Hon. John Goode said truly and well, "the great Judah P. Benjamin."

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, Nov. 27, 1904.]

THE PULASKI GUARDS.

Company C, 4th Virginia Infantry, at the First Battle of
Manassas, July 18, 1861.

THE ORIGINAL REBEL YELL.

With Prefatory Note by U. S. Senator, J. W. Daniel.

By J. B. CADDALL.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch :

SIR,—In forming his line of battle at first Manassas Jackson placed the 4th Virginia Infantry, under Colonel James F. Preston, in rear of his artillery as an immediate support, and the 27th Virginia Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel John Echols, in close order directly behind the 4th. The two regiments, except without the line of the 4th, was larger than the 29th, on account of its larger numbers, appeared as one body, four ranks deep. To the left of those two regiments, and almost at a right angle, was the 5th Virginia, under Colonel Kenton Harper, and to their left in the woods, were the 2d Virginia, under Colonel James W. Allen (who was afterwards killed at Gaines' Mill) and then the 33d Virginia, under Colonel Arthur Cummings, constituted the left flank of the brigade.

When the critical juncture came, Jackson galloped to the right of the Fourth Virginia, called for Colonel Preston, told him in a few sharp words to "order the men behind, up," and to "charge and drive them to Washington!" "Attention!" "Forward march!" "Left oblique march!" were the commands quickly given; "left oblique," an order to press the left flank of our artillery, which was between our infantry and Pickett's and Griffin's guns, which were to be charged.

Mr. J. B. Caddall, of Pulaski, was then in the 4th Virginia, and he gives an account, afterwards endorsed, with some interesting incidents of this regiment.

It is a notable fact that Jackson's brigade line furnished the first immovable obstacle to McDowell's advance, for while all the troops

acted gallantly that day those previously engaged had been unable to withstand the weight of numbers thrown against them. The first stand of Jackson and his timely onset, alike checked, halted and repulsed the enemy, and then joined with arriving reinforcements, in driving them from the field.

Mr. Caddall calls attention to the fact that "the rebel yell" made its first appearance in the cheer of Jackson's men in their charge.

The "four deep" line of the 4th and 27th Virginia was a formation that we do not hear of on any other field. It proved particularly fortunate and efficient on this occasion, but it escapes the notice of most historians, even of Colonel Henderson, one of the most accurate, as well as most wise, graphic and brilliant of military writers. The heaviest loss on Jackson's regiment fell upon the 27th Virginia, which, namely, 141 killed and wounded, nineteen of whom were killed, and this gallant little regiment was afterwards called "The bloody Twenty-seventh."

JOHN W. DANIEL.

Lynchburg, Va., November 18, 1904.

THE PULASKI GUARDS.

On the 23d of April, 1861, in the old City Hall, in Richmond, "The Pulaski Guards," commanded by Captain James A. Walker, was mustered into the service of the State of Virginia by Colonel John B. Baldwin, of Staunton, inspector-general of the militia of the State.

This company, which had been organized a year or more previously, was composed of sixty strong, stalwart young men, ranging in their ages principally from eighteen to thirty years, though there were several older men who had seen service in the United States army in Mexico, and with General Albert Sidney Johnston on the Western plains. Among the veterans were R. D. Gardner, first lieutenant of the company, later noted for his coolness and courage in leading his regiment as lieutenant-colonel into battle; Theophilus J. Cocke, Robert Lorton, John Owens, and David Scanton, the company's drummer.

This company, designated as "Company C," constituted a part of the newly organized 4th Regiment of Virginia infantry, under the command of Colonel James F. Preston, who had been a captain in the Mexican war. The 4th Regiment was ordered to Harper's Ferry, where it was organized into a brigade, with the 2d, 5th, 27th

and 33d Virginia Regiments, and the brigade was known as the 1st Brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah. This brigade was commanded by Brigadier-General T. J. Jackson, and constituted a part of General Joseph E. Johnston's command in the Valley of Virginia on the 18th of July, 1861. General Johnston, with his forces from the Valley, was ordered to join General Beauregard at Manassas. In the disposition of the forces, Beauregard occupied a line along Bull Run on July 21, 1861. General Johnston was on his left, with his line thrown back at something like a right angle below the stone bridge, to protect the left flank of the army. Jackson's brigade was placed on the left of Hampton, Bartow and Bee, which commands had previously taken positions on the field, and General Jackson made the following disposition of his force: The Rockbridge Artillery, under the Rev. W. N. Pendleton, as captain, which had been attached to the brigade, was placed in position on the crest of the hill to the right of the Henry house, commanding the plateau towards the stone house on the Sudley road. Immediately in the rear of and supporting this battery was the 4th Regiment, under Colonel James F. Preston, with the 27th Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel John Echols, formed a few paces in its rear. The 5th Regiment was on the right of the brigade, and the 33d and 2d Virginia Regiments on the left. This position was maintained for two hours in a broiling July sun in an open field, subjected to a fire from the artillery of the enemy from which the two regiments, 4th and 27th, immediately in rear of the battery, suffered serious loss.

At about 3 o'clock the enemy had pushed forward a strong column of infantry and artillery, and had arrived in close proximity of Jackson's left flank near the Henry House. At this time the men of the 4th Regiment were lying flat on their faces on the ground in the rear of the battery to escape the heavy artillery fire of the enemy when we were called to attention and ordered forward on the double-quick, and on an oblique move to the left over a stake and brush fence, through a skirt of pines and subject to a heavy fire of musketry. In a very few minutes we were in close contact with the ranks of the enemy of which a very conspicuous body was a Zouave Regiment from New York, with highly decorated uniforms, consisting of loosely fitting red breeches, blue blouses, with Turkish tassel as headgear. Jackson's men rushed at them, with fixed bayonets, every man yelling at the top of his voice. Here was the origin of the "Rebel yell," which afterwards became so conspicuous in later battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. The men fired

as rapidly as they could load their old smooth-bore muskets, and in a few minutes the Confederates were in full possession of that part of the field, and a fine battery of field artillery, Ricketts, which was in position near the Henry House, was captured.

The charge of Jackson's brigade on that day turned the tide of battle, which to that time had seemed against the Confederates, and in a short time there was not to be seen an organized body of Federals south of Bull Run, but their forces were in rapid retreat toward Washington.

Company "C," of which the writer was a member, was the color, or flag company of the regiment, and suffered a heavy loss—seven killed and twenty-three wounded. The flagstaff was shot in two, the color-bearer immediately repairing the damage by lashing a bayonet over the break and proceeded with the regiment in the charge.

David H. Scantlon, who was an enlisted member of Company C, 4th Virginia Infantry (Pulaski Guards), had seen service in the Mexican war and was an expert drummer. He was noted for his orderly habits and his strict obedience and observance of military discipline. He was drummer for the volunteer company before entering the Confederate army, and they had bought for his use a handsome brass kettle drum, which had a clear, ringing tone. Scantlon prized this drum very highly, and at all times exercised for it the most scrupulous care. In the army he was chief drummer for the regiment, and always seemed filled with enthusiasm when, with two other drums and the shrill notes of a couple of fifes playing "Highland Mary," or "The Girl I Left Behind Me," he marched at the head of the regiment at dress parade or in review.

Scantlon accompanied the 4th Regiment in the charge of the battle of Manassas, and after the capture of the Rickett's Battery, the regiment being in some confusion, he was ordered by Colonel Preston to beat "the rally," which he immediately proceeded to do, after first having turned his back to the enemy. On being asked by an officer near him why he turned his back to the enemy, he replied:

"Do you suppose I want the Yankees to shoot a hole through my new brass drum?"

One more humorous incident: While the 4th was lying in the rear of the Rockbridge Artillery, the men flat on their faces to lessen the exposure to the heavy artillery fire of the enemy, and while their shells were shrieking very close over us or exploding

about us, a member of the company was very zealously and earnestly calling upon the Lord for mercy, for protection, and for help in the time of such imminent danger. During his devotions he would tell the Lord that he had been all through Mexico, but he had never seen anything half so bad as that; just then another shell would whistle over in very close proximity, when with the greatest earnestness he would exclaim:

“Oh, Lord, have mercy on me!”

At this point a comrade near his side would respond: “Me, too, Lord,” whether from inability to frame his own supplications or in a spirit of humor, no one then present took occasion to enquire.

J. B. CADDALL,
Co. C, 4th Va. Infantry.

[From the Richmond, Va., *News-Leader*, June 14, 1934.]

ADDRESS OF GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE,

Before the United Confederate Veterans, at Nashville,
Tenn., June 14th, 1904.

The following is the address delivered by Lieutenant-General Stephen D. Lee, commander-in-chief United Confederate Veterans, at Nashville, Tenn.:

“It is impossible for me to respond to the kindly and cordial welcome so fitly spoken to my comrades who wore the gray without thinking of the great soldier and orator upon whom this duty would have fallen if he had not been taken from us. It was in historic Nashville, seven years ago, that his eloquent voice gave utterance to the gratitude of our hearts to the citizens of this beautiful city for the hospitality for which they are famous, and which to-day has laid us under new obligations. It was here that he placed in your hands his commission as your chieftain and sought to retire into private station. With an outburst of loyal devotion, resistless as the whirlwind, you again called him to be your leader and gave him the commission of your unmeasured love and confidence.

“He was true to your service to the last. His noble voice is hushed forever. He has answered the great roll-call. He has conquered the last enemy. He has joined his great commander in the white hosts of peace. The armies of the Confederacy have marched to fame's eternal camping-ground, and we who meet to-day are only the belated stragglers of that mighty host who have entered into their immortality.

‘The living are the brave and noble,
But the dead were the bravest of all.’

“As I listened to the eloquent and comforting addresses of welcome it was impossible for me not to remember an occasion now nearly forty years past, when some of us yearned to enjoy the hospitality of Nashville. Many of her citizens would at that time have been glad to see us, but not half as much so as we would have been to see them. Between us and these hospitable homes there stretched a wall of fire, and instead of your cordial greetings we heard the thunder of guns.

“This time, however, we have kept our engagements better, and our good will has made us more than conquerors. We have entered into this city of great men and great memories. We have beheld your educational institutions, sending light and hope into the remotest corners of our beloved land. We have made pilgrimages to the graves of your mighty dead; we have been refreshed by your hospitality.

TENNESSEE GAVE 115,000.

“The Confederate soldier does not forget that from the bosom of this old Commonwealth came 115,000 men to follow the banners of Lee and Johnston, and that more than 31,000 were enlisted in the armies of the Union. Tennesseans believe with their hearts' blood. They did not count the cost when the great question of State or nation had to be settled with drawn swords. They spent the last drop of blood, the last mine of treasure for the defense of Tennessee, their mother and their sovereign.

“We, the witnesses of that great sacrifice, can never cease to honor Tennessee for the blood of her sons, for the tears and prayers of her daughters, for the indomitable spirit which rebuilt the ruined homes, which sowed the blasted fields, which has wrenched prosperity from field and mountain and has made this wonderful land once more a thing of beauty and pride to every Southern heart.

You have done well, men and women of Tennessee. With peaceful hands you have won back more than your fathers lost.

"I wonder sometimes whether, when the great balances of the universe are poised and the great judgments of the Ancient of Days are rendered, whether even when the last human history is written of the war between the States, and the slow verdict of remote posterity is taken, the cause we loved will seem as lost as it once seemed to us. It may be that in the providence of God and the development of humanity these fearful sacrifices were necessary for the highest good of this nation and of the world. Truly in human experience, without the shedding of blood, there is no redemption. Rather let us believe that the world is richer and better, purer and greater for the tragic story of forty years ago, and that the shed blood has brought blessing, honor, glory and power, incorruptible treasures of which a brave and noble people can never be despoiled.

PROSPERITY IS ASSURED.

"It is a source of joy to every one of us, as we make our annual pilgrimage to meet together, when we saw how prosperous our country has grown. At last I think we all feel that the prosperity of the land is assured. When the savings of all previous generations were consumed in the common disaster, it seemed for a while as if the South has to face the bitterness of poverty for generations to come. Statesmanship, literature, art, culture, flowers of leisure and opportunity were to remain forever withered on the soil once so congenial; nothing was to be left but the hard struggle with adversity till the bitter end.

"I think we are fully convinced now that the South is fully on its feet again. In material prosperity we have now not only reached, but have surpassed the achievements of our fathers; yet, when I look about me for the men who are to enter into the garden which you, my brave comrades, have made blossom under such hard conditions, I cannot but be sensible to the incomparable loss which the South sustained. The tongues which would have commanded the applause of senates were never heard after the cry of battle was over; the genius that might have directed the counsel of nations breathed its last upon some forgotten skirmish line. The very flower and pride of our people perished in our battle front and the blood of our race lost much of its most magnificent strain when they went to their graves.

“I hold no view of Southern degeneracy, but I deplore the irreparable loss to my country and the coming generations when those splendid men, the bravest and best the world has ever held, went down in death. Some one has said that every generation must have its war. If so, in God’s name let it not be a real war. The burning houses, the wasted fields, the ravaged cities—I could see them all go until the wilderness was back again, and contain my grief; but I can never bear to think of the strength and beauty, the manly courage, the stubborn nerve, the pure chivalry, the peerless devotion, the unstinted faith and loyalty which went into the battle’s deadly front and never returned. It is the loss of men like these that made the South poor indeed—a loss that can never be restored, not in forty years! No, not in forty centuries!

REVELATION TO THE WORLD.

“But, my comrades, it is a great comfort to know that the South had such men to lose. It was a revelation to the world. It was a revelation to ourselves. What a magnificent race of men; what a splendid type of humanity! What courage, what grandeur of spirit! What patriotism! What self-sacrifice! It was sublime. It is wonderful beyond compare. Not all were conquered. Some of these men came back. I see them before me now. God has bountifully prolonged their days that they may illustrate to the next generation the civic virtues, that they may tell the wondrous story of those days, that they may stir up in the hearts of youth the emulation of virtue, the passion for noble achievements, the spirit of sacrifice.

“As the close of our days draw near and the work of upbuilding our country passes on into younger and stronger hands, let us make it our mission, comrades, to tell the story. Do not let your children and grandchildren forget the cause for which we suffered. Tell it not in anger. Tell it not in grief. Tell it not in revenge. Tell it proudly as fits a soldier. There is no shame in all the history. Dwell on the gallant deeds, the pure motives, the unselfish sacrifice. Tell of the hardships endured, the battles fought, the men who bravely lived, the men who nobly died. Your dead comrades shall live again in your words.

THEIR LAST COMMISSION.

“The infinite pity and glory of it all will awake the hearts of those who listen and they will never forget. Tell them of Albert

Sidney Johnston, of Stonewall Jackson, of Stuart, with his waving plume; of Forest, with his scorn of death. Tell them of Wade Hampton and Gordon, the Chevalier Bayards of the South. Tell them of Zollicoffer, of Pat. Cleburne and Frank Cheatham, of Pelham, of Ashby. Tell them of the great soldier with the spotless sword and the spotless soul who sleeps at Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia. Tell them of the great president, who bore upon his sad heart the sorrows of all his people, and upon whom fell all the blows which passed them over.

"This, my comrades, is your last commission. Do this for the dead, that they may be loved and honored still. Do this for the living, that they may also become worthy of love and honor. Do this for your country, that when the time is ripe she may again be rich in heroes and in noble deeds.

" 'Shall not the self-same soil bring forth the self-same men?'

"When the great account is taken which page, think you, my countrymen, will the South most willingly spare? Will it be the old page, torn and ragged, stained with blood and tears, which tells the story of secession and defeat, or will it be the new page of the latest census with its magnificent figures of wealth and prosperity?

Whatever she chooses, give us old soldiers the old page to read and read again. This blood and those tears mean more to us than to all the world. The cause in which they were shed will never be lost to us and the love we gave it will not die till the last gray jacket is folded and the last gray head is buried beneath the sod.

"My comrades, neither do I believe our descendants will ever hesitate to make the same choice. The people of the South would not exchange the story of the Confederacy for the wealth of the world. At their mother's knee the coming generations shall learn from that tragic history what deeds make men great and nations glorious. A people who do not cherish their past will never have a future worth recording. The time is even now that the whole people of the United States are proud of the unsurpassed heroism, self-sacrifices and faithfulness of the soldiers and people of the Confederacy.' "

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, April 10, 1904.]

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG,

And the Charge of Pickett's Division.

ACCOUNTS OF COLONEL RAWLEY MARTIN AND CAPTAIN
JOHN HOLMES SMITH.

With Prefatory Note by U. S. Senator John W. Daniel.

[Very much has been published regarding the momentous battle of Gettysburg, but the following additions can but be welcome to our readers. Reference may be made to *ante* p. 33 and preceding volumes of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, particularly the early volumes, II-X inclusive.—EDITOR.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 30, 1904.

Editor of the Times-Dispatch:

SIR, —Enclosed are accounts of the charge at Gettysburg by two officers of Pickett's Division of high reputation for courage and reliability—the one being Lieutenant-Colonel Rawley W. Martin, then of the 53d Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, and the other Captain John Holmes Smith, of the Lynchburg Home Guard, who, after Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkwood Otey, and Major Risque Hutter, were wounded in that battle, commanded the 11th Virginia Infantry.

In 1897 Commander Sylvester Chamberlain, of an Association of United States Naval Veterans, of Buffalo New York, wrote to Colonel Martin (now Dr. Martin, of Lynchburg, Va.), asking him to recount the charge, saying:

"The charge of Pickett's Division outrivals the storied heroism of the Old Guard of Napoleon. They knew no such battle as that of Gettysburg, and, I believe, the old First Confederate Army Corps could have whipped the best two corps in Napoleon's army, taken in the zenith of his fame."

Dr. Martin wrote this paper under the call from a Northern camp commander.

Captain John Holmes Smith was with his regiment on the right wing of Pickett's charge, under Kemper, and struck the Federal line to the right of where General Armistead made the break. The soldiers of Kemper there took the Federal entrenchments, and remained about twenty minutes in possession of them. Twice couriers were sent back for reinforcements. Slowly, but surely, the details of this magnificent exploit of war come to light; and the more brilliant does it appear. Slowly, and surely, also do the evidences gather that point toward the responsible agents of the failure that ensued.

Respectfully,

JNO. W. DANIEL.

COLONEL RAWLEY MARTIN'S ACCOUNT.

LYNCHBURG, VA., August 11, 1897.

Commander SYLVESTER CHAMBERLAIN, Buffalo, N. Y.:

My dear Sir,—In the effort to comply with your request to describe Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, I may unavoidably repeat what has often been told before, as the position of troops, the cannonade, the advance, and the final disaster are familiar to all who have the interest or the curiosity to read. My story will be short, for I shall only attempt to describe what fell under my own observation.

You ask for a description of the "feelings of the brave Virginians who passed through that hell of fire in their heroic charge on Cemetery Ridge." The *esprit du corps* could not have been better; the men were in good physical condition, selfreliant and determined. They felt the gravity of the situation, for they knew well the metal of the foe in their front; they were serious and resolute, but not disheartened. None of the usual jokes, common on the eve of battle, were indulged in, for every man felt his individual responsibility, and realized that he had the most stupendous work of his life before him; officers and men knew at what cost and at what risk the advance was to be made, but they had deliberately made up their minds to attempt it. I believe the general sentiment of the division was that they would succeed in driving the Federal line from what was their objective point; they knew that many, very many, would go down under the storm of shot and shell which would greet them when their gray ranks were spread out to view, but it never occurred to them that disaster would come after they

once placed their tattered banners upon the crest of Seminary Ridge.

THEIR NERVE.

I believe if those men had been told: "This day your lives will pay the penalty of your attack upon the Federal lines," they would have made the charge just as it was made. There was no straggling, no feigned sickness, no pretence of being overcome by the intense heat; every man felt that it was his duty to make that fight; that he was his own commander, and they would have made the charge without an officer of any description; they only needed to be told what they were expected to do. This is as near the feeling of the men of Pickett's Division on the morning of the battle as I can give, and with this feeling they went to their work. Many of them were veteran soldiers, who had followed the little cross of stars from Big Bethel to Gettysburg; they knew their own power, and they knew the temper of their adversary; they had often met before, and they knew the meeting before them would be desperate and deadly.

THE ALIGNMENT.

Pickett's three little Virginia brigades were drawn up in two lines, Kemper on the right (1st, 3d, 7th, 11th and 24), Garnett on the left (8th, 18th, 19th, 28th and 56th), and Armistead in the rear and center (9th, 14th, 38th, 53d and 57th) Virginia Regiments, covering the space between Kemper's left and Garnett's right flanks. This position was assigned Armistead, I suppose, that he might at the critical moment rush to the assistance of the two leading brigades, and if possible, put the capstone upon their work. We will see presently how he succeeded. The Confederate artillery was on the crest of Seminary Ridge, nearly in front of Pickett; only a part of the division had the friendly shelter of the woods; the rest endured the scorching rays of the July sun until the opening of the cannonade, when the dangers from the Federal batteries were added to their discomfort. About 1 o'clock two signal guns were fired by the Washington Artillery, and instantly a terrific cannonade was commenced, which lasted for more than an hour, when suddenly everything was silent. Every man knew what that silence portended. The grim blue battle line on Seminary Ridge began at once to prepare for the advance of its antagonists; both sides felt that the tug of war was about to come, and that Greek must meet Greek as they had never met before.

A SOLEMN MOMENT.

From this point, I shall confine my description to events connected with Armistead's brigade, with which I served. Soon after the cannonade ceased, a courier dashed up to General Armistead, who was pacing up and down in front of the 53d Virginia Regiment, his battalion of direction (which I commanded in the charge and at the head of which Armistead marched), and gave him the order from General Pickett to prepare for the advance. At once the command "Attention, battalion!" rang out clear and distinct. Instantly every man was on his feet and in his place; the alignment was made with as much coolness and precision as if preparing for dress parade. Then Armistead went up to the color sergeant of the 53d Virginia Regiment and said: "Sergeant, are you going to put those colors on the enemy's works to-day?" The gallant fellow replied: "I will try, sir, and if mortal man can do it, it shall be done." It was done, but not until this brave man, and many others like him, had fallen with their faces to the foe; but never once did that banner trail in the dust, for some brave fellow invariably caught it as it was going down, and again bore it aloft, until Armistead saw its tattered folds unfurled on the very crest of Seminary Ridge.

THE ADVANCE.

After this exchange of confidence between the general and the color-bearer, Armistead commanded: "Right shoulder, shift arms. Forward, march." They stepped out at quick time, in perfect order and alignment—tramp, tramp, up to the Emmitsburg road; then the advancing Confederates saw the long line of blue, nearly a mile distant, ready and awaiting their coming. The scene was grand and terrible, and well calculated to demoralize the stoutest heart; but not a step faltered, not an elbow lost the touch of its neighbor, not a face blanched, for these men had determined to do their whole duty, and reckoned not the cost. On they go; at about 1,100 yards the Federal batteries opened fire; the advancing Confederates encounter and sweep before them the Federal skirmish line. Still forward they go; hissing, screaming shells break in their front, rear, on their flanks, all about them, but the devoted band, with the blue line in their front as their objective point, press forward, keeping step to the music of the battle. The distance between the opposing forces grows less and less, until suddenly the

infantry behind the rock fence poured volley after volley into the advancing ranks. The men fell like stalks of grain before the reaper, but still they closed the gaps and pressed forward through that pitiless storm. The two advance brigades have thus far done the fighting. Armistead has endured the terrible ordeal without firing a gun; his brave followers have not changed their guns from the right shoulder. Great gaps have been torn in their ranks; their field and company officers have fallen; color-bearer after color-bearer has been shot down, but still they never faltered.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

At the critical moment, in response to a request from Kemper, Armistead, bracing himself to the desperate blow, rushed forward to Kemper's and Garnett's line, delivered his fire, and with one supreme effort planted his colors on the famous rock fence. Armistead himself, with his hat on the point of his sword, that his men might see it through the smoke of battle, rushed forward, scaled the wall, and cried: "Boys, give them the cold steel!" By this time, the Federal hosts lapped around both flanks and made a counter advance in their front, and the remnant of those three little brigades melted away. Armistead himself had fallen, mortally wounded, under the guns he had captured, while the few who followed him over the fence were either dead or wounded. The charge was over, the sacrifice had been made, but, in the words of a Federal officer: "Banks of heroes they were; they fled not, but amidst that still continuous and terrible fire they slowly, sullenly recrossed the plain—all that was left of them—but few of the five thousand."

WHERE WAS PICKETT.

When the advance commenced General Pickett rode up and down in rear of Kemper and Garnett, and in this position he continued as long as there was opportunity of observing him. When the assault became so fierce that he had to superintend the whole line, I am sure he was in his proper place. A few years ago Pickett's staff held a meeting in the city of Richmond, Va., and after comparing recollections, they published a statement to the effect that he was with the division throughout the charge; that he made an effort to secure reinforcements when he saw his flanks were being turned, and one of General Garnett's couriers testified that he carried orders from him almost to the rock fence. From my knowledge of General Pickett I am sure he was where his duty called him

throughout the engagement. He was too fine a soldier, and had fought too many battles not to be where he was most needed on that supreme occasion of his military life.

The ground over which the charge was made was an open terrene, with slight depressions and elevations, but insufficient to be serviceable to the advancing column. At the Emmettsburg road, where the parallel fences impeded the onward march, large numbers were shot down on account of the crowding at the openings where the fences had been thrown down, and on account of the halt in order to climb the fences. After passing these obstacles, the advancing column deliberately rearranged its lines and moved forward. Great gaps were made in their ranks as they moved on, but they were closed up as deliberately and promptly as if on the parade ground; the touch of elbows was always to the centre, the men keeping constantly in view the little emblem which was their beacon light to guide them to glory and to death.

INSTANCES OF COURAGE.

I will mention a few instances of individual coolness and bravery exhibited in the charge. In the 53d Virginia Regiment, I saw every man of Company F (Captain Henry Edmunds, now a distinguished member of the Virginia bar) thrown flat to the earth by the explosion of a shell from Round Top, but every man who was not killed or desperately wounded sprang to his feet, collected himself and moved forward to close the gap made in the regimental front. A soldier from the same regiment was shot on the shin; he stopped in the midst of that terrific fire, rolled up his trousers leg, examined his wound, and went forward even to the rock fence. He escaped further injury, and was one of the few who returned to his friends, but so bad was his wound that it was nearly a year before he was fit for duty. When Kemper was riding off, after asking Armistead to move up to his support, Armistead called him, and, pointing to his brigade, said: "Did you ever see a more perfect line than that on dress parade?" It was, indeed, a lance head of steel, whose metal had been tempered in the furnace of conflict. As they were about to enter upon their work, Armistead, as was invariably his custom on going into battle, said: "Men, remember your wives, your mothers, your sisters and you sweethearts." Such an appeal would have made those men assault the ramparts of the infernal regions.

AFTER THE CHARGE.

You asked me to tell how the field looked after the charge, and how the men went back. This I am unable to do, as I was disabled at Armistead's side a moment after he had fallen, and left on the Federal side of the stone fence. I was picked up by the Union forces after their lines were reformed, and I take this occasion to express my grateful recollection of the attention I received on the field, particularly from Colonel Hess, of the 72d Pennsylvania (I think). If he still lives, I hope yet to have the pleasure of grasping his hand and expressing to him my gratitude for his kindness to me. Only the brave know how to treat a fallen foe.

I cannot close this letter without reference to the Confederate chief, General R. E. Lee. Somebody blundered at Gettysburg but not Lee. He was too great a master of the art of war to have hurled a handful of men against an army. It has been abundantly shown that the fault lay not with him, but with others, who failed to execute his orders.

This has been written amid interruptions, and is an imperfect attempt to describe the great charge, but I have made the effort to comply with your request because of your very kind and friendly letter, and because there is no reason why those who once were foes should not now be friends. The quarrel was not personal, but sectional, and although we tried to destroy each other thirty-odd years ago, there is no reason why we should cherish resentment against each other now.

I should be very glad to meet you in Lynchburg if your business or pleasure should ever bring you to Virginia.

With great respect,

Yours most truly,

RAWLEY W. MARTIN

CAPTAIN JOHN HOLMES SMITH'S ACCOUNT.

LYNCHBURG, VA., Feb. 4th and 5th.

John Holmes Smith, formerly Captain of Company G (the Home Guard), of Lynchburg, Va., and part of the 11th Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division, 1st Corps (Longstreet), C. S. A., commanded that company, and then the regiment for a time

in the battle of Gettysburg. He says as follows, concerning that battle:

The 11th Virginia Infantry arrived near Gettysburg, marching from Chambersburg on the afternoon of July 2d, 1863. We halted in sight of shells bursting in the front.

Very early on the morning of the 3d July we formed in rear of the Confederate artillery near Spurgeon's woods, where we lay for many hours. I noticed on the early morning as we were taking positions the long shadows cast by the figures of the men, their legs appearing to lengthen immediately as the shadows fell.

The 11th Virginia was the right regiment of Kemper's Brigade and of Pickett's Division. No notable event occurred in the morning, nor was there any firing of note near us that specially attracted my attention.

SIGNAL GUNS.

About 1 o'clock there was the fire of signal guns, and there were outbursts of artillery on both sides. Our artillery on the immediate front of the regiment was on the crest of the ridge, and our infantry line was from one to 250 yards in rear of it.

We suffered considerable loss before we moved. I had twenty-nine men in my company for duty that morning. Edward Valentine and two Jennings brothers (William Jennings) of my company were killed; De Witt Guy, sergeant, was wounded, and some of the men—a man now and a man then—were also struck and sent to the rear before we moved forward—I think about ten killed and wounded in that position. Company E, on my right, lost more seriously than Company G, and was larger in number.

LONGSTREET'S PRESENCE.

Just before the artillery fire ceased General Longstreet rode in a walk between the artillery and the infantry, in front of the regiment toward the left and disappeared down the line. He was as quiet as an old farmer riding over his plantation on a Sunday morning, and looked neither to the right or left.

It had been known for hours that we were to assail the enemy's lines in front. We fully expected to take them.

Presently the artillery ceased firing. Attention! was the command. Our skirmishers were thrown to the front, and "forward, quick time, march," was the word given. We were ordered not to fire until so commanded. Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkwood Otey

was thus in command of the regiment when we passed over the crest of the ridge, through our guns there planted, and had advanced some distance down the slope in our front. I was surprised before that our skirmishers had been brought to a stand by those of the enemy; and the latter only gave ground when our line of battle had closed up well inside of a hundred yards of our own skirmishers. The enemy's skirmishers then retreated in perfect order, firing as they fell back.

The enemy's artillery, front and flank, fired upon us, and many of the regiment were struck.

UP THE HILL.

Having descended the slope and commenced to ascend the opposite slope that rises toward the enemy's works, the Federal skirmishers kept up their fire until we were some four hundred yards from the works. They thus being between two fires—for infantry fire broke out from the works—threw down their arms, rushed into our lines, and then sought refuge in the depression, waterway or gully between the slopes.

There was no distinct change of front; but "close and dress to the left" was the command, and this gave us an oblique movement to the left as we pressed ranks in that direction.

Our colors were knocked down several times as we descended the slope on our side. Twice I saw the color-bearer stagger and the next man seize the staff and go ahead; the third time the colors struck the ground as we were still on the down slope. The artillery had opened upon us with canister. H. V. Harris, adjutant of the regiment, rushed to them and seized them, and, I think, carried them to the enemy's works.

AT THE WORKS.

When the enemy's infantry opened fire on us and we were several hundred yards distant from them as yet—we rushed towards the works, running, I may say, almost at top speed, and as we neared the works I could see a good line of battle, thick and substantial, firing upon us. When inside of a hundred yards of them I could see, first, a few, and then more and more, and presently, to my surprise and disgust, the whole line break away in flight. When we got to the works, which were a hasty trench and embankment, and not a stone wall at the point we struck, our regiment was a mass or ball, all mixed together, without company organiza-

tion. Some of the 24th and 3d seemed to be coming with us, and it may be others. Not a man could I see in the enemy's works, but on account of the small timber and the lay of the ground, I could not see very far along the line, either right or left, of the position we occupied.

There were, as I thought at the time I viewed the situation, about three hundred men in the party with me, or maybe less. Adjutant H. V. Harris, of the regimental staff, was there dismounted. Captain Fry, Assistant Adjutant-General of General Kemper, was also there on foot, with a courier, who was a long-legged, big-footed fellow, whom we called "Big Foot Walker," also afoot. Captain R. W. Douthat, of Company F, I also noticed, and there were some other regimental officers whom I cannot now recall.

BIG FOOT WALKER.

We thought our work was done, and that the day was over, for the last enemy in sight we had seen disappear over the hill in front; and I expected to see General Lee's army marching up to take possession of the field. As I looked over the work of our advance with this expectation, I could see nothing but dead and wounded men and horses in the field beyond us, and my heart never in my life sank as it did then. It was a grievous disappointment.

Instantly men turned to each other with anxious inquiries what to do, and a number of officers grouped together in consultation, Captain Fry, Captain Douthat, Adjutant Harris, and myself, who are above noted, amongst them. No field officer appeared at this point that I could discover. We promptly decided to send a courier for reinforcements. No mounted man was there. "Big Foot Walker" was dispatched on that errand. Fearing some mishap to him, for shots from the artillery on our right, from the enemy's left, were still sweeping the field, we in a few moments sent another courier for reinforcements.

We were so anxious to maintain the position we had gained, that we watched the two men we had sent to our rear across the field, and saw them both, the one after the other, disappear over the ridge from which we had marched forward.

WAIT FOR TWENTY MINUTES.

Unmolested from the front or on either side, and with nothing to indicate that we would be assailed, we thus remained for fully twenty

minutes after Walker had been sent for reinforcements—waited long after he had disappeared on his mission over the ridge in our rear.

Seeing no sign of coming help, anticipating that we would soon be attacked, and being in no condition of numbers or power to resist any serious assault, we soon concluded—that is, the officers above referred to—to send the men back to our lines, and we so ordered.

Lest they might attract the fire of the guns that still kept up a cannonade from the enemy's left, we told the men to scatter as they retired, and they did fall back singly and in small groups, the officers before named retiring also. Only Captain Ro. W. Douthat and myself remained at the works, while the rest of the party we were with, retired. I remained to dress a wound on my right leg, which was bleeding freely, and Douthat, I suppose, just to be with me. I dropped to the ground under the shade of the timber after the men left, pulled out a towel from my haversack, cut it into strips, and bandaged my thigh, through which a bullet had passed.

This wound had been received as we approached the enemy's skirmishers on the descending slope, one of them having shot me. I thought at the time I was knocked out, but did not fall, and I said to James R. Kent, sergeant: "Take charge of the company, I am shot." But soon finding I could move my leg and that I could go on, no bones being broken, I went to the end of the charge.

GETTING AWAY.

While I was still bandaging my leg at the works, my companion, Captain Robert W. Douthat, who had picked up a musket, commenced firing and fired several shots. Thinking he had spied an enemy in the distance, I continued bandaging my leg, and completed the operation.

When raising myself on my elbow I saw the head of a column of Federal troops about seventy-five yards toward our right front, advancing obliquely toward us. I was horrified, jumped up and exclaimed to Douthat: "What are you doing?" as he faced in their direction. He dropped his gun and answered: "It's time to get away from here," and I started on the run behind him, as we both rapidly retired from the advancing foes. We made good time getting away, and got some distance before they opened fire on us—perhaps 100 or 150 yards. We ran out of range, shot after shot falling around us, until we got over the Emmettsburg road toward our lines. After we had got over the fences along the road the fire

didn't disturb us. No organized body of troops did I meet in going back. I wondered how few I saw in this retreat from the hill top. I reached ere long the tent of a friend, Captain Charles M. Blackford, judge advocate of our Second Corps, at Longstreet's headquarters, and this was the last of the battle of Gettysburg time. I didn't hear of Lieutenant-Colonel Otey being wounded until after the battle was over, though I have since understood it was shortly after the advance commenced. I, the Captain of Company G, was the only commissioned officer with the company that day. I may properly mention an incident or two.

WOUNDED.

Now the battery of the descending slope was advanced. Sergeant James R. Kent, of my company, suddenly plunged forward in a ditch, and I asked of him: "How are you hurt, Kent?" for I knew he was hit. He answered: "Shot through the leg." About the time we sent "Big Foot Walker" back for reinforcements, "Black-eyed Williams," as we called him, a private of my company, cried to me: "Look here, Captain," at the same time pulling up his shirt at the back and showing a cut where a bullet had a full mark about its depth in the flesh. Quite a number of the men on the hill top had been struck one way or another, and there were many nursing and tying up their wounds. Kent's leg had been fractured—the small bone—and he was captured.

Before an advance I went several times to the crest where our artillery was planted, and could see the enemy in our front throwing up dirt on the line which we afterwards took. Just before the cannonade commenced Major James Downing rode along the line of guns in our immediate front, carrying a flag.

PERSONAL.

I came away from Longstreet's headquarters after spending the night (after the battle in Captain Blackford's tent) in a wagon with a long train of wagons that carried one to Williamsport, leaving about noon and traveling through the next night. Next morning we reached Williamsport. The town was attacked at several points, but not where I was.

Captain William Early—or Lieutenant Early, as he was then—I met at Williamsport as I got out of the wagons, and asked me to dinner. I told him I couldn't walk, for I was sore and stiff, and he went off to get me a horse. But he didn't return, and I did not see

him again, for just then his guns opened and a lively skirmish ensued, but soon quieted down. After remaining a few hours on the north side of the river, a big ferry boat was brought up, and, having collected fifty or sixty of the 11th Virginia infantry who were wounded, I took charge of them and carried them on the boat across the river that evening. Then we marched next morning for Winchester, reaching there in two days. I did not see my regiment in the campaign after the fight. In a few months my leg healed and I rejoined my regiment at Hanover Junction in the fall.

The above is correct.

JNO. HOLMES SMITH,
Late Captain Company G, Home Guards,
of Lynchburg, Va.

CONFEDERATE STATES' FLAGS.

List of 544 of Those of Virginia Troops, and When Captured.

[It was announced in head lines in the issue of the *Times-Dispatch* of Feb. 28, 1904, that a bill would be introduced in Congress for the return of the captured Confederate flags to the Governors of the States to which they belonged respectively. The editor is informed by Honorable John Lamb that no bill, as yet, has been presented, but that he will confer with his colleagues, and offer one for their due restoration. There should now be no cavil at its passage as there is no question as to the proper custody of these precious memorials, about which cluster so much that is alike tender and inspiring.

It would seem that a common patriotism should constrain immediate and unanimous action by Congress in a matter so palpably appealing.—ED.]

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 27, 1904.

There are 544 Confederate flags in the War Department. The flags were sent to the department as they were captured by the generals commanding the armies in the field. The Secretary of War

thinks some of the flags may have reached the department through some other channel. Of the whole number of flags thus sent to the department, 236 were United States flags, captured by the Confederates and recaptured by the Federal troops, and 544 were Confederate flags taken by the United States troops, making a total of 780, in the custody of the department. When received, they were deposited in a vacant attic in a building on Seventeenth street, used by clerks of the adjutant-general's office, and remained there until 1867. In that year the Secretary of War had them taken to the War Department, where a few were placed on the walls, and the remainder laid on shelves or stuffed in pigeon-holes. A portion of the flags were removed to the Winter building and placed on exhibition in the Ordnance Museum in 1784, and others were sent to the same place in 1875. The larger part of the flags still remained in the War Department. In 1882 all the flags, by direction of the Secretary of War, were boxed up and stored in the sub-basement of the department, where they were kept until 1889, when it was found that they were decaying, and the adjutant-general of the army had them removed from the boxes and placed in an upper story, where they could be more readily reached. It has been the practice of the department to return recaptured Union flags to the organizations which lost them, but it has not been the practice to return any Confederate flags to their original owners.

During the first administration of Mr. Cleveland the Adjutant-General of the army, R. C. Drum, recommended to the President that the captured flags be returned to the Governors of the States to which the organizations which had lost them belonged. Mr. Cleveland approved this suggestion, and then revoked the order which had been issued on the subject, for the reason that he found he did not have the power to give back the flags without being authorized to do so by act of Congress.

VIRGINIA FLAGS.

The following is a list of the forty-nine flags carried by Virginia regiments and captured in battle, which are now in the War Department:

First Virginia Infantry, captured by the 82d New York at Gettysburg.

Third Virginia Infantry, captured at Gettysburg.

Fourth Virginia Infantry, taken at the Wilderness, May 12, 1864.

Second Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, Early's Corps, thirteen battles inscribed on it; captured at Winchester, September 19, 1864, by the 37th Massachusetts Infantry.

Third Virginia Cavalry, captured near Front Royal, August 16, 1864, by Sergeant H. J. Murray, Company B, 4th New York Cavalry, and Private Frank Leslie, Company B, same regiment.

Seventh Virginia Infantry, captured by the 82d New York at Gettysburg.

Battle flag of the 8th Virginia Volunteers, time and place of capture not given.

Tenth Virginia Volunteers, captured at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, by the 68th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Confederate flag, stars and bars, 12th Virginia, captured in cavalry engagement near Beverley Ford, June, 1863, by General Judson Kilpatrick, U. S. A.

Ninth Virginia Infantry, captured July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, by Private John E. Clopp, Company F, 71st Pennsylvania.

Ninth Virginia Infantry, captured at Sailor's creek, April 6, 1865, by Corporal J. F. Benjamin, Company M (Harris), Volunteer Cavalry, 1st Brigade, 3d Division, Major-General Custer commanding.

Sixth Virginia Infantry, captured July 30, 1864, by Corporal Franklin Hogan, Company A, 45th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Twelfth Virginia Infantry, captured in the battle of Sailor's creek, April 6, 1865, by First Lieutenant James H. Gibbon, Company C, 2d New York (Harris Light) Volunteer Cavalry, 1st Brigade, 3d Division.

Fifth Virginia Cavalry, captured at Aldie, Va., June 17, 1863, by 1st Massachusetts Cavalry.

Eighteenth Virginia Volunteers, time and place of capture not given.

Twenty-fifth Virginia Volunteers, time and place of capture not given.

Fourteenth Virginia Regiment, captured at Five Forks, April 1, 1865, by Sergeant H. A. Delavie, Company I, 11th Pennsylvania Volunteers. 3d Division, 5th Army Corps.

Fourteenth Virginia, State flag, captured at Nineveh, Va., November 12, 1864, by Private J. F. Adams, "First Virginia Cavalry;" on one side are the words, "God Armeth the Patriot," and on the other, "Virginia State Arms."

Thirty-second Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, captured by Private

Edward Handford, Company H, 2d United States Cavalry, near Woodstock. October 9, 1864.

Eighteenth Virginia Infantry, captured by Second Lieutenant C. E. Hunt, 59th New York Volunteers, place and time of capture not given.

Eighteenth Virginia Infantry, captured at Sailor's creek, April 6, 1865, by Sergeant Ives S. Calking, Company M, 2d New York (Harris Light) Cavalry, Custer's Division.

Twenty-sixth Virginia Infantry, captured at Sailor's creek, by Coran D. Evans, Company A, 3d Indiana Cavalry.

Twenty-fifth Battalion Virginia Infantry, captured at Sailor's creek, by Private Frank Miller, Company M, 2d New York Cavalry.

Twenty-seventh Virginia Infantry, captured at Sailor's creek, by Private W. F. Holmes, Company A, 3d Indiana Veteran Cavalry.

Thirtieth Virginia, captured by Private George J. Shapp, Company E, 191st Pennsylvania Volunteers, who, while on the skirmish line, saw the enemy rally a line of battle on the colors, and sprang forward, accompanied by a dismounted cavalryman, and demanded the surrender of the colors. A Confederate officer called to his men to shoot the two Yankees, and the cavalryman was shot dead. Shapp then shot the officer and seized the colors. The bearer, when the skirmish line charged on the line of battle, fled. The place and time of this occurrence is not given.

Thirty-sixth Virginia Volunteers, captured September 19, 1864, near Winchester, by Patrick Enroe, private Company D, 6th New York Cavalry, Second Brigade, First Cavalry Division.

Thirty-eighth Virginia Infantry, captured at Sailor's Creek, by Captain John B. Hughey, Company L, 2d Ohio Volunteers, Third Cavalry Division.

Fortieth Virginia Infantry, captured at Sailor's Creek, by First Sergeant W. P. Morris, Company C, First New York Lincoln Cavalry Volunteers.

Thirty-eighth Virginia Regiment, captured at Gettysburg, by Company G, 8th Ohio Volunteers, Sergeant Daniel Miller.

Fortieth Virginia Infantry, "Southern Cross," captured by the 1st Michigan Cavalry, at Falling Waters, Md., May 12, 1864.

Forty-second Virginia Infantry, captured May 12, 1864, by Corporal Charles L. Russell, Company H, 93d New York Volunteers; place not given.

Forty-first Virginia Infantry, Weisiger's Brigade, Mahone's Division; time and place of capture not given.

Battle flag of the 56th Virginia Infantry.

Fifty-sixth Virginia Infantry, captured May 12, 1864, by Private C. W. Wilson, Company E, Fourth Excelsior Regiment, Birney's Division, Second Army Corps.

Sixty-seventh Virginia Infantry, captured by Private B. H. Tilison, 19th Massachusetts.

Forty-fourth Virginia Volunteers, captured at the Wilderness, May 12, 1864, by Sergeant Albert March, Company B, 64th New York Volunteers.

Fifty-fifth Virginia Regiment, captured May 6, 1864, by Sergeant W. P. Townsend, Company G, 20th Indiana.

Forty-seventh Virginia Volunteers, captured by 50th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, place and time not given.

Fiftieth Virginia Regiment, captured at the Wilderness by Private John Opel, Company G, 7th Indiana Volunteers.

Virginia State flag, captured June 3, 1864, in the Wilderness, by Corporal Terence Bigley, Company D, 7th New York Artillery.

Stars and Bars of Flatrock Rifles, Lunenburg county, Va., time and place of capture not given.

Virginia State flag, captured at the battle of Philippi, Va., June 3, 1861, by the 14th Ohio Volunteers, inscribed: "Presented by the ladies of Bath, Va.; God protect the right."

Virginia State colors, place and time of capture not given, nor is the name of the organization from which the flag was taken.

Virginia cavalry standard, taken in charge at the Wilderness, by Private Samuel Coskey, Company I, 1st Cavalry.

Virginia State colors, captured at Sailors' Creek, by Corporal Ernine C. Payne, 2d New York (Harris) Volunteer Cavalry.

Battle flag, Virginia State colors, captured at Farm's Cross Roads, April 5, 1865, by Henry C. Wasfel, Company A, 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Confederate flag, Virginia, inscribed: "Our cause is just, our rights we will maintain." Time and place of capture not given, nor is the name of the organization from which the flag was taken.

Virginia State flag, captured September 19, 1864, near Winchester, by Private George Reynolds, Company M, 9th New York Cavalry. Name of command which lost the flag is not given.

Virginia State flag, presented Lieutenant E. D. Wheeler, 1st Artillery, November, 1875. No other facts given.

Forty-eighth Virginia Infantry, captured in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, by Lieutenant-Colonel Albert M. Edwards, 24th Michigan Volunteers.

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, Dec. 11, 1904, Jan. 8-29, 1905.]

THE BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURTHOUSE, MAY 12, 1864.

“The Bloody Angle.” What the 49th Virginia and Gen.
Pegram’s Brigade Did.

EPISODE OF “GENERAL LEE TO THE REAR.”

Graphic Accounts by Colonel J. Catlett Gibson and Dr. William W.
Smith.

[See also, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XXI, pp.
228, *et seq.*]

Account by Colonel J. Catlett Gibson.

On the evening of the 11th of May, we marched to assist in the repulse of a vigorous assault on the breastworks of our left wing, reaching the point of attack just before sunset; as we fronted to go into position, the dead body of a man was pointed out to us as that of a North Carolina surgeon, who had been killed while dressing a wound of one of his men. This was the first Confederate surgeon known by me to have been killed in line of battle, although I saw Dr. Alfred Slaughter, surgeon of the 13th Virginia Regiment, wounded in an attack we made on Sedgwick’s corps, between Marye’s Heights and Falmouth. We were marched from our left late in the night of the 11th and 12th, and slept on our arms that night the sleep of the just made peaceful, in a woods in a location then unknown to us, but subsequent information showed it to have been not far from the headquarters that were Lee’s that morn, and near to the angle that was “bloody” ere night. A little after dawn of the 12th, I was aroused from a deep sleep by Frank George, one of General Gordon’s orderlies, and was told by him that the Yankees

had broken through our works and captured Johnson's division; and when I started to say something, he told me not to talk loud, the enemy were very close to us.

I immediately aroused up two or three men near me and told them to arouse the regiment, and tell the men to fall in as quickly and quietly as possible, without any rattling of canteens, as we were near the enemy. I told Frank George that I didn't see how there could have been any hard fighting near us that night, as I had heard no firing. He said he had heard it, and that General Lee had heard it, and that the Yankees had certainly broken through the centre of our line near General Lee's headquarters, and had captured the whole of General Edward Johnson's division, and that Lee had sent him to me to tell me to march my brigade as soon as possible to the captured works. I told him he had better give his orders to Colonel Hoffman, of the 31st Virginia, as he was the ranking colonel of the brigade. He said he had no time for such politeness, but gave me my orders as he received them. I asked him to take his orders down the line. He said he could not do it, as he had to hurry up another brigade, and that a staff officer was coming up the line to get the brigade under arms. I told him if he would send me a guide he could "git" as soon as he chose. He replied that the staff officer would be my guide. The men fell in line about as soon as I could get mounted, and the staff officer came up a few minutes after, and guided us towards the right, and then towards the left, and after we had marched some two or three hundred yards and had come in sight of the line of unoccupied earthworks to our left, he pointed out a little farmhouse some ten or twelve hundred yards distant, and some four or five hundred yards, apparently, in rear of these works extended, as the headquarters of General Lee. He led us some hundred yards or more almost parallel to these unoccupied works, and then stopped, rather closer than the regulations required, as I thought, to a fine looking body of Confederates, dressed in nice, clean uniforms, that contrasted very strongly with the clothing of those of my brigade.

GENERAL LEE IN FRONT OF PEGRAM'S BRIGADE.

In the rear of these well-dressed troops I saw four mounted men among them; recognized General Robert E. Lee and Major-General John B. Gordon. General Lee rode towards my brigade, and as soon as I had fronted the men I turned towards him, saluting for my orders. He paid no attention to me, but wheeled his horse

to the right, passed through the vacancy between the brigades, took off his hat and rode "Traveler" grandly to the front. He had scarcely got a dozen paces in front of our brigades when General Gordon and an officer on his left, whom I took to be his adjutant, trotted quickly after General Lee, and Gordon, as soon as he reached him, seized "Traveler" by the right cheek of his bit, stopped him, and said to General Lee: "You must not expose yourself; your life is too valuable to the army and to the Confederacy for you to risk it so wantonly; we are Georgians, we are Virginians, we need no such encouragement." At this some of our soldiers called out, "No, No," Gordon continuing, said: "There is not a soldier in the Confederate army that would not gladly lay down his life to save you from harm;" but the men did not respond to this last proposition. While Gordon was speaking his adjutant rode around the heads of the horses of the two generals and facing his horse in a direction opposite that of General Lee's began to tug at "Traveler's" bit or bridle rein. Looking through an aperture in our breastworks I saw a body of the enemy coming from our left, slowly, and cautiously approaching us.

"STEADY, FRONT!"

I called out to General Lee to come back, the enemy were approaching, and that we could not fight while he was in our front. A number of our men, especially those of Company A, called out: "Come back, General Lee; we can't fight while you are in our front;" and some members of Company A turned their right shoulders to General Lee and their backs to me, but I immediately brought these men into line by a "steady, front!"

Neither Lee nor "Traveler" seemed inclined to take a single step backward. And Gordon continued his patriotic address and his adjutant continued tugging at "Traveler's" bridle bit in a comical manner, but the noble presence of General Lee and the eloquent words and graceful bearing of General Gordon relieved this dramatic scene, which might soon have become a dreadful tragedy from every appearance of being a comedy.

"COME BACK GENERAL LEE."

On looking out again for the enemy I noticed that they had drawn very close to our earthworks. I called out to General Lee "To come back, and come quick; that the enemy were close upon us, and that my men could not fire on the enemy without shooting

him." A number of my men called out: "Come back, General Lee; we won't fight as long as you are before us; come back." The decided call of the men seemed to produce a greater impression on General Lee than the eloquence of Gordon, and my curt suggestions. As Traveler could not be easily turned around with a mounted officer on either side of him, facing in opposite directions, the adjutant let go Traveler's bridle, Gordon turned him around to the right, and proudly started to lead him back, and as he was doing so, I called out: "Three cheers for General Lee and 'Old' Virginia," but forgot to add Gordon's name to the list, which were given with a will. Before the two generals reached the intervening space between the brigades, Gordon let go his hold of Lee's bridle and dropped behind a short space, Lee as soon as he reached the line of the brigades, turned his horse to the right, close up to mine, and Gordon and his adjutant rode up to the line of the Georgia Brigade.

When General Gordon, amid repeated shouts of "Lee, Lee to the rear!" had approached within eight or ten paces of our line, he found the interval between our two brigades blocked up. A mounted officer had stationed himself on the left of Gordon's brigade, General George Evans commanding. I had remained on the extreme right flank of Early's brigade, where I had placed myself when Lee rode to the front, and the intervening space had been crowded by men of Evans' brigade. Gordon let go his hold of Traveler's bridle, and reined up his horse to fall in behind Lee, and as he did so a member of the Warren Rifles ran forward, seized Lee's horse by the bridle reins, and amid redoubled shouts of "Lee, Lee, Lee to the rear! Lee to the rear!" led him up to the crowd and guided him through the crowd, and I backed my horse to the left to give a freer passage to the riders, and they passed through in single file, and the field of coming carnage resounded with wild shouts of "Lee, Lee, Lee!"

[This man is identified by "R. D. Funkhouser" in communication of the *Times-Dispatch* of Jan. 29, 1905, as Sergeant Wm. A. Compton, of Company D, 49th Virginia Regiment, "who is still living and an active business man in Front Royal, Va., to-day."]

When the Warren Riflemen ran forward, thinks I, that is Sergeant Compton, of Captain Updyke's company; he has disobeyed my order of "steady, front!" but he is a brave soldier and a good file officer, and I would not like to wound his pride. He has rendered

Lee all the homage in his power, and when I made way for Lee and his escort to the rear I was glad that a soldier of my regiment had guided Lee back to us and to safety and to sight of his headquarters, where he was much more needed and in much less danger than in front of our fighting line, which was some sixty yards distant from the firing line of the enemy when we started on the charge.

As Lee drew up to me I shoved my horse slightly in advance and turned his head a little in advance of "Traveler," to intercept if possible any further repetition of such recklessness; and I looked inquiringly at General Lee for some order or for some word, but got none. Just then I saw the heads of the enemy bobbing up in irregular order on the far side of our parapets, and saw the sun rising beautifully above the trees and lighting up the scene of approaching conflict with rich, mellow rays. I said to General Lee: "Shall we give them the bayonet, General?"

He answered: "Yes."

Just then the enemy fired a scattering, ineffective volley into our ranks. I called out: "No time for fixing bayonets. Charge!" The men gave the Confederate yell and rushed on the enemy, who fled precipitately. The brigade, instead of stopping in our earthworks, mounted them and pursued the fleeing enemy. About midway of the woods in front of our central line of works we met another body of the enemy, who showed fight. We hurled them back after a sharp little bout. In these woods I found Colonel John S. Hoffman, of the 31st Virginia, in a thicket of bushes, fingering the leaves at his feet, and asked him where he was hit. He said the bushes had knocked his spectacles off and he could not see. I told a man standing near him to find the Colonel's spectacles for him, and if he could not do so to lead the Colonel back to the rear, as he could not see a yard without his specks.

I heard some one call out: "They have killed Major Pilcher," and saw that some of my own men had fallen. Then I lost my head and became as reckless as any of my men. Rushing them through the woods and coming out myself on their extreme right flank close to a ditch of moderate dimensions, with whitish gray earth thrown out in front, marched across a small branch near the foot of the woods, and up to a bog or morass, which proved to be impassable to man. While we were being here delayed, the 52d Virginia, under Captain Watkins, and the 13th Virginia, under Colonel Terrill, rushed by us at half-speed, leaving the 31st, 58th and 49th Virginia regiments with me. These last avoided the obstacle

almost before the orders could be given by a give-way to the left, a left half-flank, a rapid wheel of the left to the right, and a slow-down on the right, and rushed after the enemy, who fled in detached squads like a mob. We did not come up with any of them until after we passed a narrow little ditch. On the far side of this ditch we found a Federal captain with a drawn sword in his hand, and behind him about a score of his men, with guns in both hands. As none of them attempted to use their arms, I demanded their surrender; but as they would not throw their arms down the men bayoneted a few of them, and I told the men to knock them down and take their arms away; but the cracking of skulls of unresisting men grated on my nerves, and I ordered the men to knock their hands away from their guns. I tried to make the captain understand what I meant by surrender, but he held his naked sword in both hands and answered in a language which I had never before heard spoken, sung or acted. It was neither English, French, German, Spanish nor Italian. My men coming up were about to knock him in the head, but I told them to knock his hands away from his sword. I sent the captain and his few surviving men to the rear under a guard of two of my men. This little episode over, I looked to the front and saw some of the enemy on the edge of a pine thicket of very irregular shape, on ground which rose from the ditch and at a distance which varied from 100 to 150 yards from it. We charged them, and they disappeared into the recesses of a thicket. My men were about to follow them when I recovered my senses and ordered a halt.

“CEASE FIRING.”

My men continued to fire rapidly for several minutes, but as the enemy did not respond, and all I could see by looking in the thicket was a deep hollow, I ordered “Cease firing.” Seeing a body of Confederates close to my right flank, I rode up to the nearest files and asked what men they were, and who was in command. A sergeant answered that they were Gordon’s men, Evans’ Brigade, that only two regiments and a few files of a third were on that ground; that Evans was not there, and he did not know who commanded them. I told him that I would take the men of his little squad; that the only command I had to give was to keep in general alignment with my right flank, and not to waste his ammunition on the pine thicket; that if any of the enemy were in there they were in a deep hollow. I rode quickly back to my own regiment which had

again commenced firing on pine trees, as I thought, and I again stopped them.

Just then some half a dozen men on both sides of the colors of the 49th Virginia cried out that they had been shot from behind, that Colonel Terrell's men had shot them. I told them it was so, and ordered the color-bearer to lower his flag, rode around an acute angle of the pines and thought I saw through the smoke of battle the heads of two or three men of the 52d bobbing over their parapet, and enquired if any of the 31st had been shot; was told that none had been. I then went back and told the 49th that Terrell's men (13th Virginia) had not shot them, and could not have done so without first shooting through the 31st Regiment and the angle of the pines; that the enemy in the rear had seen our flags, although we could not see them, and fired on it. I ordered the men back to the little ditch and to gather the cartridge boxes of the dead and wounded as they went; and rode over the ridge in rear of the ditch and saw a body of the enemy who seemed to be firing in our direction, then rode back to Gordon's men, and seeing General Evans there with a staff officer, explained to him that I had given an order to some of his men in his absence, for which I hoped he would excuse me, and that I came to suggest that his men fall back as far as mine had done. He answered, all right, that only two of his regiments could squeeze through and that he had been in action with the other regiments on another part of the field. I rode back and thought it was time to look up Colonel Terrell; started to ride from the left flank of the 31st up the ditch, as it ran eastward over the hill; had gone only a few paces when the head of a man lying in the ditch bobbed up and said that Colonel Terrell had sent him there to warn me against coming over that hill, that the enemy swept it with a deadly fire; that he had a strong position which he could hold without my assistance, and that he was using two recaptured guns against the enemy. When I came back to my men I examined the ditch; it was about knee deep, with some six or eight inches of grayish white dirt thrown up on the outside, and was presumably a continuation of the ditch which I saw on my right as I came out of the woods, and connecting this with the fact that the enemy I saw in my rear were within the line of a similar stretch of white earth, running eastward and westward, I concluded from the confused and confusing situation in which I found our men, that we had projected a quadrilateral from our main line of works, silly planned and badly executed. The ditch in which my men tried to

stand was scarcely two feet wide, and the rear ranks sat down on the surface of the ground behind. I could well see how Johnson's Division could have been rushed, but could not see how they could have been surprised, nor why they did not finish the quadrilateral extension even if they had to work in the night time, nor could I understand that any of them were placed in the main works of our centre, nor that any of the enemy were in the possession of the last line when we charged them.

AMMUNITION RUNNING LOW—SOME UNIVERSITY YOUTHS TAKE
A HAND.

Upon inquiry, I found that our ammunition was running low and I sent a man to the rear for more. While he was gone Everett Early, son of William Early, of Albemarle, who had come out as a lieutenant in Captain Wood's company, but who had been exchanged or detailed, on account of his extreme youth, to go to school at the University, came up to me with two University students and said they must have a pop at the enemy. I demurred and said I did not want any University student killed in my regiment, but he insisted, upon the ground that he had formerly been an officer in the regiment. As they were in more danger standing with me a little behind the ditch than in it, I waived my objections. Early picked up a dead man's gun, borrowed several cartridges and together with the men immediately about him fired several rounds at the enemy, then came running out, exclaiming gleefully: "I have been shot in the arm, and I would not take a thousand dollars for it. I have got all I wanted, come on boys," and was soon lost to sight. Immediately afterwards a member of Captain Horsley's company was found dead in the ditch without any apparent wound; his cartridges were taken from him and he was carried a few paces to the rear and gently laid to rest. About that time the man I sent out for ammunition returned and said he could not find or hear of any. I found our ammunition was nearly exhausted, ordered another man to go out and find John S. Gibson, ordnance officer of the 49th Virginia, and tell him that he must find an ordnance officer and bring us some ammunition very soon, as we were out.

AN INFORMAL TRUCE AND TRADING WITH THE ENEMY.

I then ordered cease firing, and then two of the Federal soldiers in our front, who seemed to be on picket, stuck their bayonets through newspapers and waived them right and left. Some of my

men called out that they wanted to trade newspapers. I told them no; it meant a flag of truce. I sent an inquiry up and down the line for a newspaper or a sheet of white paper. None could be found. I heard a laugh in the line, and asking what was the fun, was told that a man said he had a ragged shirt tail, which I could have. I asked the man if he was willing to donate a piece of his shirt tail to the cause for the sake of peace. He said he would be very glad to do so. I told him shirts were very scarce, and he had better take my handkerchief, and handed it to him. He looked at it; saw it was very much soiled, and said he thought his shirt tail would make a much whiter flag of truce. At this there was a general laugh at my expense. A piece of the shirt tail was torn off, bayonet stuck through it, and it was waved aloft on the muzzle of a gun. The enemy saluted with their newspapers and truce was established, which was religiously kept in my front the whole of that day. The second man I sent out for ammunition soon returned; said he had seen Sergeant Gibson, and he had seen the captain of ordnance and they had sent for ammunition.

A GLIMPSE OF GENERAL EWELL.

After waiting what I thought a long time, I sent out another man on the same errand, who returned, and said ammunition had been sent for and would soon arrive. I waited for it so very long that I grew anxious, and determined to hunt it up myself; rode to the rear and found that bullets were whistling over the quadrilateral, right and left. I inquired for General Early's headquarters, and was told that he seemed to be riding all over the field that day. [Editor's note: General Early commanded Hill's corps that day, and held both the right and left of Lee's line.] I then inquired for General Ewell's headquarters. Its general direction was pointed out to me; found it after considerable trouble, and saw that the enemy had found it before I had. Ewell was standing before a portable field table with writing material on it, and his staff a short distance in his front, and shells were falling fast and furious all around. General Ewell was wearing an artificial leg in the place of the natural one he lost near Sudley's Mills, and he had lately married a widow whom he was accustomed to introduce as "my wife, Mrs. Brown." He had become very nervous, and every time a shell exploded near him he would hop his good leg up and curse with the vehemence of an old trooper and the unction of a new church member. I told him of our great need of ammunition. He

said he had heard from me two or three times that day and had sent me ammunition, and it would get there before I could.

I briefly explained the situation to the general; told him that the enemy were in our front and rear; that their rear fire swept the ditch between me and Colonel Terrell and this ditch was too shallow to afford protection to any one not lying flat on the bottom of it; that Evans' had withdrawn his two regiments from our right, and that my right flank was entirely exposed

RUNNING INTO THE ENEMY.

He told General Long to go with me; view the situation and do whatever was necessary to protect our brigade. I guided General Long through the woods to about the spot where I first rode out of it. I pointed out the situation of our brigade. He said my right was thoroughly protected by our batteries, but I could not see any of our guns nor any of Gordon's men. I told him I would not be willing to guide him to our brigade. The trip would be too dangerous; that I supposed Ewell knew what enemy were in our rear, and would drive them back. I then galloped to my right. I suppose I rode in my excitement too far to the front, as I came squarely upon a body of the enemy. I waived my hat to them and gave a "whoop." They responded with cheers. I then turned my horse to the left and rode rapidly to the rear.

I had not gone far when a body of men fired on me and shot my horse, but he managed to bear me to my brigade before he fell and died. Almost immediately afterwards, Sergeant Gibson, with a squad of men, came up bearing a number of large wooden cartridge boxes of fixed ammunition. My share of this much needed ammunition was quickly distributed, and Colonel Terrell's share left. I started to walk to Terrell's command, but a voice from the ditch stopped me with about the same warning that I had received from Terrell, and the additional information that he was driving the enemy back with his two guns; had plenty of ammunition and when he needed my assistance he would call for it.

The balance of the ammunition was then distributed among my men. Some of my men caught a stray horse of unknown ownership, and saddled and bridled him for me. This horse I tied to the wheel of a gun-carriage immediately on my left flank, and the horse was killed before the day was over by the fire on our rear. A six-pounder cannon was standing naked on the line of the ditch, without limber or caisson, and no ammunition could be found for serving

it. Twice during the evening a member from my regiment was sent to the rear for information, and reported each time that the enemy were advancing on our rear. I went out to see for myself; could not see that they were moving towards us, but found that they had gotten much closer than at first; saw that something was stopping them, and making gaps in their ranks; the second time that I looked towards them their ranks seemed to waiver, and to fade away.

“THE SULPHUROUS CANOPY.”

By this time “the war-clouds rolling down” had so enveloped the earth in “sulphurous canopy,” that it was impossible to see objects any considerable distance. As we then had plenty of ammunition, and it was getting too dark to fight, I grew very brave, and told my men what we would do with the enemy if their heads became visible over the Blue Ridge in our rear. When it began to grow dark, which was before sundown, a guide led our brigade out of the quadrilateral, and rode out behind him, and he marched us to the left of our centre, and we went to sleep that night on an empty stomach, with the proud satisfaction that we had done a good day’s work.

Very truly yours,

J. C. GIBSON,

Colonel 49th Virginia.

Account of Dr. William W. Smith.

The story as related by Dr. William W. Smith, of Ashland, Va., then a private of the 49th Virginia Infantry, now president of the Randolph-Macon College system:

On the eighth and ninth our regiment, the 49th Virginia, was not in action, but was moved from point to point, and on the tenth we were in the third line, and though not called on to support the front, were under heavy shelling. On the afternoon of the eleventh we were marched vigorously to a new position on the rear of the left side of the salient, which was to be rechristened the next day as the “bloody angle.” We stopped, worn and weary, in a plowed field, and in a few minutes this particular part of the regiment was fast asleep in a furrow, let come what might. About a half hour before day we were awakened, marched quietly to the front, and placed behind the front line of battle in the trenches. (I think Hayes’s Louisiana brigade.) On the way we passed a place where the enemy

had broken through our lines and had been driven out by a counter charge. It is said to have been done in the fight on the tenth. The front of our line was well sprinkled with the enemy's dead, and about a score were piled at one point in our trenches.

WAITING FOR THE CHARGE.

We were told to expect a charge from the dense pine woods just in front of us, possibly some hundred yards away. It was so thick that nothing in it could be seen, and we simply waited with guns cocked until it should deliver up its contents. Cartridges were torn and caps laid out (we had muzzle-loading Enfield rifles) that no time should be lost in reloading; we could not hope for more than two shots before it came to a question of cold steel, and few of our men had bayonets. Personally, the boy volunteer was better off for such work, for having been wounded in the hand in an earlier action, so as not to be able to load an Enfield, he had seized a breech-loading Sharp's carbine from the cavalry, and could count on four or five shots before coming to close quarters.

We lay thus expectant until just dawn, when on our right, perhaps some five or six hundred yards away, we heard the Yankee "Hussa ! hussa ! hussa !" and then a rattling fire of small arms, lasting but a quarter of an hour at most. "Why don't they come on? they gave it up easy," was our thought, when, to our surprise, we saw our men running from the trenches in the salient on our right. The enemy had taken the works ! Our first emotion was surprise and amazement that our troops had lost so easily ; there had been no fight.

TROUBLE AHEAD.

Our next was alarm at the situation; for veterans as we were we could see the seriousness of the disaster. It seemed that a whole corps, massed on a division front, had broken our line right in the centre, and were now pouring into the position that would enfilade both sides, and with small advance take our forces in the rear and compel the retreat of Lee's army, and that, too, at day break, with all day to complete the disaster and turn the retreat into a rout. The situation produced alarm but not fear. It was a great emergency to be promptly and heroically met. Our officers were not wanting. In a few minutes our brigade was thrown almost to right angles to the breastworks we had been set to defend, and marching to the right, made, with Gordon's Georgians, who were on our right,

the bar of an A across the angle. It was an hour of destiny. The thin line stood confronting the massing enemy in our trenches only some two hundred yards away; obscured they were, it is true, by the underbrush and in some cases by the contour of the land, but ready to push forward to the capture of the parked reserve artillery ammunition just behind us.

GENERAL R. E. LEE APPEARS.

General Lee's headquarters were but a short distance away, and a few minutes would decide whether the grand Army of Northern Virginia, which had sent so many Federal generals to defeat, would fall before this first strong attack of General Grant. A moment later I noticed a quiet officer ride in front of our line. He was a large man on an iron gray horse, and had come up without retinue, even, I think, without a single staff officer or orderly. It was when he turned face towards us and with a silent gesture of extended arm pointed towards the enemy we recognized our idolized Lee. Already the bullets were zipping past, aimed chiefly at the struggling remnant of Johnson's division, that had been overwhelmed in the trenches. What if one should kill Lee? "Get in front of him, keep the bullets off," was the instinctive feeling of each man.

"LEE TO THE REAR."

Just then from the right General J. B. Gordon came dashing down the line. At the sight of Lee he reined up his handsome bay so sharply as to throw him on his haunches. It was a picture never to be forgotten. "General Lee, this is no place for you. Go back, General; we will drive them back. These men are Virginians and they have never failed me; they will not fail me; will you boys?" Then rose the oft-quoted shout: "General Lee to the rear! Lee to the rear!" "Go back, General, we can't charge until you go back." "We will drive them back, General." Some one got hold of his bridle and back through the line of the 49th Regiment Lee was led. The whole scene was not fifty paces from where I stood, and stands out like a glorious picture to-day.

"Forward!" cried Gordon, and the line stepped off with the steady tread of a dress-parade. There was no shout, no rebel yell, but, as I looked down the line, I saw the stern faces and set teeth of men who have undertaken to do a desperate deed, and do not intend to fail.

LEE'S EYES UPON THEM.

With the freedom of the volunteer, I said to those next me: "Pass it down the line, boys; General Lee is looking at us." "Aye, and depending upon us, too," and the silent line moved on with long, swift strides. In a few moments we marched down into the bottom, then rising, parted the undergrowth, and were upon them, packed thick as blackbirds in our trenches. A fearful volley wrought havoc and started those in advance to get back to their line. Those behind, seeing these returning, became alarmed. Without pausing to reload, we rushed upon them, so quickly, indeed, that we did not give them time to run. Many surrendered upon demand; some gave us the bayonet. With these we had a short, stern argument, using chiefly our clubbed guns. My gun being too short for such use and quite handy to load, I gave my stubborn opponent, who refused to surrender, the leaden contents at short range, and passed on after finding that he was beyond the need of assistance from me. As we rushed on, hundreds threw up their hands and said: "I surrender," but we could not afford to send men back from the charging line with prisoners, and would say: "Throw down your guns and go the rear." Many did so; many obliqued to the left and finally escaped and joined their comrades, but we passed on, driving the ruck before us.

Presently I saw before our advancing line, to my left a fresh line of Yankees rise from the ground in perfect array. Our line, pressing through the underbrush and also through a swampy place, was disorganized, every man pressing forward for himself after the fleeing foe, and when it was confronted by this new force, my heart was in my mouth as I looked for their volley. But, strange to say, ours fired first, and it seemed to me that the enemy just laid down again, such tremendous slaughter was wrought. The force made no further fight and surrendered as we ran over them and finally established ourselves in the abattis, about two hundred yards in front of the enemy's trenches. This post we held until about 4 o'clock, being continually under fire, and firing ourselves until our ammunition was exhausted. My little gun became so foul that I could not press the breech lock into place. I had to stop in the midst of the battle and with my gun-screw take it to pieces and clean it. It was here that our loss was the heaviest. Late in the afternoon we could see the enemy forming a heavy line to retake the gap, and we were ordered to retire to the works we had recap-

tured. This we did without interruption, but found that our charge had left about two hundred yards of the trenches, in the apex of the angle on the left, unassailed, and these were now filled with Yanks. So we held part and they part of the same line of breast-works, a very uncomfortable cotenancy. Nine times that night, until nearly 10 o'clock, they tried to get the whole, but we would not let them have it. Many times into that half acre of blood did General Lee send regiment after regiment, made up of organized cooks, released men from the guard houses, or even men who had been wounded, but who could still shoot. But this, too, was in vain. The enemy held the angle. The concentrated fire in this inferno cut down two trees, each as large as a man's body. At last Lee gave up the murderous attempt and drew a new line connecting his wings, leaving out the angle. The battle had raged from 4 A. M. to 10 P. M.

WILLIAM W. SMITH,
Company C, 49th Virginia Infantry, C. S. A.

INCIDENTS.

During the long-continued firing, while lying in the enemy's abattis, Lieutenant Kincheloe, of Company C, was wounded at my side by a shell which came apparently from our rear, and Private Embrey, the younger of two brothers in Company C, was killed just in front of me by a bullet through the head. At the request of the officers I went back to the second line, where we had killed so many of the enemy, and robbed their cartridge boxes of ammunition, which I brought to our line. I would not choose such a job again. I was again sent to the rear to find, if possible, our ammunition wagons and to get supplies of ammunition brought to the front. While hunting them our line was ordered to withdraw to the trenches. Not to be out of a job while waiting its return, I volunteered to assist in firing a three-inch rifle gun that was in our trench, the rest of the battery having been put out of action, and this piece remaining with a lieutenant and a squad of men without horses. It was the only piece of our artillery in sight, while the enemy, with what seemed about twenty guns, were shelling the region miscellaneously without definite target. The lieutenant and myself ran some two hundred yards to the caissons, which remained abandoned on the field, and brought our arms full of shells for the gun. Sighting carefully at one of the enemy's batteries we made a pretty fair shot with our first shell, and reloaded as quickly as possible for

a second attempt. Before it could be made a hurtling volley of a dozen shells showed that the enemy was glad to get a target. Our second shell burst splendidly in the midst of a battery, and, elated by the shot, we loaded again. This shell, however, never left the gun, for before we could pull the lanyard one of the enemy's second dozen shells struck our gun on the mouth, breaking off about a foot and a half of the piece and ending my experience as an artilleryman.

My cousin, Lieutenant David Smith, after the battle told me the following incidents of the close fighting at the trenches:

"One of our men having an empty gun, which he was in the act of reloading as he arrived at the trench, in an emergency found he had no time either to finish reloading or to club his gun, but felled his opponent by a vigorous swipe across the head with his handy ramrod.

"One of our officers ordered a Yankee just across the trench to surrender; whereupon our officer, not being a swordsman, leaped the breastworks, grabbed his man by the collar and proceeded to pummel him *a la Jeffreys*, until he gave in."

My cousin himself wore a sword, which, being rather loose in the scabbard, had frequently given him trouble by falling out when the end was tipped by any accident. To prevent this worry he had tied the handle to one of the thills of the scabbard, thinking that he could easily remove the cord for the next dress parade. On this occasion, however, when he rushed up to the trench, a big Yankee crouched in the grass raised his gun right at his breast. Two or three vigorous jerks failed to extricate the sword. Neither stick nor stone was in sight to furnish a weapon for the emergency; and so with fierce and commanding look the lieutenant drew back his stalwart foot and thundered: "Throw down that gun or will kick you over;" an order which the private promptly obeyed.

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, Feb. 28, 1904.]

COLONEL H. A. CARRINGTON, C. S. ARMY.

A Sketch of His Life and Services.

By Colonel GEO. C. CABELL, late Lieutenant-Colonel 18th Virginia Infantry.

Henry Alexander Carrington, son of Henry and Louisa Cabell Carrington, was born at "Ingleside," Charlotte county, Va., on the 13th day of September, 1832. His ancestors on both sides had been distinguished in the annals of Virginia history. He was educated at the Virginia Military Institute and the University of Virginia, at which last institution he commenced the study of law, intending to make that his profession. His plans, however, were changed by the death of his brother, the lamented William Cabell Carrington. Yielding to the entreaties of his parents, who were deeply distressed by their loss, Colonel Carrington relinquished the practice of law, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits upon his patrimonial estate, "Retirement," a mile from his father's residence. He was married on January 29, 1856, to Charlotte Elizabeth Cullen, daughter of Dr. John Cullen, of Richmond, one of the most brilliant women of her day. He continued farming until the alarms of war fired his patriotism, in the spring of 1861.

Colonel Carrington was opposed to secession, but when the die was cast, when Virginia decided to withdraw from the Union, like a true son, he determined to follow the fortunes of his mother State and was the first to volunteer his services from his native county.

The Charlotte Rifles, a company of the 18th Virginia Infantry, was the first organized body to enlist from Charlotte county. In May, 1861, Colonel Carrington was commissioned by Governor Letcher lieutenant-colonel of the 18th Virginia. On the night before his departure for the fields of battle, in the parlor of "Ingleside," his parental home, a scene which yet lingers in the memories of those who witnessed it, and marked the character of the man and patriot.

Before taking leave of parents and friends, the church rector, an inmate of the house, was requested to appear before the assembled family and friends, and there and then this commissioned colonel,

clad in his regimentals, with his infant child in his arms, dedicated his own life and the life of his child to God and his country. The next day he left for the scene of action, and the army then gathering around Manassas. Being a thorough soldier and accomplished tactician, Colonel Carrington aided most efficiently in drilling and disciplining the 18th Virginia regiment—one of the finest bodies of men that ever marched to battle on any field, or in any country—until July 21, 1861, when the first great battle, there upon the plain of Manassas, where the South “triumphed gloriously,” Colonel Carrington received the first “baptism of fire,” and bore himself as become a Virginia soldier and a Southern patriot.

Afterwards Colonel Carrington served with gallantry in every campaign, and was in most of the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia. He bore a conspicuous part at Williamsburg. At Seven Pines, one of the hottest battles of the war, and where the regiment lost heavily, Colonel Carrington was badly wounded, which disabled him for two months or more. At Gaines’ Mill the gallant R. E. Withers was dreadfully wounded, and ever afterward unfitted for field service, when the command of the regiment devolved upon the major, who led it until just before the battle of Second Manassas, when Colonel Carrington, his wound not yet healed, rejoined his regiment and led it bravely and successfully through that great battle. Here, again, Colonel Carrington was severely wounded, and the command of the regiment devolved upon Major Cabell, who carried it through the Maryland campaign and back into Virginia, where, in the early winter of 1862-’3, Colonel Carrington returned and resumed his command. Colonel Carrington was in command at Fredericksburg, and there, as he had ever done, acted well his part in the great fight in which General Burnside met disastrous defeat.

Colonel Carrington commanded the 18th Virginia Regiment in the celebrated charge of Pickett’s Division at Gettysburg, where he was reported killed; instead, however, he was wounded at the stone wall, on Seminary Ridge, captured and taken as a prisoner to Johnson’s Island, where he endured a wretched captivity, contracting the disease which finally culminated in his death. Two of the 18th Regiment’s color-bearers were shot down in the charge made by Pickett, when the Colonel seized the colors and bore them at the head of his regiment until he fell at the wall. At Gettysburg the 18th Regiment occupied a most prominent position in the charge, and the official report records that the regiment went into the battle

with 325 men, and of this number 265 were killed, wounded and missing.

Colonel Carrington was a number of times by his superior officers recommended for promotion. A recommendation from General Pickett, in possession of his family, is here given:

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS,
CAMP NEAR GUINEA'S, February 11, 1863.

It affords me much gratification to testify to the distinguished services of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry A. Carrington, of the 18th Virginia Volunteers, during our present war of independence.

He has served continuously from its commencement to this time except when absent, disabled by wounds received in battle, and although truly deserving of promotion, as is also the Colonel (Withers) of his gallant regiment, still has not by the accidents of the service nor by the promotion of his colonel, received it. I had the honor to command the brigade to which his regiment belongs a year past, and have had frequent opportunities of knowing his efficiency as an officer and in the control and government of his regiment. His coolness and activity at the battle of Williamsburg was worthy of great praise, and I especially mentioned him in my report. At the battle of Seven Pines he was very painfully wounded while with his regiment under one of the hottest fires and dangerously exposed positions during the war. He joined immediately after his convalescence, and was again wounded quite severely at the battle of Second Manassas. He has stuck to his regiment religiously, although he has suffered much from sickness. He is an officer of much modesty and merit. I think he is very deserving of promotion, and conscientiously recommend him.

G. E. PICKETT,
Major-General Commanding Division.

After a captivity of nearly ten months, Colonel Carrington rejoined his command on the morning of the 19th day of May, 1864, just after the regiment had entered upon Beauregard's celebrated charge upon Butler's Federal forces, and just as the major commanding had fallen, desperately wounded. At once assuming command, Colonel Carrington continued in brilliant style one of the most successful charges made during that bloody campaign, for the battle of Drewry's Bluff was, indeed, one of the most hotly con-

tested battles of the war, and resulted in a glorious victory for the Confederacy.

Soon after the fight at Drewry's Bluff, Colonel Carrington was sent with his regiment to rejoin its own (Hunton's) brigade, then north of James river. It had for several months served with Corse's Brigade in North Carolina and around Petersburg. Under Hunton it had fought at second Cold Harbor and around Richmond, until late in June, when Pickett's Division (to which Hunton's Brigade belonged), was sent to the trenches around Petersburg, and fronting General Grant's army.

For months after, although in feeble health, Colonel Carrington, with his regiment, stuck nobly to his duty, sometimes repelling assaults upon Lee's lines; at all times under fire and exposed to deadly peril.

In August, 1864, Colonel Withers, in consequence of the wounds received at Gaines' Mill two years before, was retired, and Colonel Carrington was promoted full colonel of the 18th Virginia regiment, General Hunton saying in his order enclosing the promotion to Colonel Carrington, that "it was as well deserved as it had been long delayed." While fronting the enemy about Petersburg, and notwithstanding the difficulties and perils to which it was subjected, the 18th Virginia, under the efficient management of Colonel Carrington, was largely recruited, and became again one of the finest in the service.

In the early spring of 1865, Grant's ever-increasing army broke the lines of Lee's ever-decreasing army, and then commenced that disastrous retreat which presaged the downfall of the Confederacy. At Five Forks, at Dinwiddie, at Farmville, at Sailor's Creek and to the end at fateful Appomattox, where the star of the Confederacy went down in darkness and blood, Colonel Carrington with his 18th Regiment proudly sustained the splendid reputation, which for four years they had won through trial, privation and bloody carnage.

Colonel Carrington fought in twenty-nine pitched battles and in numberless lesser fights, and was never absent from his post of duty except when disabled by wounds or a prisoner of war. He was greatly beloved by his associates in arms, especially by the men under his command.

After the surrender, Colonel Carrington returned to his once beautiful, but now desolated, home and to those who were left of those so dear to him. Many fearful changes had taken place in and around his native place. Broken in fortune, but not in spirit, he

commenced again the successful practice of law at Charlotte Courthouse, Va., greatly aiding his people by his wise and conservative course and advice as they struggled through the horrors of the so-called "days of reconstruction."

In 1870 Colonel Carrington was made clerk of the courts of Charlotte county and so remained an invaluable official to the day of his death. The disease contracted while a prisoner at Johnson's Island made such inroads upon his health that he became an invalid for four years before he succumbed. During this period he would often discourse upon the war and the events which came under his observation. His descriptions of campaigns and battles were particularly interesting. His great conception of military affairs and his engagement in so many campaigns and battles gave him a rich experience, and these, reinforced by remarkable descriptive powers and fine command of language, made him a most charming authority upon all such subjects.

Colonel Carrington was very handsome and commanding in appearance, and his conduct and bearing impressed all who came in contact with him that he was "every inch the soldier." He exercised a superb control over his men, who were greatly devoted to him, not so much through stern military discipline as through the confidence and love inspired by just actions and brave deeds.

He died on the 22d day of January, 1885. His body rests in Richmond, near the honored dead of his family—his spirit survives in the vale of Valhalla, the home of redeemed heroes. At Charlotte Courthouse a camp of Confederate veterans was formed some years ago, and called "H. A. Carrington Camp, C. V.," in honor of Colonel Carrington, and a monument erected there since will aid to keep in grateful remembrance the life, service and character of a noble patriot, who was in every relation of life true to his family, his country and his God.

STEEL BREAST PLATES

As Defensive Armors Worn by Federal Soldiers in the War Between the States, 1861-5.

It is in evidence that breast plates of steel were extensively worn by Federal soldiers in the War of 1861-5 as defensive armor.

In the memorable retreat before Jackson by Banks from Winchester, in May, 1862, which gained for him in supplies abandoned by him and sorely needed by the Confederates, the cheerful tribute of "Jackson's Commissary," the editor, then of the "foot cavalry," saw in the deserted camp of the enemy, on both sides of the road leading from Winchester, a number of examples of the "vest armor" of thin plates of steel covered with blue cloth in vest fashion, which had been thrown away in flight by the Federal soldiers.

They were of the style of those secondly described in the following article, which appeared in the *Times-Dispatch* of July 31st, 1904.

Two instances of the use of such armor are given by John W. Munson in his "Recollections of a Mosby Guerrilla," *Munsey's Magazine*, February, 1905, p. 784. One "taken from the saddle of Major J. S. Reed, the Federal officer who fell in the engagement with Mosby's men at Dranesville, February 22, 1864."

"Lieutenant Ben. Palmer says that he had them at his home [in Richmond] and that he and others often amused themselves by shooting at Reed's breast plates." The other instance: "On the same day [February 22, 1864] Fred Hipkins, of our command, captured one of Reed's men who had on breast plates."

Many surviving Confederates will tell of having seen these breast plates during the War of 1861-5.

The editor has since that period seen several of such preserved by the curious.

One example may at this day be inspected in our State Library here:

"I have seen it stated in a recent newspaper article that the finding of a steel breast plate below Richmond where the Federal soldiers were buried, was proof that they did wear armor, although this point had been disputed. I was surprised to find that this had ever

been disputed. I myself have seen two styles of armor worn by them at the first battle of Manassas. I saw a vest made of strips of steel about an inch wide, connected together, but very flexible. This vest was taken from the body of a dead Federal soldier. At the first day's fight at Gettysburg I was courier for the inspector of Early's Division, Ewell's Corps, my business being to attend to the wounded and prisoners, I found a dead Federal soldier who had on a vest shaped armor, made of very thin steel. This was in two solid pieces, one for the back, and the other for the front, but the soldier was killed by a shell which tore his left arm out of the shoulder socket. This man was no coward, as the following pathetic account will show. By his side lay his furlough, dated the day before the fight, stating that it was to enable him to go home to get married. With it was a letter from his expectant bride, filled with glad anticipations of their approaching marriage, but he chose to remain and fight, and lost his life thereby. He was a very handsome, blonde young man, above medium size, and was from New York.

"I write this as it may possibly meet the eye of some one who knew him in life."

J. CABELL EARLY.

Bon Ton, Bedford county, Va., July 25, 1904.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, Nov. 6, 18, 1904.]

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK, OCT. 19, 1864.

**An Event That Has Not Been Told About as Importance
Demands.**

BY CAPTAIN J. S. McNEILY, PARTICIPANT—HIS VIEWS.

Tactics Employed by General Early and the Results That Followed.

With Prefatory Note by U. S. Senator, J. W. Daniel.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch :

SIR.—I enclose for "the Confederate Column" an article on "The Battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864," by Captain J. S. McNeily, of Vicksburg, Miss. This gentleman, who now edits the Vicksburg *Herald*, was a participant in that battle, and is much respected by those who know him. He is the son-in-law of Colonel Edmund Berkeley, formerly of the famous 8th Virginia Infantry, succeeding General Eppa Hunton in that honorable command. He has been a student of our battles and battlefields, and is full of a sense of justice, as well as of information and ability. I was not at Cedar Creek because disabled in a previous battle, but I have long believed from my knowledge of the pugnacity and energy of General Early, and of the great disparity of his forces to those of his opponent, that his critics were not appreciative of the companies that environed him—circumstances which ere long swept away all military resistance in Virginia. This review by Captain McNeily is conceived in the spirit of a true soldier who knows those facts and who shared in the event which he so ably analyzes. I will make no further comment at this time, save to say that the high character, intelligence and the experience of the author of the article gives it great weight.

Very respectfully,

JNO. W. DANIEL.

No other engagement of equal magnitude and consequence during the war has been so scantily and misleadingly treated as Cedar

Creek, fought October 19, 1864. Federal chroniclers have slurred details out of which protruded this central fact: That their army of 30,000 men was forced from a strongly fortified position, leaving their camps and supplies and half their artillery in the hands of an attacking force of no more than half as many Confederates. There was little credit in turning and beating back such an enemy after being driven from successive positions and pursued for some miles. On the other hand, Confederate writers have dismissed Cedar Creek as a victory thrown away in a disgraceful panic. While the battle was all of this, it was more. Held inextricably in Grant's powerful coils in front of the Confederate capital, and realizing that unless he could break the state of siege final defeat was only a question of time, General Lee sent Early with every man he could spare to effect a diversion on Washington, up the Valley. It was an unpromising venture at best, as out of his abundance Grant easily spared an ample force to overwhelm Early. Such as it was the chance was made absolutely desperate after the defeat at Winchester and Fisher's Hill. But circumstanced as he was General Lee could not forego the bare possibility of extrication from a fatal position. Thus he wrote to Early September 27th: "I very much regret the reverses that have occurred, but trust they can be remedied. The return of Kershaw will add greatly to your strength. * * * One victory will put all things right. You must do all in your power. Manoeuvre to keep the enemy in check until you can strike with all your strength. * * * The enemy must be defeated and I rely upon you to do it. * * * We are obliged to fight against great odds."

An earnest, brave, single-minded man, sent to an offensive campaign under such circumstances, and against such odds, should in his ensuing and almost inevitable adversities, have commanded the respect and sincere sympathy of all brave soldiers. Another vital incentive to take big risks was, that it was just before the presidential election, and the most was to be expected from a victory that would be a menace to Washington. Such were the compelling influences that caused Early to assail Sheridan at Cedar Creek. He literally staked his all on the cost of a die. He failed and paid the penalty—from that day until his death he carried the load of defeat, charged up by the unthinking and the personally hostile to his incapacity. And many years after his death one of his subordinates has sought to destroy his reputation and merit in history. I allude, of course, to the *Reminiscences of the War*, by General Gor-

don. This book has been commended through the *Confederate Veteran* as "the most important record for the student of correct history of the battle of Cedar Creek." Stated concisely, the argument of this "record" is that Early lost this battle, and by not following Gordon's advice. I would be untrue to convictions derived from witnessing that calamitous field, confirmed by reading all that the record contains of it, if I did not challenge the statement that General Gordon's *Reminiscences* is "correct history" of Cedar Creek. I can but wish that the task had been taken up by some one better qualified by station and ability to give weight to the truth of which I testify; concerning a battle that General Gordon states "no other save Gettysburg has provoked such conflicting and varied comment."

Any account of Cedar Creek calls for a statement of numbers of the two forces. Here there is no little conflict. Figures have probably been handled in partizan spirit by both sides. But the record affords all the data requisite for approximate accuracy, which is my aim. The statement of the Union strength has been carefully, and presumably faithfully, compiled in Livermore's *Civil War Numbers and Losses*, and it is here quoted:

Sixth and 19th Corps "effectives,"	.	.	20,400
Eighth Corps,	.	.	4,589
Kitching's Division,	.	.	1,200
Total infantry and artillery,	.	.	26,189
Deduct regulars detached,	.	.	3,080
Deduct losses October 13th,	.	.	209
			3,289
Actual infantry and artillery	.	.	22,900
Effective cavalry,	.	.	7,929
Total all,	.	.	30,829

For palpable error Livermore's Confederate table is rejected, and the following is taken from the record:

Early's effective infantry and artillery, September 30th return, 6,291. From this Gordon's Division is omitted. Its September 10th return was 2,961. Deduct Winchester and Fisher's Hill

losses, 505, leaving for Gordon's Division at Cedar Creek, 2,405. For Kershaw's Division there is no September report. Returns August 30th, 3,445. Losses: Humphrey's Brigade, at Berryville, September 3d, 148; Bryan, 30; Connor, October 13th, at Cedar Creek Crossing, 182. These deducted leave for Kershaw 3,085. Early's total infantry and artillery at Cedar Creek, 12,780. Early's cavalry, two divisions under Lomax and Rosser, is not enumerated in the record. *Battles and Leaders* gives it at 2,900; or a total of 15,680. But such was the condition of our cavalry that it was almost a negligible quantity, and Lomax, with the largest division, never got under fire.

Judgment is claimed against General Early on the ground that he should have made his advance continuous, after the morning victory. The claim is founded upon the contention that this was feasible and was caused to halt by General Early. I maintain that such assumption is not warranted by facts. After planning and ordering the assault General Early committed it to the division commanders. It was especially entrusted to Generals Gordon and Kershaw, who led their commands upon separate points, for simultaneous assault, and acted, for the time, independently of each other and General Early; who, after seeing Kershaw's assault launched, posted himself with Wharton's division and the artillery at the pike crossing, until it should be uncovered by Kershaw. Conducted by his division commanders the attack on the Federal left, Crook's Eighth corps, was brilliantly successful. It was so continued until the advance halted itself, for cause, to-wit: It spent its force, and encountered a vastly superior array of the enemy in a strong defensive position. Still, at this juncture, General Early, by his report did order a further advance, by Gordon and Kershaw; which being considered impracticable by them was not made. Then, he states, he did not deem it prudent to press further, and, therefore, determined to be content with trying to hold the advantages gained. Receipt of such order has been denied. But admitting this, what does it matter? If continuous advance was not impracticable, why did it halt? Why did not these division commanders make it continuous, while it was in their hands? No actual order to halt them has been specified. It cannot be contended that any order to advance continuously was necessary. Continuous advance as long as practicable was covered in the original order of attack.

It is true that General Gordon's "War Reminiscences" says "orders from headquarters put an end in the early morning to con-

centration and energy of pursuit." There is not only no mention of such early morning orders in the reports, but General Gordon's memory is in conflict with all the record of the facts. The reports from Kershaw's and Ramseur's Divisions narrate how every man was "concentrated" on the front, and all possible energy of pursuit was had until the halt toward noon. Pegram and Wofford were likewise engaged. From personal experience of a never-to-be-forgotten kind, I can say that no such orders reached Humphreys' Brigade skirmish line, which, closely supported by the battle line, pushed ahead as well as it could, and constantly under fire from "early morn" to high noon.

It is on such crude yet positive statements that General Gordon seeks to establish that it was "only the marvelous intervention of the Confederate commander saved the doomed 6th Corps, nothing else could have, had the arrangement for its destruction been carried out. It was at that hour largely outnumbered." In this battle the 6th Corps numbered quite 11,000 men. On the next page to the above quotations, Gordon's "War Reminiscences" states "Early's army was scarcely 12,000 strong." Certainly there was no disparity between these numbers ensuring the "destruction" of the less. To further understand why the imperturbable and long headed Early was not carried away by his enthusiastic subordinate's talk of "concentrating and destroying the 6th Corps," he knew Sheridan's mounted force of 7,000 men was to be reckoned with. He had not forgotten how his army had fled before this same powerful contingent at Winchester and Fisher's Hill. And that it was then menacing his right with a like overthrow. What General Early said to his chief of engineers, Captain Jed Hotchkiss, as he was setting out for Richmond, is used by General Gordon to sustain his attack upon his commander. This was that the captain "was not to tell General Lee we should have advanced in the morning at Middletown, for we should have done so." While construed as a confession of personal culpability, read in connection with Early's official report, it means complaint against others—perhaps against General Gordon, for moving his division to the left, when he expected it to hold by the right.

General Early's report says "punctually at 5 A. M. Kershaw reached the enemy's left work and attacked. * * * Very shortly after, Gordon attacked the rear." As this order of events has been questioned, to the effect that Gordon attacked first, I will say that my memory is distinct, that the daybreak stillness was un-

broken until the firing of Bryan's Georgia brigade of Kershaw's division. Having formed on the creek bank under cover of darkness, at the first sign of dawn it dashed across, overran the Federal picketts, and rushed Crook's surprised men out of their works. Bryan's brigade was commanded by Colonel James P. Simms, and it here performed one of the most daring acts of the war. It was supported by the other brigades of the division. The Federal division at this point was commanded by Colonel Thoburn, who was killed. The report of his successor reads: "The division having been aroused by the firing on the pickett line * * * was quickly formed behind the works. * * * The action here was sharp and brief. * * * But so heavy and impetuous was the enemy's advance that the retreat of the first and third brigades was soon converted into a confused rout. * * * I at once hastened towards the headquarters of Colonel Thoburn, commanding division to suggest that he get a line formed by the forces to our rear.

* * * But before the proposed arrangement could be effected, the forces on their left were being assailed." Crook's line, with the right resting on the Shenandoah across which Gordon came and attacked his extreme left, or rear, as stated in the quoted report, after the works on the creek, where Kershaw struck, were forced.

By the sheer audacity of his brilliantly conceived and skillfully planned attack, the Confederate commander (General Early) surprised and stampeded the 8th Federal Corps, and placed himself on the flank and rear of Sheridan's position. This compelled the quick abandonment by the enemy of their camps and much artillery. It has been quite commonly assumed by Confederate writers that the rout embraced the 19th Corps, Sheridan's centre. Some even include the 6th Corps. This view is given color by Sheridan's report, which it well suits General Gordon's argument to quote. It is enough to say that it has been bitterly assailed by some of his subordinates, for exaggerating the desperation of the situation when he came on the field, that he might receive the more personal credit for saving the day. His picture of the rout and confusion is shown to be highly discolored by all the other Federal reports. Says General Emory, commander of the 19th Corps:

"At early dawn my whole command was under arms, * * * when I heard firing to the left. Guided by the firing I ordered the 2d Brigade to cross the pike to support General Crook. * * * It soon became fiercely engaged. * * * It was impossible to

make a permanent stand in consequence of the steady flanking by the enemy's right. I therefore ordered my command to establish a new line of resistance. About 1 o'clock I received information that the enemy were advancing on me in force. Within an hour they charged my line * * but were promptly driven back, this being, as I believe, the first permanent repulse they received during the day. General McMillan, commanding the 1st Division of this corps, says of the attack on it in the morning: 'The 2d Brigade was soon driven by overwhelming force, but not until completely flanked and nearly a third were killed, wounded or captured. The 1st Brigade held their position as long as it was necessary, when they fell back in good order, * * fighting all the way to a line in continuation of the line of the 6th Corps. * * While I was constantly driven back, I do not believe my command was at any time whipped, in its own opinion, or unwilling to turn and attack the enemy.' General Birge, commanding the other division of the 19th Corps, after the wounding of General Grover, says of the morning attack: 'Pressed by an overwhelming force, and having already lost very heavily, our line was forced back, retiring in good order. * * From the positions taken by the brigades as described above, they gradually retired, making stands at three different points until an advance was ordered. Every brigade kept its organization during the day, and with few exceptions the behavior of officers and men was all that could be asked for.' "

THE SIXTH CORPS REMOTE FROM THE EARLY MORNING ATTACK.

The Sixth corps, the largest, formed Sheridan's right, and was remote from the force on which Early's daylight blow so crushingly fell. General Wright, until Sheridan came, the commander-in-chief, says in his report: "The proceedings to this point were bad enough for us, as it gave the enemy, almost without a struggle, the centre left of our line with considerable artillery, not a gun of which had fired a shot. But the reserve of this line * * * was in no way involved in the disaster of the first line, which was, after all, but a small part of our whole force, being only one weak division, and its loss was in no wise to be taken as deciding the fate of the day." General Getty, commanding the Second division of the Sixth corps, thus tells how it was moved on the line of resistance:

"Obliquing to the right to gain the pike, the division retired in perfect order, marching slowly and making several halts to a position about a mile north of Middletown." Says Geifer, commanding

Third Division, Sixth corps: "My line was at no time driven from any position, but was withdrawn from one position to another under orders." There is no report from the other division of the corps, but the brigade reports show the same general facts as the other two.

These reports, it will be perceived, wholly disprove certain critical views of the condition of the Union forces, the extent of the disorder and dismay that prevailed after the rout of Crook's corps, and with this disproof of the continuous advance theory, on which has been founded the impeachment of the brave and capable though unlucky and unpopular General Early, sustains a puncture. The exaggerated idea which the record dispels was not altogether unnatural the morning of the battle. The din and dust raised by the wild flight down the pike by Crook's command, swelled by the camp followers and transportation of the Nineteenth corps, the sight of the abandoned camps and much artillery, by all of the infantry, did look like the whole of Sheridan's army was in it.

General Early was misled into stating in his report that Kershaw and Gordon swept everything before them, routing the Eighth and Nineteenth corps. Part only of the Nineteenth was routed. Extrication from a very awkward position compelled the rapid rearward shifting of the Sixth and Nineteenth corps to get round Early's centre and in front of his right. This movement, performed under constant pressure of attack, enforcing a quick abandonment of successive lines of battle formed to beat off our advance, presented an appearance of rout, which it was not.

HOW APPEARANCES DECEIVED GENERAL GORDON.

The appearance was especially calculated to deceive General Gordon. Having transferred his command from the right to the extreme left of our advance, the sequential retrogressions, while bringing on contact and collision with Kershaw and Ramseur, were quite away from Gordon. He thus failed to perceive the extent of his resistance to our advance, in front of the center and right. To make this clear, the report of Ramseur's Division, by General Grimes, is here quoted from: "Grimes' Brigade, ordered forward, charged most gallantly, but being greatly overlapped on both flanks, was forced to fall back. Smith's Brigade of Wharton's Division charged the same wooded hill, but was likewise repulsed." Wofford, of Kershaw, was then sent to help make the "advance continuous" on our right. But, after it came up, this report reads,

"it was not thought advisable to move it against this strong position. * * * The infantry remained quiet until by a concentrated fire of the artillery the 6th Corps was dislodged. * * The division was reformed and rested upwards of an hour. * * * The enemy had again made a stand about three-quarters of a mile in advance. * * * Here again we halted perhaps for an hour." These affairs and halts, unordered by Early, tell why our "advance" was not "continuous." The experience of the brigade of Kershaw—Humphrey's—connecting with Ramseur, is remembered by the writer as similar to this. After the rout of Crook on the east of the pike, about 7 A. M., Kershaw led his division across it to assail the 19th Corps. This brought on a serious fight, in which the Mississippi brigade was repulsed. The other brigades of the division, except Wofford, coming in on our left, the enemy was forced to withdraw. We followed up with halting and fighting, much as told in General Grimes' report of Ramseur's division, which he commanded after that officer fell.

WHAT THE CASUALTY LISTS INDICATE.

The casualty lists of the Confederates are very imperfect, but enough is given, with the Federal losses, to dispel the idea that our advance was unresisted. Of Early's corps proper the losses are given for only one brigade—Grimes' (North Carolina) of Ramseur's division. It lost 119 men killed and wounded. Three brigades of Kershaw's division sustained losses as follows: Connor's (South Carolina), killed and wounded, 185, missing, 205; Simms' (Georgia), "about 200 killed and wounded." This probably includes the "missing." Humphrey's, 117 killed and wounded, 67 missing; most of the missing were killed or wounded. The brigades were all small. Connor had about 1,250 officers and men in line; Simms about 600, and Humphreys about 500. It will be readily seen that their casualties, while not extraordinarily heavy for Confederate troops, do not sustain the character of the advance as pictured in Gordon's war reminiscences. They were mostly sustained before the evening fight and rout. The casualties of the Union troops tell with even greater emphasis that they were in a fight as well as a foot race. The Sixth corps lost 2,126; the Nineteenth, 2,368; the Eighth, 960; cavalry, 196—total, 5,665; of which over 4,000 were killed and wounded. The Nineteenth corps losses were practically all sustained in the morning, when assailed by Kershaw.

THE GAP IN THE CONFEDERATE LINE.

Such losses go far to sustain the conviction that considering the disparity of numbers, barring the evening rout for which he was not responsible, Early got all out of the battle that was possible. Of the Confederate break up in the afternoon, Gordon's "*War Reminiscences*" reads: "There was a large gap between my right and the main Confederate line. One after another of my staff was directed to ride with all speed to General Early and apprise him of the hazardous situation. Receiving no satisfactory answer, I myself finally rode to headquarters to urge that he re-enforce the left and fill the gap . . . or else that he concentrate his entire force for desperate defense or immediate withdrawal. He instructed me to stretch out the already weak line and take a battery to the left. I rode back at a furious gallop to execute these most unpromising measures. It was too late. The last chance had passed of saving the army from its doom. I reached my command only in time to find the initial columns of Sheridan rushing through the gap." As our whole force was on the front, and every inch of the line menaced, where could Early have drawn re-enforcements from? The center had already been attenuated by detaching Wofford's brigade to the right. And how could "concentration or withdrawal" have been effected in the open country, in the presence of such a cavalry? There was nothing to be done but to fight where we stood. At the very time General Gordon rode to Early to ask help for the left, our right and center were fighting for life. The break up of the line reached Kershaw and Ramseur shortly after they had inflicted a decided and bloody repulse on the enemy's attack—an attack that may not have succeeded had it been met with equal resolute spirit on the left. Where the Mississippi brigade stood, the fighting was at close quarters, and on the field in our front the dead and wounded lay thick. Connor's South Carolina brigade was on our left, and the report of its commander, Major James M. Goggin, reads:

"Soon after this the enemy made an attack on Humphrey's which was met by such a heavy fire, so coolly delivered by that brigade and the right of my own, that the enemy were checked and driven back. A repetition of the attack met with a like result, and the firing ceased along the whole line."

THE FEDERAL CAVALRY AND THE PANIC IN GORDON'S DIVISION.

The fact is Sheridan's attempt to win back the day was beaten by this repulse in the centre; by Kershaw and Ramseur. It was only revived by the panic that originated on our (Gordon's) left. How that occurred is thus told in General Custer's report:

"About 11 A. M. I was directed to transfer my command again to the right flank and take charge of affairs. . . . There being no connection between the left of the enemy and Rosser's cavalry, I succeeded in moving a portion of my command to a position almost in rear of the enemy. . . . I caused my battery to open and at the same time charged with three regiments. The effect was surprising. . . . It was apparent that the wavering in the enemy's ranks betokened a retreat, and that retreat might be converted into a rout. . . . Seeing so large a cavalry force bearing rapidly down upon an unprotected flank, and their line of retreat in danger of being intercepted, the line of the enemy, already broken, now gave way in the utmost confusion."

While the demoralized rout that ensued has commonly been stigmatized as disgraceful, after the left was put to flight nothing but a rapid movement behind Cedar creek, or to the river, saved the whole army from the possibility of capture. And matters would have been much worse but for the splendid service of the artillery, commanded by Colonel Thomas H. Carter, which held the pursuing cavalry in check. The retreat was communicated to Humphrey's Brigade in a very difficult situation. For strength of position it had been projected somewhat beyond the general line, behind a projecting stone fence. And on the first motion of withdrawal the force we had beaten came on us and Ramseur's left with a rush. As soon as we got on fighting ground the men were rallied. Here the resistance was spirited. But the misfortune of the fatal day culminated in the death of our brigade-commander, Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Sims, of the 21st Mississippi. A man of daring spirit and coolest courage, possessed of a personal dominance that swayed all around him; after his fall the brigade was resolved into the general rout.

THE GREAT CAVALRY FORCE OF SHERIDAN THE OBSTACLE TO OUR
CONTINUOUS ADVANCE.

The fatal obstacle to the "continuous advance" theory was Sheridan's mounted force. In the face of the experience of its prowess

at Winchester a month before, it is treated by Early's Cedar Creek censors as a negligible quantity. It really decided the day that begun in triumph and ended in gloom. It embraced about 7,000 men, equipped with horses and arms of the best. In numbers our cavalry was no more than a half, and was made inefficient and timid by poor mounts and frequent defeat fighting against vast odds. In his report of a previous engagement Major-General Lomax says:

"I lost four pieces of artillery on account of the miserable condition of the horses. . . . I will state that this division has been wanting in organization, in discipline, in arms. It is composed of good material."

In his report of this affair General Early said: "The enemy's cavalry is so superior to ours in numbers and equipment that it is impossible for ours to compete with his; . . . besides, the command is demoralized. It would be better if they could be put into infantry. But if that were tried I am afraid they would all run off."

To show the strength and importance of the Union cavalry on this field, I will quote from *Annals of the War*, an account by Major Nettleton, of the Second Ohio cavalry:

"The divisions of Merritt and Custer, aggregating nearly 8,000 of the finest mounted troops in the world, were on the right of the infantry. . . . It was no longer a matter of indifference where cavalry was placed. For the first time during the war the Federal cavalry was really raised to the dignity of a third arm of the service and given its full share in the hard fighting. With their Spencer repeating carbines, their experience in transferring themselves into foot soldiers, Sheridan's mounted force was at once the eye and the right arm of his fighting column. . . . 'Custer, advance to the centre,' was the laconic command from General Wright. And as the sun was rising four thousand troopers, with accompanying batteries, marched into the fight."

Both Custer and Merritt were marched from Sheridan's right and interposed across the advance of Early's right. Says General Merritt's report:

"About 10 o'clock the First division was moved to the left and disposed so as to cover the Valley pike and the country to the left."

Custer's report reads:

"An order received to move all my command except three regiments to the extreme left."

LOMAX'S CAVALRY DIVISION ABOUT; AND CUSTER'S AND MERRITT'S DIVISIONS PRESENT ADVANCE.

Such a force drawn across its front seems a perfect answer in itself to the question "should Early's advance have been continuous?" It is brushed aside in his book of *War Reminiscences*, by General Gordon, in the following:

"The brave and steady 6th Corps could not possibly have escaped had the proposed concentration and assault upon it been permitted. . . . In thirty minutes the yelling Confederate infantry would have been rushing relentlessly on its flanks, front and rear. We halted, we hesitated, we dallied, we waited, for what? It is claimed by the confederate commander that we were threatened with cavalry on our right, whereas General Lomax was on that flank."

This passage is transparently extravagant. Under any circumstances foot soldiers can, in an open country, withdraw and "escape" from foot soldiers. As to Lomax's cavalry, it was miles away, on the Front Royal-Winchester pike, and engaged with another Federal cavalry division. It was designed for him to effect connection with the right, but he never got up. In his report he states he "was unable to communicate with General Early through the day. I endeavored to strike the pike at Middletown, but found it occupied by the enemy." This was after our rout had set in. The only cavalry "on that flank" was Payne's Brigade, 300 strong.

Of the movement and the use of the Union cavalry Gordon's *War Reminiscences* says:

"The Union cavalry was sent back to Sheridan's left, when it was discovered there was no danger of serious assault by Early."

The two cavalry divisions were shifted from one of the Union flanks to the other to check Early's right, on which his whole advance pivoted. Everything depended on our right—so long as it advanced, Sheridan's base was menaced and his retreat forced. To show this was so, I quote Custer's report more fully:

"An order was received to move to the extreme left and arrest the enemy at that point, where he had turned our flank and was driving our line before him with every prospect of obtaining possession of the pike to Winchester. . . . But for the cavalry the enemy would have penetrated to the rear of the army."

I will now quote from the report of General Merritt, who commanded Sheridan's other cavalry division, and who secured position in front of Early's right at 10 A. M.:

"Orders were sent to every brigade to press the enemy warmly. Never did men fight better. The line advanced nearly to Middletown. This advance was intended more as an offensive defense. The enemy withdrew from the open country. Sheltered by the woods and houses in our front, Kershaw (Wofford's Brigade) and Pegram continued a sharp skirmish, varied by attacks on both sides."

Here we read a complete explanation of why Early's advance halted. The centre, which had its own troubles besides, could not go forward with the right—checked by Sheridan's 7,000 mounted men—halted. And it was when it had been halted, and a division of the 6th Corps had joined the cavalry, that Custer's division—not the whole cavalry force, as stated by General Gordon—was "sent back to Sheridan's right."

THE MISTAKE OF GENERAL GORDON IN MOVING HIS DIVISION TO
THE LEFT OF THE LINE.

I will record here an opinion: That had General Gordon not shifted his division from our pivotal right, the point of effecting "concentration," where was most needed the momentum of his splendid "firing line" presence, it might never have fallen to his lot to deplore the morning halt in Early's advance; and certainly no evening rout. His attack on his commander must not be permitted to divert attention from General Gordon's morning mistake, and its influence upon his evening mishap. "I am confident the services of the cavalry on the left flank cannot be overestimated." It was this check, duly given, that enabled Sheridan to form his ranks for the evening assault and victory.

"THERE IS THE MAN ENTITLED TO YOUR CHEERS."

The attempted conviction of General Early for the Cedar Creek disaster, which is so unfairly and strenuously argued in Gordon's *War Reminiscences*, is a renewal of attacks that appeared in Richmond papers of the period. Gordon was taxed by Early with instigating them, and they quareled. The controversy was camp talk, intensified, as it was, by an order read to the regiments in which General Early bitterly reproached them for the loss of the

victory by misconduct. In his report it is charged that "so many of our men had stopped in the camp to plunder, in which I am sorry to say that officers participated." In the order referred to, which may be found in the old Richmond files of newspapers, he was much more severe. In it he said, as recalled in substance by memory, that "the general officer who details a guard over a captured sutler's wagon is as guilty as the private who plunders a knapsack." This reference applied to a certain case reported by the officer of the quartermaster's department who was ordered to bring off the captured wagons, supplies, etc., which was well calculated to anger General Early. But I am sure that he was mistaken as to the plundering. This did not go to the extent of materially weakening the battle line. As to Kershaw's division, I speak from knowledge. Moving to the attack on the Nineteenth corps after the rout of Crook, its line of battle swept through the deserted camps, abounding in all that our soldiers lacked, without a man leaving ranks. General Early spoke in heat, and much allowance is due him. His brilliant victory had been thrown away, and his reputation ruined by the panic of the evening.

Covered as he was with the cloud of defeat, a popular hue and cry was raised against General Early which resulted in his loss of popular confidence. But among the officers and soldiers of Cedar Creek there was a strong feeling that fate had dealt most unjustly with him. This was my belief then, and it has been changed to positive conviction by reading the reports of the record. It was, certainly, the common opinion among the officers and men of Kershaw's division, which had its full share of the fighting. The 21st Mississippi, to which I belonged, suffered more heavily than any. Of one hundred, rank and file, seventeen were buried on the field, thirty-four wounded and nineteen missing. Few, if any, of our command considered Early culpably responsible for the defeat. After the close of the fighting in the morning, he rode across our brigade front with Kershaw, our gallant and trusted division commander. In the cheering with which they were greeted, Kershaw's name was called. Drawing rein and turning to the line, he pointed to Early and said: "There is the man entitled to your cheers." For fair and dispassionate judgment of Cedar Creek, testimony from Kershaw's division possesses peculiar value. It did not belong to the 2d Corps, but was sent from Richmond as a reinforcement in the Valley operations. After a month's stay, it was ordered back. But, overtaken at Culpeper by news of the Winchester defeat, it

was returned again to the Valley. On rejoining Early, Kershaw's men were impressed by the loss of confidence in him among his troops. This seemed as severe and unreasoning as the demoralization incident to it was surprising and unprecedented in the Army of Northern Virginia. But it did not infect Kershaw's division.

GENERAL LEE'S HIGH ESTIMATE OF GENERAL EARLY.

That General Early's unpopularity and loss of confidence was due to repellant manner and the foment of personal ill-will, more than military mistakes or lack of capacity, there can be no doubt. In the month between his Winchester and Cedar Creek defeats opposition to him took shape in an effort for his displacement from command of the Valley forces. This was urged upon General Lee through Governor Smith, who had commanded a brigade in Early's division. The correspondence between them appears at page 893, *et seq.*, Part II, Vol. XLIII, *Rebellion Records*. The Governor bases his request for Early's removal from command of the Valley army on "a letter from an officer who has my entire confidence." The following is quoted from the letter:

"General Early's appearance along the line of march excites no pleasure, much less enthusiasm and cheers. No salute is given. He is not greeted at all by private or officer, but is allowed to pass, neither receiving or taking notice. The army once believed him a safe commander and felt they could trust to his caution, but unfortunately this has proved a delusion and they cannot, do not, and will not, give him their confidence. He was surprised at Winchester. He did not expect a general engagement that day. This destroyed the confidence in him, and Fisher's Hill was the terrible sequence."

General Lee replied, asking the name of the officer quoted—that justice to General Early required that he should be informed of the accusations against him, and the name of his accuser. This, in a second letter, Governor Smith stated he did not feel at liberty to furnish. But he resumed the request for a change of commanders and rehearsed the charges on which the request was based at much length. In General Lee's response he defended General Early with vigor. Of his conduct at Winchester he said: "General Breckenridge, who was present on that occasion, informed me that, in his opinion, the dispositions made by General Early to resist the enemy were judicious and successful until rendered abortive by a misfortune which he could not prevent, and which might have befallen any other commander. He also spoke in high terms of General

Early's capacity and energy as displayed in the campaign while General Breckenridge was with him." As General Breckenridge had been urged by Governor Smith as Early's successor, this excerpt very naturally ended the correspondence. And there is every reason to believe that General Lee went to his grave with his estimate of General Early unchanged. The following is taken from President Davis's endorsement on the correspondence between Governor Smith and General Lee:

"With less opportunity to learn all the facts than General Lee possessed, I had reached the conclusion which he expresses. With the knowledge acquired after events, it is usually easy to point out modes which would have been better than those adopted. . . . A gallant officer who was with General Early in all his movements until the battle of Winchester, in which he was wounded, has given me a very favorable account of his conduct as a commander, and certainly differs very decidedly from the correspondent of the Governor as to the estimate in which General Early is held by the troops of his command."

Any calm review of Cedar Creek, of the attack from a force of Confederate infantry upon a strongly fortified position held by near twice their number, supported by a cavalry more than double our cavalry, will rather condemn General Early for not having halted his advance sooner, than for failure in effort to make it continuous.

J. S. M'NEILLY.

Vicksburg, Miss., October, 1904.

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, January 8, 1905.]

**THE FREDERICKSBURG ARTILLERY, CAPTAIN
EDWARD S. MARYE,**

In the Three Days' Battle at Fredericksburg, July, 1863.

**FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES FLAG
WITH WHITE FIELD.**

Deaths of Lieutenants Morris and Eustace.

By C. R. FLEET (now of Lynchburg, Va.)

Edited by U. S. Senator J. W. Daniel.

On the morning of July 1, 1863, the Fredericksburg Artillery, Captain Edward S. Marye commanding (better known as Braxton's Battery, from its first captain), marched with the advance brigades of Heth's division (Archer's and Davis's brigades) from Cashtown, taking the turnpike toward Gettysburg. About 9 o'clock we struck a small body of cavalry. The two brigades formed line of battle, and two of our guns were unlimbered in front of a brick building which looked like an old Virginia county courthouse tavern. We opened fire on the squad of cavalry, scattering them immediately. This was the first artillery fire in the battle of Gettysburg.

In a few minutes we limbered up and proceeded on our march for a mile or thereabouts and took position in the edge of a beautiful oak grove on the left of the pike. Here we were soon hotly engaged with the enemy's batteries, one of which we learned afterwards was Grimes' Battery of regulars. Their firing was steady and well aimed, though none of our battery was struck in this position. Lieutenant Morris, battalion ordnance officer, a gallant young gentleman, was mortally wounded here, while riding in rear of our guns across the line of fire.

After being in this position for perhaps a half or one hour, we moved down into a plain, where we were joined by the other batteries of the battalion (Pegram's). While in this position we fired into a group of officers, some of whom fell and one of whom was carried off on a litter. We supposed afterwards that this was General Reynolds, a gallant Federal officer, who did receive his death

wound from an artillery shell. Running diagonally across our front was a railroad cut, in which were a number of infantry, perhaps as many as a regiment, which were annoying us with their minie balls. Colonel Pegram ordered two guns of the Letcher battery to fire obliquely to the right in this cut. (We were too far to the right to fire into the mouth of this cut.) Two or three shots from the Letcher battery brought the infantry out in "rough-roll-and-tumble" fashion. It was amusing to watch Martin Douglas, a great big Galway Irishman, a member of the Letcher battery, fire his gun. He was number four at the gun, whose duty it is to pull the lanyard which fires the charge. Before pulling his lanyard he would, every time, cross himself and mutter, "Lord, be marsiful to their poor souls."

The Federal infantry driven from the cut fell back into the turnpike, slightly depressed at this point, its side bank thus forming a fair breastwork. By some oversight, or hurry, or misunderstanding two flags were left standing in their front some twenty or thirty yards. These flags led to a gallant little hand-to-hand fight between three Confederates and as many Federal soldiers, who had sprung from their respective sides and rushed forward, the one to capture and the other to save the flags. Two on each side were killed or wounded, the one Confederate left carrying off triumphantly the regimental flag, while the remaining "boy in blue" bore away the "Stars and Stripes." General Lee came on that part of the field later in the afternoon, and, being told of the gallant act, called up the young soldier, and the writer heard him thank him in his dignified and courteous way for his zeal and courage and promised to report it to President Davis. How we bystanders envied that young fellow those words of thanks from our great leader.

To resume the record of our battery: While in this position we ceased firing after an hour or two as Rodes's division came sweeping across the field from our left, bearing for the first time the new Confederate flag, with the white field and the beloved battle flag for a union. How we yelled as we saw this splendid body of men swing into perfect line and rush forward to the charge! And with what anxiety of heart did we watch that new flag in its onset, praying that it might not fall, but continue its onward course to wave in triumph over our enemies! It went onward in its proud course as that gallant division swept everything before it, and we trusted it was an omen of victory.

After this onset there was comparatively little fighting the balance

of the day, and we were moved across the pike to a position almost exactly in the centre of General Lee's lines. This position we held for the remaining two days of the great battle, doing our part in the terrific artillery duels of both days, losing our gallant Lieutenant Eustace and several privates, and witnessing that grand infantry charge on the third day, which has seldom been equalled and never surpassed in the history of the war. We fired our guns until too hot to hold the hand on them, and then waited—and waited—and waited until heart-sick at the inexplicable delay in the forward movement which we knew was to follow. Oh, how we missed our old commander, "Old Jack," who would so promptly have taken advantage of the enemy's demoralization from the splendid artillery firing. The charge came too late, as we all know now.

As our battery started from Fredericksburg for the Pennsylvania campaign the writer donned, as the best he could get, a pair of old shoes thrown away by one of the boys who had received a new pair from his home nearby. This ancient and holey foot-gear he wore and kept together by diligent care and sundry strings all through that tedious and muddy march. But on that second day they utterly refused further service and had to be consigned to shoe cemetery, to become food for goats or crumble into the inhospitable Pennsylvania dust. About the same time his caisson was blown up by a shot from the enemy, and along with it went all his rations, which had been tied on this caisson. The melange of external gray with internal blue, resulting from a sense of defeat in battle, a two or three days' hunger (which could have been borne cheerfully if we had won the battle), and utterly bare and very tender feet can better be imagined than described. More rations were obtained on the afternoon of July 5th, but the poor feet had to tough it out till they were carried back to old Virginny.

[From the Richmond, Va., *News-Leader*, April 1, 1904.]

THE IRONCLAD RAM VIRGINIA—CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY,

And Her Memorable Engagements of March 8 and 9, 1862.

STORY OF HER LAUNCHING AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

By WM. R. CLINE, One of Her Crew.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., April 1, 1904.

The great celebration which Virginians are arranging for Tuesday next, 5th, the day set for the launching of the magnificent first-class battleship *Virginia* at the local shipyard, is largely due to the fact that they look upon the new fighter as the namesake of the formidable Confederate ironclad *Virginia* (*Merrimac*), which, with Ericsson's *Monitor* taught the world how warfare on the sea should be carried on.

The new *Virginia's* launching announcement caused the people of this section particularly to remember this week that the first fight between iron-clads took place just forty-two years ago.

William R. Cline, an employee of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, was a member of the crew of the old *Virginia*, and seen at one of his haunts on the anniversary of the battle, he made the following interesting statement, which contains some facts which have probably never found their way in print before:

“Much has been said and written about the great naval battle in Hampton Roads on March 8 and 9, 1862, between the Confederate iron-clad ram *Virginia* and the Federal fleet then stationed in these waters. History, in all cases that I have heard of, refers to the ship as the *Merrimac*, but I want to say right here that there never was a vessel in the Confederate States navy called by that name. The *Merrimac* was a United States frigate, burned, scuttled and sunk at Gosport navyyard in 1861. The old hulk was raised, rebuilt and converted into an ironclad, and when she was launched there were only four marines and a corporal aboard. I was one of the five who did duty that day, and was stationed in the bow when

the ship went down the ways into the water, she being then and there christened *Virginia*. There were no invitations to governors and other distinguished men, no sponsor nor maid of honor, no bottle of wine, no brass band, no blowing of steam whistles, no great crowds to witness this memorable event. The launching was accomplished quietly, only officers and men stationed at the navy-yard witnessing it. I have never read in any history or in reports of any of our officers a true account of this launching. Strange as this may seem, it is a fact that there was only one officer of the *Virginia's* crew who was present at the time the vessel was launched and he was Captain Reuben Thom. All of the other officers and men of the crew were aboard a school ship then lying off the navy-yard, and they did not come on board until the ship was commissioned.

"I was surprised at the erroneous naming by Governor Montague at the banquet held at Hotel Chamberlain on April 18, 1903, in honor of the sponsor of the cruiser *West Virginia*. He referred to the fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*.

"Before I go into detail in regard to the two days' engagement, I want to speak of a rousing speech made by our commander, Franklin Buchanan, to his officers and men just before the fight began. In his closing remarks he said: 'The eyes of the whole world are upon you this day, and in the good old name of Virginia let every man do his duty.'

"That duty was done, and done bravely, and I believe in justice to those heroes on both sides, irrespective of prejudice or ill-feeling, they should stand in the front rank of the brave before the world as the founders of iron-clad warfare at sea.

STORY OF THE FIGHT.

"About 11 o'clock Saturday the *Virginia*, then flagship, twelve guns, Captain Franklin Buchanan commanding, accompanied by the *Raleigh* and *Beaufort*, one gun each, left Gosport navyyard; when we were opposite Norfolk all hands were piped to dinner. After dinner all hands were called to quarters.

"Then 'All hands ready for action' was heard, Captain Buchanan speaking from the quarter-deck. Not one of the crew up to that time knew or suspected what he would hear from the captain, although we had crossed the roads and were closing in upon the enemy. The latter began to pour shot and shell into us, but with

no effect, as all the missiles which struck the ship's sides slid off without inflicting the slightest damage.

"Our first shot was from the bow gun, No. 1 (7 1/2-inch rifle), fired into the *Cumberland*. Immediately after firing, we rammed the starboard bow of the *Cumberland* and in fifteen minutes all was over, the vessel going down with her guns firing and colors flying. No braver heroes ever lived than the men who manned the *Cumberland*.

"After sinking the *Cumberland* we were reinforced by the steamers *Patrick Henry*, *Jamesstown* and *Teaser*, of the James river fleet, which rendered good service. We engaged the *Congress* and had considerable difficulty in getting in proper position, being under heavy fire from the shore batteries and the fleet of the enemy. In manoeuvring we silenced several of the shore batteries, blew up a steamer at the wharf, sank a sailing vessel and captured a schooner, which we sent to Norfolk. In the meantime the *Congress* had been run aground, and, getting in position, we commenced firing upon her. Our shots took quick effect, and the vessel hauled down her colors and sent up the white flag, many of the men hurriedly leaving the ship.

"Our commander sent the *Beaufort* and the *Raleigh* to rescue the wounded aboard the *Congress*. Just as they were in the act of taking these poor mortals to safety and while the white flag was still flying, the shore batteries and the guns on the *Congress* opened fire upon our boats, killing some officers and men—a cowardly act in warfare.

DETERMINED TO DESTROY HER.

"It was then that Captain Buchanan determined that the *Congress* should be destroyed. Lieutenant Minor volunteered to burn the vessel, and he started for her with a small boat's crew. When the boat was within seventy-five yards of the *Congress* the crew opened fire, wounding Lieutenant Minor and several of his men. After this act of treachery the lieutenant and his men returned to the *Virginia*.

"Then we did pour hot shot and shell into the *Congress*. She took fire and about midnight her magazine blew up. The report was heard sixty miles away and the fire could be seen for miles.

"During all of this time the steam frigate *Minnesota* and *Roanoke* and the sailing frigate *St. Lawrence* had been firing broadsides into us. The *Minnesota* grounded, but as night came on the *St. Law-*

rence and *Roanoke* slipped away to safety under the guns of Fort Monroe. But we continued to fire on the *Minnesota* until darkness stopped the fighting.

“Let me say right here that the gallant heroes of the *Cumberland* should be honored in the pages of history. On the other hand, however, the crew of the *Congress* and the men manning the shore batteries should be termed in history cowards. They not even respected their white flag and fired on us when we were conveying wounded prisoners of war to safety.

“The following day, Sunday, we began the day with two jiggers of whiskey and a hearty breakfast. Then we steamed within a mile of the *Minnesota* and commenced firing on her again. We blew up a steamer alongside of the frigate, and shortly afterwards we first knew of the famous fighter, the *Monitor*. General Sherman's remark, ‘War is Hell,’ was amply illustrated when the *Virginia* and the *Monitor* met in Hampton Roads.

“After the *Minnesota* incident, the *Monitor* hove in view and at once attacked.

“We could see nothing but the resemblance of a large cheese box, and when the turret revolved we could see nothing but two immense guns. On firing thus the turret revolved and the guns could not be seen until they were ready to fire again. We could hardly get aim at the *Monitor's* guns, as they were in sight only when being fired, and would disappear immediately thereafter. At times the vessels were hardly twenty feet away from each other. Every officer and gunner on board the *Virginia* was puzzled to know how to disable the curious little craft. The truth, however, was that we could do nothing with her just then. After sparring to and fro for better position and looking for deeper water (the *Virginia* drew twenty-three feet and the *Monitor* only ten), we finally made our way into deep water and the *Monitor* tried to run across our bow or stern. Had she succeeded in these attempts the history of the famous fight would have been differently recorded, for we would sunk and lost all hands on board. After these failures, our executive officer, Captain Catesby P. Jones, deemed it best to ram the *Monitor*. We made two efforts to do this, but as we had lost our steel prow the day before in sinking the *Cumberland*, we could not harm the *Monitor*.

“Neither vessel succeeded in accomplishing the other's ruin. While fighting the *Monitor* we were under heavy fire from the beached *Minnesota*, although it had no effect. We could not get

our guns to bear on the *Minnesota* properly, and, although we set her on fire and did considerable damage, we were too far away to make a clean sweep of her.

"The fight between the *Virginia* and the *Monitor* was on for fully four hours, neither vessel seeming to suffer from the effects of the other's broadsides. Finally the *Monitor* ran off into shoal water, trying to coax us to follow her (a Yankee trick) and go aground. This we did not do, and from the *Monitor's* position neither vessel could reach the other with shot.

"We now made an examination and found we had lost our prow, had two guns disabled and had sprung a leak. We remained, however, thinking that the *Monitor* would come out into deep water again and renew the engagement. She staid safely in shoal water though, and after some time we saw that no more fighting was in view. Our officers held a consultation and decided to return to Norfolk for repairs.

"The *Monitor* remained in her position on the shoals until we had crossed the bar on our way to Norfolk.

"The official report of the damage sustained by the *Virginia* from the time she left the Gosport navy-yard says: 'The *Virginia's* loss is two killed and nineteen wounded. The stem is twisted and the ship leaks. We lost our prow, starboard anchor and all the boats. The armor is somewhat damaged, the steam-pipes and smokestack riddled, the muzzles of two guns shot away. The colors were hoisted to the smokestack and were shot away several times. No one was killed or wounded in the fight with the *Monitor*.'

"The only damage done by the *Monitor* was to the armor, the effect of shot striking obliquely on the shield, breaking the iron and sometimes displacing several feet of the outside courses and the wooden backing inside.

"After being repaired at the Gosport navy-yard and having the disabled guns replaced, under the supervision of Commodore Josiah Tatnall, the *Virginia* steamed down Hampton Roads about the middle of April, expecting to have another fight with the *Monitor*. But there was no fight. The *Monitor* hugged the other shore under the protection of the guns of Fort Monroe. Our commander tried several times to persuade the vessel to come out and fight, but she never came.

"On May 8th, a squadron including the *Monitor*, *Galena* and *Nagatuck*, bombarded our batteries at Sewall's Point. When our

commander heard of this, he started down to meet the enemy, but before the *Virginia* reached Sewall's Point the enemy's ships had drawn off and ceased firing, retreating to the protection of Fort Monroe and keeping out of range of our guns. The fact is, the *Monitor* was afraid of the *Virginia*, running away from her again and again.

BELIEVED THEY WERE TRAITORS.

"On May 10th, two days after the evacuation of Norfolk, we tried to get the *Virginia* up James river. We lightened her all we could, until her shield was out of the water and she was in no condition to fight. Before this, however, all hands were called to quarters and Commodore Tatnall, stating the condition of affairs, said all hands must work with a will to lighten the ship. Everyone worked with a will, but, as everyone believed afterwards, the pilots had turned traitors to the good old fighter and to the Confederacy. The *Virginia* could not get over the bar in her path even when she did not draw but eighteen feet.

"The commander then ran the vessel ashore off Craney Island, landed the crew and set fire to the ship. The magazine exploded about 5 o'clock on the morning of May 11, 1862. We arrived at Drewry's Bluff the next day. The batteries there repulsed the *Monitor*, *Galena* and other vessels on May 15, and Drewry's Bluff was thereafter called the Marine or Iron battery.

"During the 8th and 9th of March, 1862, the Confederate fleet successfully encountered and defied a force equal to 2,896 men and 230 guns, as follows:

	Men.	Guns.
" <i>Congress</i> (burned),	480	50
" <i>Cumberland</i> (sunk),	360	22
" <i>Minnesota</i> (riddled),	550	40
" <i>Roanoke</i> (scared off),	550	40
" <i>St. Lawrence</i> (peppered),	480	50
"Gunboats (three disabled),	120	6
"Forts (silenced),	200	20
" <i>Monitor</i> ,	150	2
"Total,	2,890	230

"Following are the vessels which composed the Confederate fleet:

“Steamers *Virginia* (12 guns), Captain Buchanan; *Patrick Henry* (12 guns), Commander John R. Tucker; *Jamestown* (2 guns), Lieutenant-Commander I. W. Barry; gunboats *Teaser* (1 gun), Lieutenant-Commander W. A. Webb; *Beaufort* (1 gun), Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Parker; *Raleigh* (1 gun), Lieutenant-Commander I. W. Alexander.

“When the *Virginia* steamed over from Norfolk to engage the Federal fleet, her officers were:

Flag officer, Franklin Buchanan; executive, Lieutenant Catesby A. R. Jones; lieutenants, Charles C. Simms, R. D. Minor, Hunter Davidson, J. Taylor Wood, J. R. Eggleston and Walter Butt; midshipmen, Fonte, Marmaduke, Littlepage, Craig, Long and Roote; paymaster, James Semple; surgeon, Dinwiddie B. Phillips; assistant surgeon, Algernon S. Garnett; captain of marines, Reuben Thom; engineers, H. A. Ramsey; acting chief, Tynan, Campbell, Hening, Jack and White; boatswain, Hasker; gunner, Oliver; carpenter, Lindsey; clerk, Arthur Sinclair, Jr.; volunteer aid, Lieutenant Douglas F. Forrest; Confederate States army, Captain Kevill, commanding detachment of Norfolk United Artillery; signal corps, Sergeant Tabb.”

[Our impression is that this list is incomplete; that Dr. Bennett Wood Green served on the *Virginia* as assistant surgeon, and the late Virginius Newton, of Richmond, as midshipman.—EDITOR.]

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, Mar. 30, Apr. 6, 20, 1902.]

GRIFFITH-BARKSDALE-HUMPHREY MISSISSIPPI BRIGADE AND ITS CAMPAIGNS.

By CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS.

The seven days' battle around Richmond, in 1862, furnishes a text for study and discussion by critics and students of military science, which probably takes rank ahead of any of the operations of the war.

We often hear expressions that this or that campaign was "Napoleonic," but in my humble judgment there was more genius in the conception of the plan of the seven days' battle, than in any movement Napoleon ever made.

A writer in the Boston *Transcript* several years ago, in commenting upon the different generals of the war, stated "McClellan was the greatest general developed on either side, and while he was not always successful, he never suffered defeat." This statement will not be sustained by a single man who served in "the army of the Potomac" during the seven days' battle. General McClellan was not only defeated at Richmond, but was routed in six of the engagements; nor is this fact a disparagement of him as a commander. We believe he displayed much ability, and was at that time the only general in the North who could have preserved the organization of the Federal army. The attack by General Lee's forces was irresistible; no troops with the arms in use at that time could have withstood his charges.

The records show that General McClellan's army numbered 156,838 men and 264 cannon. He states that 29,511 of this number were sick during the battle, leaving him 127,527 effectives. General Lee's army numbered 88,967 effectives, and 166 cannon, which gave McClellan a superiority in numbers of 38,360 men and ninety-eight cannon. When we consider that General McClellan had nearly one-third more men than General Lee, and that the latter attacked and defeated him in strongly posted positions, it must be confessed to have been a wonderful achievement. Subsequent events showed that if General Lee's orders had been promptly executed it would

not be unreasonable to expect that a large part of McClellan's army would have been captured or destroyed.

For some days after the great battles, the Army of Northern Virginia camped along the bank of James river. Barksdale's Brigade bivouacked at Camp Holly, a locality once occupied as a camp by General Washington with his army. The soil along the James was quite productive and the extensive fields of corn, which was in roasting ear, afforded the greatest enjoyment to the troops. The government bought the crops and the soldiers were not long in stripping the stalks. Eight and ten ears was an average meal for a man. In Richmond every available place was used to shelter the great number of our wounded, and at nearly every country house wounded men were cared for by the devoted Virginia women.

The Federal Army returned from whence it came, and very soon General Lee transferred his forces beyond the Rapidan. After his defeat, McClellan was superseded in command by Major-General John Pope, who boldly announced that "he would take Richmond without delay." In his orders, which were read to the army, and which were extensively published throughout the North, he said: "The commanding general enjoins his army to discard such phrases as 'base of supplies,' and 'lines of retreat,' as unworthy of soldiers destined to follow one who has never seen anything but the backs of his enemies."

Pope charmed the Northern people, as well as the Washington administration, by his bombastic talk. He even went so far as to assert: "Had I such an army as McClellan's before the Richmond battles, I would march straight to New Orleans."

McClellan's army was withdrawn from the peninsula to make a junction with the Army of Virginia, in front of Washington.

The Army of Virginia numbered 50,090 effectives on August 7, while the Army of the Potomac numbered in round figures 100,000 men. Therefore, when General Pope began "The march on-to-Richmond," his fighting force numbered 150,000, which was 22,673 greater than McClellan's effectives before Richmond.

General Lee's army was reduced 15,000 on account of the killed and wounded in the seven days' battles, leaving 73,967 for duty. When he departed from Richmond his strength was still further reduced 12,000 by the loss of McLaws' Division, and two brigades, under General Walker, left behind for the protection of the city. General Lee, therefore, carried with him 61,967 men to meet Pope and his army of 150,000.

Stonewall Jackson led the advance across the Rapidan, and met a corps of Pope's army, under General Banks, at Cedar mountain, a point about nine miles south of Culpeper Courthouse, where he defeated Banks, driving him back to Culpeper, with a loss of 2,000 men, while the Confederate loss was about 1,300. Jackson remained in front of Culpeper a few days, then fell back to Gordonsville, unwilling to hazard an attack from Pope's superior force, which was rapidly advancing. General Lee in the meantime was hurrying forward with Longstreet and the two Hills, and joined Jackson at Raccoon ford, on the Rapidan river, August 20.

The defeat of Banks raised in the minds of the Washington government serious apprehensions for the safety of the city, and every available man was sent to re-enforce Pope. When General Lee crossed the Rapidan, Pope withdrew his army back to the north side of the Rappahannock, which was doubtless a judicious move, but it was inconsistent with his recent utterances, and not carrying out his own principles, which he explained to the Federal War Department in these words: "By lying off on their flanks, if they should have only 50,000 men, I could whip them. If they should have 80,000 men, I would attack their flanks and force them to follow me into the mountains, which would be just what you want." While the conditions were better for Pope than he expressed, yet, when the time came to put his tactics into effect, he made no effort to carry out his avowed purpose.

It seems, also, that General Lee was not much disturbed by apprehensions of Pope "lying off on his flank," but marched straight after him. Reaching the Rappahannock, he made pretense of crossing, while he sent Jackson thirty-five miles further to his left, to cross the river at Henson's mill.

Jackson did this, and bivouacked for the night at a little place called Salem. Continuing his march early the following morning, he reached Bristoe station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, destroyed the depot and tore up the track. At the same time he sent Stuart to Manassas junction, where he captured a number of prisoners and two batteries, besides an immense supply of quartermaster and commissary stores. He also captured Catlett's station, with several hundred prisoners and Pope's baggage and official documents. His official papers bore the head lines, "Headquarters in the Saddle."

While Jackson marched to Pope's rear, General Lee diverted his attention by a pretended effort to cross with Longstreet's Corps.

When Pope learned that Jackson was between him and Washington he advised General Halleck to withdraw every man from the peninsula and move them to the capital.

Finding, therefore, that no danger threatened Richmond, General Lee ordered McLaws' Division and two brigades under General Walker, which had been left behind, to join him. McLaws' Division was composed of four brigades, Kershaw's South Carolina, Semmes' Georgia, Cobb's Georgia and Barksdale's Mississippi.

We will now leave for a moment the main army, and see what McLaws had been doing. On August 10, the enemy moved from Harrison's Landing and threatened to attack Richmond. Barksdale was ordered to meet him, while the other brigades awaited developments. We, however, had no engagement, because the enemy withdrew, and the Mississippians returned to camp, some nineteen miles from Richmond.

In the march to intercept the enemy, Barksdale passed over the battle field of White Oak Swamp, where we saw a most harrowing sight. A fence extending from the road towards the river was built through thick woods, and as the brigade marched along, we saw several hundred Federal dead lying in a row. Some were killed while in the act of climbing, while others lay on both sides of the fence. Buzzards in great numbers had been feeding on them, and in many instances had stripped the flesh from their bones. Their clothing had been torn by these carrion fowl, and altogether the scene was one of indescribable horror. The poor fellows had been killed during the night of June 30, and were not found by the burying parties sent out after the battle.

A long ditch was dug and all were buried where they lay.

Some days after the return to camp, McLaws received orders to join the main army, and on August 27 we left Camp Holly about sunrise and at 2 o'clock we boarded the cars at Richmond and hurried to Hanover Junction. This was the terminus of the line, where we found tents stretched, the first we had seen for a year. Barksdale's Brigade arrived on the first train and quickly disembarking, the men promptly occupied the tents. As other brigades arrived and passed beyond, they eyed the Mississippians with envy, and many bright bits of repartee were exchanged. We distinctly heard the artillery duel preliminary to the great battle of Second Manassas, which occurred the following day, August 20, and the men were eager to join their comrades beyond the Rappahannock. They cheered and yelled and speculated about what was going on. Finally

they became quiet and all save the guards were soon lost in sleep. About midnight a fearful storm came up, the rain fell in torrents and the wind blew down the tents. The darkness was very dense, and the Mississippians, so delightfully situated an hour before, were struggling to gain their freedom from beneath the canvas. The storm continued for two hours or more, and the earth and everything on it in that neighborhood was drenched. The situation was not pleasant. The men needed rest and sleep to fit them to meet and endure the hardships ahead. But that faithful and characteristic side of the Confederate soldier, which enabled him to laugh in the face of misfortune and disaster, was never displayed to better advantage than on that dark and stormy night. Men would call out for one another, and kept up a merry exchange of pleasant-ries. Some would crow, others bark, until finally the entire camp began yelling, which was continued during the storm.

At dawn we began the march to Warrenton, where we crossed the river two days later, on a pontoon bridge, and found evidence of war on every hand. While continuing the march to Manassas Junction, we passed through the battlefield for five or six miles, on which the Federal dead lay along the road, in the fields and woods. Ambulance corps, litter bearers, and burying parties, from the Federal army, under flags of truce, were busy digging ditches and interring those ghastly relics. The weather was intensely hot, causing decomposition to set in and making the stench horrible. The bodies were badly swollen. The surroundings were calculated to strike the stoutest heart with awe. As Barksdale's Mississippians marched among the dead there could be heard expressions of sorrow and sympathy on every hand. They were ready to grapple with the enemy whenever called on, but as they moved among so many dead their hearts were full of pity.

After crossing the railroad the road changed direction to the left, and passing along the side of a hill, which extended into a woods, we saw a long line of fancifully dressed men lying dead on the field. We learned that during the battle Gregg's Texas Brigade lay in the sedge grass about two-thirds the way up the hill, and behind them was posted a battery which annoyed the enemy so greatly that the Pennsylvania Bucktail Zouaves were sent to capture it. The Federal regiment advanced, about 800 strong, in perfect order towards the battery, and when almost within talking distance, the Texans, with deliberate aim, fired. It looked to us as if this entire regiment had fallen dead in line. Some were pierced with two and three

bullets. We were told that not more than 100 escaped, and it was probably the greatest mortality which occurred during the war. The Zouaves wore red blouse pants and bright blue jackets. They also wore bucktails in their hats. Several men of the 18th Mississippi left the scene with bucktails in their hats, the writer among the number.

General Lee, in the meantime, had crossed the Potomac and marched into Maryland, and McLaws and Walker hurried to join him. Reaching Leesburg, where the Mississippians had spent the winter of '61-'62, almost the entire population turned out to greet them. Old men and ladies, married and single, children and negroes, gathered along the sidewalks and in the streets, and with words of welcome recalled the happy associations of the time spent among them. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and from which it was difficult to stir the men. All order and formation were discarded, and officers and men mingled among the throng with mutual expressions of pleasure. The Barksdale Brigade, with the 8th Virginia, fought the battle of Leesburg the year previous and defeated the enemy, which endeared them to the hospitable Virginians.

We crossed the Potomac near the Point of Rocks and marched to Frederick City. The Federal army was drawn back within the lines of fortifications at Washington, leaving in General Lee's hands 9,000 prisoners, 11,000 dead and wounded, forty pieces of artillery and 30,000 stands of small arms as the result of Second Manassas. It was stated that fully 50,000 stragglers reached Washington ahead of the army. All the bright anticipations which Pope had caused by his effusive bombast, were cast to the earth. Exit Pope!

When General Lee put his army in motion after the seven days' battle before Richmond, there was no purpose of crossing into the enemy's country on a campaign of invasion. His object was to call away from the peninsula the Army of the Potomac. His rapid march to meet Pope, who moved south from Washington, with what was called "The Army of Virginia," had the effect which he hoped for. The Federal government, bewildered by General Lee's manoeuvres, halted between conflicting opinions for some days. But when Jackson defeated Banks at Cedar mountain, on August 9th, the liveliest apprehensions were created in Washington, and General Halleck ordered McClellan to hasten with all possible speed with his army to the capital. Thus relieved from further care for the

safety of Richmond, General Lee found little trouble in crushing Pope.

The success of the campaign was remarkable. It was more; it was wonderful. On June 28th, McClellan, with 127,000 effective men, heavily entrenched, stood in front of Richmond, opposed by General Lee with 88,000 men. The latter attacked the Federal forces, defeating them, and inflicting a loss of 25,000, according to McClellan's own estimate. On August 7th, General Lee sent Jackson across the Rapidan, and by the 20th had transferred the remainder of his troops, except McLaws' Division and two brigades under Walker, which were left to defend Richmond. He met and defeated Pope in the final grapple of August 30th; he shattered the Federal army so completely that nothing but the coming on of night, which was so often looked for with passionate longing, saved it from destruction. The loss on both sides was very heavy. The Confederate loss was estimated at 10,000 killed and wounded. No official statement of Pope's loss was ever made, but it could not have been less than 20,000, including 9,000 prisoners.

From the vicinity of Richmond, on June 26th, the theatre of operations was transferred to the front of Washington. The success of the campaign suggested to General Lee, doubtless, the idea of crossing into Maryland.

It seems strange, indeed, that an army so large in numbers, and so perfectly equipped as the Army of the Potomac, should be reduced to the humiliation of a defensive position by an inferior force. I ask any man who served in Virginia, matters not whether he was Federal or Confederate, if General Lee's army had numbered 150,000, with the equipment McClellan had, could any force or circumstance have placed him on the defensive?

In a previous sketch we left the army encamped in the vicinity of Frederick, Md., where it remained for a few days. While there General Lee issued a proclamation inviting the Maryland people to join the Confederate army, but received no practical assistance, which was a disappointment to all. After crossing the river, the Confederates were in their jolliest mood, and, although numbers were ragged and barefooted, they sang "Maryland, My Maryland," as they marched through the country, but a majority of the people we saw were unaffected by the demonstration.

At this time General McClellan was restored to the command of the Federal army; and began the march from Washington to meet General Lee on Union soil.

General Lee, learning that the garrison at Harper's Ferry had not been relieved, formed plans for its capture, and when McClellan reached Frederick, General Lee was two days' march distant. Jackson, with his own corps and McLaws' and Walker's divisions, was sent to capture Harper's Ferry. Jackson crossed above and Walker below the town, while McLaws moved by way of Middletown and attacked Maryland heights. Walker took possession of Loudoun heights, while Jackson attacked the town from the rear. In the meantime, General Lee moved to Hagerstown and awaited results. He expected Harper's Ferry would be reduced, and the army concentrated again before McClellan could reach him, but, through an act of carelessness on the part of some one, a copy of General Lee's order for the movement fell into McClellan's hands at Frederick, which enabled the latter to act intelligently and quickly. General Lee was advised of the rapidity of McClellan's movement, which seemed to have as its object to cut him off from Jackson.

McClellan, by the knowledge he possessed, should have been master of the situation, and would have been had he put the energy into his movements which Lee or Jackson would have shown.

McLaws left Frederick on September 10, and reached the foot of Maryland heights on the night of the 12th. Barksdale's Brigade moved forward the following morning, engaged the enemy and forced him back gradually. The ground was very rough, and in many places precipitous. Great boulders here and there had to be flanked, and the passage of other obstructions, like gulches and irregular formations, made the progress necessarily slow, with the enemy in front. From the top of the heights the enemy maintained a continuous fire from twenty or more cannon. The shot and shell, striking the boulders, would shatter the surface, throwing fragments of rock everywhere. The small particles would fall about us like hail. Many witty and amusing interchanges passed between the Mississippians as the rock rained down above them.

It was necessary to drive the enemy from Maryland heights, and Barksdale's Brigade pushed forward over the rocks, under fire every inch of the way for two days and nights, without food or water. The mountain was very steep and rocky, but the advance was made with much spirit, the light footed Mississippi boys leaping and springing up the slopes and ledges with the nimbleness of squirrels. The enemy's artillery, although handled with animation, did little hurt or damage, but their riflemen, fighting from behind rocks and trees, opposed a strenuous resistance. The Mississippians, however,

although barefooted and hungry, forced them back step by step until the crest was reached.

The guns belonging to the Richmond Howitzers, and attached to the brigade, were pushed up when possible, but when the formations would not permit, the wheels were removed and each piece lifted or pulled by long ropes to the desired position, when the guns would be again mounted. It was an arduous task, but there was no faint-heartedness among the men.

The regimental and company officers displayed the greatest courage and energy in conducting the movement up the rough mountains, but whether storming Maryland heights or charging the enemy's strong lines on numerous bloody fields, the soldiers of Barkdale's Brigade were an inspiration. Active and heroic as the officers were, they seldom had an opportunity to lead. The men as a rule were planters, or sons of wealthy planters, whose teaching and traditions led them to noble and heroic deeds and desperate ones if need be.

Finally, when we reached the summit, the enemy formed along the high bluff for a final struggle. The 19th and 21st Regiments, in the center, as if by a common impulse, raised a yell and dashed forward. The 17th on the right, the 13th on the left, opened fire and joined in the charge. The enemy broke in disorder and ran down the narrow defiles leading to the river. The Confederates crowded around the precipice and fired plunging shots into the troops in town. The enemy tumbled their cannon over the bluff and into the river, leaving nothing behind but camp fires and scraps of bread, meat and a few onions, which the Mississippians scrambled over, and hurried here and there in search of more.

Maryland heights is the key to Harper's Ferry, and it may not be amiss to describe, even in a casual way, the picturesque little town.

A mountain known as "Elk Ridge" runs north and south through Virginia and Maryland, but is cut in twain by the Potomac river. Maryland heights form the steep bank on the north and Loudoun heights on the south side of the river. Between Harper's Ferry and Loudoun heights the Shenandoah empties into the Potomac, and behind them lie Bolivar heights, which, though less pretentious than the other two, slope off gradually and smoothly, forming a beautiful valley. Harper's Ferry rests in the beautiful valley, or, more properly, the basin formed by the three heights and looking down on the town from either, gives the appearance of a Lilliputian

settlement. The distance between the crest of the heights is about two miles, and from either a plunging fire can be sent into the town. Therefore, when the Mississippians opened on the place from Maryland heights, Walker from Loudoun and Jackson in the rear, the enemy quickly asked for terms.

In the meantime McClellan was pushing his heavy columns to the relief of the garrison. McLaws hurried Cobb's and Barksdale's Brigades back to "Crampton's pass," some six miles distant, to hold him in check. Arriving in front of the pass, we formed line across the valley and awaited events. The Federal infantry was in plain view on the side of the mountains, their guns stacked in line of battle, and Barksdale's men were there to meet them. Signal guns were fired by the enemy to give information to the garrison that they were approaching, but Jackson was not the man to parley in such an exigency. General White surrendered the entire force of 11,000 men, seventy-three pieces of artillery, 20,000 stands of small arms and a large quantity of military stores early in the day of September 15. The news was communicated by signal flag, and General Barksdale galloped along the front of the brigade and announced to each regiment: "Harper's Ferry has surrendered." It is unnecessary to state that the Mississippians yelled. That was a part of their daily exercise which never failed to give the enemy the shivers.

Barksdale returned to Harper's Ferry, and the enemy's cavalry made a show of dogging the rear, but a volley from the 18th Regiment, which acted as rear guard, sent them scurrying back.

We reached the river and spent the night along its bank on the Maryland side. The following morning we crossed on a pontoon bridge. The other brigades crossed the previous day. The garrison was paroled and allowed to return to their homes. We stood in the streets of the town all day, and about 10 o'clock received small rations of beef, no salt or bread, and if there is one thing more unpalatable than all others, it is fresh beef without salt. After noon we received three hardtacks to the man, which was a poor return for the desperate work of the last three days.

We left Harper's Ferry about 4 P. M., marching in the direction of Winchester. Ignorant of the conditions which confronted the army at Sharpsburg (conditions due to the misfortune of General Lee's campaign order having fallen into the enemy's hands), and believing that we had earned a rest, and were, therefore, headed for the beautiful Valley of Virginia, the men were in fine spirits and

joked each other about numerous incidents of the campaign. They moved along at a lively gait, and when night came on, sang plantation songs, such as "Rock the Cradle, Julie," "Sallie, Get Your Hoecake Done," "We're Gwyng Down the Newbury Road" and others. The brigade was strung out for a mile or more along the road, and the woods echoed with their melodies. The troops had passed through a trying campaign, comprising many hotly contested battles, and marched several hundred miles with very scant rations. The scenes they passed through the last two months, left memories which can never be forgotten; not a man in the division but had lost a dear friend, or maybe a relative, whose bodies lay in long trenches and without shrouds. Ordinarily, this would be a solemn and mournful retrospection, but those were not ordinary times, nor ordinary men. The times were eventful, and the men were heroes who realized that there was no sentiment in war, and that they must meet the trials and bear the sufferings incident to hostilities between two great armies with cheerful spirits. As memory takes us back to those scenes, we are amazed at their fortitude and endurance.

On they marched, singing at the top of their voices, thinking of the "ashcakes" and "apple butter" we had heard about around Winchester, Strasburg and other places in the Valley, when suddenly we arrived at a fork in the road and the column filed to the right. As each regiment changed direction the noise of singing and jesting would cease. The men realized the war was not over, and that we would again cross the Potomac river. Within half an hour not a sound could be heard, except the tramp of the column and the din of the moving artillery. All the humor and bright anticipations of an hour ago were gone. The men were silent. Very soon the pace was quickened, and orders were given, over and over, "Close up;" "close up." The step grew faster and faster, and mounted officers rode along the column with words of encouragement, calling on the "boys" to "close up." The gait continued to increase, until finally all were going in a trot, and hundreds could not keep it up, but fell down exhausted by the roadside, where they remained until morning.

About daylight we reached Shepherdstown and crossed the river to the Maryland side, but only a small proportion of those who began the march from Harper's Ferry were with us. The march was one of the most trying and fatiguing undertaken during the war. The writer was a member of Company C, 18th Mississippi, and remembers that of the fifty-eight men and officers who began

the march, only sixteen men and one lieutenant went into the battle at Sharpsburg. Other companies, of course, suffered similar diminution.

The river at Shepherdstown is over half a mile wide and very shoal. A gallant little Irishman belonging to Company C, 18th regiment, Tom Brennan by name, never played out, therefore was one of the seventeen men who crossed the river. Tom was small in stature, but brave as Forrest. In wading across he held his gun, shoes and cartridge box on his head, to prevent them from getting wet, and when within about twenty yards of the shore he halloed out: "Boys, I am over, dry shod;" but as he made the announcement he stepped into a deep hole and went under, head and ears, gun and all. When he arose, as if finishing the remark, he said: "When I get on some dry Yankee shoes."

We soon arrived at Sharpsburg. The battle was raging. We halted in the roadway of the little town for a moment's rest, but it was a very short time. General Kershaw, who was in command of the division, came galloping back to hurry us forward. He had preceded our arrival to ascertain what he was expected to do. We double-quickened about a mile and halted in the edge of a beautiful wood. Owing to so many men having fallen out, Barksdale's Brigade was not over 800 strong, which was about the average for the other brigades also.

General Barksdale rode in front of the line and addressed the men in stirring words. He said: "The enemy is driving back our center. We must check them. Stonewall Jackson and General Lee expect you to do so. I have promised that you will, and I want every man to do three men's duty. If there is a man before me who cannot, let him step out. I will excuse him." Not a man moved. It was a trying ordeal, but the endurance that stood the men so well on the march from Harper's Ferry upheld them now. Shells were flying about us, chipping limbs and often striking the ground and ricocheting, throwing up heaps of earth.

General Barksdale then said: "Leave everything, except guns and cartridge boxes, under that tree." There were not over 100 blankets in the brigade.

About that moment, General D. H. Hill galloped to a point about fifty yards in advance of us and halted. Quickly adjusting his field glasses, he let go his bridle reins and watched the Federal line. Soon he was joined by his adjutant-general, Major Ratchford. They had not occupied the position exceeding a minute when a

shell or shot struck the general's horse in the breast and passed entirely through the animal. The horse fell without a quiver. Disengaging his feet from the stirrups, the general stepped a few paces away without removing the glasses from his eyes and without the slightest emotion. That was characteristic of D. H. Hill. Nothing could disturb his poise.

"Left face; forward march," rang out in clear tones along our line. We moved across a plowed field for a mile or more, at double-quick. The South Carolina Brigade was in front, followed by Cobb's Georgia, Barksdale's Mississippi, and Paul J. Semmes' Georgia Brigades in the rear. We saw the South Carolinians front into line by the Dunker church and lie down. Cobb formed on their left, Barksdale on his left, and Semmes to the left of Barksdale. As the division advanced to position we passed General Lee. He was riding a little black horse, and halted near a battery which was actively engaged. The Mississippians yelled, and General Lee, reining his horse about, watched us go by. The shells were as thick as blackberries, but he seem to give them no heed.

As we passed along, a spotted cow passed through the ranks. She ran with all her might, her tail high in the air. A shell struck the earth in front of her and, exploding, threw up a volcano of dirt, making a hole into which she plunged, but scrambled out and continued her race. Kit Gilmer, of Company C, 18th Mississippi, hallooed out: "Boys, she is a Confederate. She's going south."

The Mississippians lay behind a rail fence for about five minutes. We could distinctly see the enemy advancing and our line giving away. The fence was thrown down, two panels together, and during the short time we lay there it was almost shot to splinters. We heard cheering on our right, which came from the South Carolina Brigade and Cobb's Georgians. They were charging the enemy's victorious lines. General Kershaw galloped along where Barksdale's men lay and said: "Press forward, Mississippians." General Barksdale had dismounted, but, moving quickly forward, led the charge. In the meantime the overpowered troops in our front, who had been desperately engaged for two hours and were out of ammunition, passed to the rear.

The Mississippians rushed at the enemy with yells and bayonets and almost charged into their ranks before they gave away. We were now in large timber, and at the crest of the ridge the enemy had thrown together some logs, behind which they halted for a death struggle. The woods were raked by grape and cannister, as

well as rifle balls, but there was no hesitation. Barksdale's men went over the logs and shot the enemy as they ran down the slope. At the same time the Georgians and South Carolinians had hurled back the enemy in their front; McClellan's line fell back, and the day was saved. McLaws' Division had met General Lee's expectations. But for their timely arrival the situation would have been different.

The battle of Sharpsburg was fought Sept. 17, 1862, although there was heavy skirmishing during the 16th. The Federal army numbered little more than 100,000 men, while General Lee was unable to bring to bear quite 40,000. General Lee stated in his report: "The arduous service in which the troops had been engaged, their great privations of rest and food, and long marches without shoes over mountain roads, had greatly reduced our ranks before the action began. These causes compelled thousands of brave men to absent themselves, and many more had done so from unworthy motives."

D. H. Hill said: "Had all our stragglers been up, McClellan's army would have been completely crushed or annihilated."

As it was, McClellan's army was so completely shattered he did not resume the action on the 18th. Sharpsburg was one of the severest battles of the war. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded numbered 10,000, while the Federal loss exceeded 15,000. General Lee recrossed the Potomac during the night of the 18th and the following day McClellan sent Porter's Corps of 15,000 men across the river, but they were driven back with great loss by A. P. Hill.

The Army of Northern Virginia camped in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, in the vicinity of Winchester, for two weeks, during which time McClellan was removed and Major-General A. G. Burnside assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac. This was the end of McClellan's career.

The percentage of loss in Barksdale's Brigade at Sharpsburg was about seventy in killed and wounded, and some companies suffered even greater loss. For example, Company C, 18th Regiment, entered the combat with seventeen men, including a lieutenant, and of this number five escaped—Sam Finley, William McKee, Pleasant Smith, James Burns and the writer. Every field officer in the brigade was wounded or killed. Major James Campbell commanded the 18th Regiment, and fell just before reaching the crest of the ridge, but recovered from his wounds and was killed at Gettysburg.

Our wounded were placed in a barn, about a mile from the battle-field. Straw was strewn on the floor, where they lay awaiting such attention as the surgeons could give. Among the wounded from Company C was Kit Gilmer, from Madison county, whose leg was broken by a minie ball. Kit was attended by his servant, Ike. When we passed the barn on the march to recross the river, several men ran in to say "good-by." There were no possible means of taking the wounded along. Kit Gilmer resolved to accompany the command, even with a broken leg, and said to Ike, "I expect you to take me across the river." That evening, as soon as the darkness permitted, Ike quietly led a horse from the farmer's stable, and taking his young master in his arms, placed him on his back. Ike mounted behind, and to our great astonishment and delight when we reached Winchester, we found them awaiting us. A strange sequel is that Ike went back with the horse and remained with the Federal army until the battle of Fredericksburg, when he returned to serve the remainder of the war with "Mars Kit," and is now living in Madison county, Miss.

Gallant Kit, after numerous subsequent wounds, survived the war and died about fifteen years ago at his old home.

Soon after camping near Winchester the weather turned very cool. The men had few blankets, and to add to the hardships and horrors of the situation, small pox broke out. Great numbers of the men had either small pox or varioloid, but they never thought much of the danger, and few, if any, who remained in camps died from the effects.

After the Maryland campaign the Army of Northern Virginia camped in the valley, near Winchester.

McClellan again took possession of Harper's Ferry, and, crossing his main army on pontoon bridges at a point some five or six miles below, began to move south about the 1st of November, along the east side of the Blue Ridge mountains.

He made several threatening movements on the different passes, evidently with the expectation of compelling General Lee to remain in the valley, and doubtless thought by doing so he would be able to cross the Rappahannock before General Lee was aware of his purpose.

McClellan marched directly to Warrenton with the bulk of his army, but after arriving there discovered that a strong Confederate force awaited him at Culpeper. General Lee managed this movement with so much success that McClellan was evidently bewildered.

He knew the force was at Culpeper, and he also learned that a large body yet remained on the west side of the Blue Ridge.

McClellan's army at that time is set down at 131,000 effective men, and, believing he was strong enough to interpose between the several divisions of the Army of Northern Virginia—one at Culpeper, the other at Winchester and Strasburg—he began a hurried march to do so, but very soon after turning his column north-westward, he was removed from command of the army and Major-General A. E. Burnside appointed in his stead.

It is very unusual for a new commander to carry out the plans of his predecessor. Indeed, we do not know of such a precedent.

Burnside, therefore, returned to Warrenton with the whole army, where he remained about ten days, during which time he was busily engaged in maturing plans for his first campaign and endeavoring to get his reins well in hand.

Thus matters rested until about the 13th of November, 1862.

The Army of Northern Virginia (except Longstreet's corps, at Culpeper), camped on the west side of the Blue Ridge, along the beautiful Valley, while on the east, or opposite side, camped the Army of the Potomac.

Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade camped near the historic little city of Winchester, where numbers of the men had varioloid or smallpox. The negro servants with the brigade, of whom there were a number, suffered severely, and in numerous cases never recovered from the effects. We had no tents, of course, and very few blankets, but wood was plentiful and big log fires supplied the deficiency.

About the 1st of November it began to sleet and snow, during which time it was not unusual to see men broken out with smallpox walking about, visiting friends or other messes.

The rations furnished were entirely inadequate to satisfy our appetites. Therefore, the men roamed about the country in search of food. The people were hospitable and liberal and seemed glad to share what they had with us. Among the good things we found was what the Virginians call "apple butter," made by cooking the apples into a marmalade, then boiling it in cider, a delicious dish even now. The appetite of a soldier who had passed through an arduous campaign of four weeks, over mountains and rivers, with scant rations, and in many cases without shoes, engaged almost daily in combat, has no parallel in peace.

It would, therefore, be impossible to convey the pleasure we found at Winchester.

During the period the army was in Maryland and Pennsylvania there were no depredations of any kind. General Lee issued orders that no private property should be disturbed, and not an apple must be plucked. Frequently, on the march, we passed orchards loaded with apples, but, so far as my belief and observation goes, nothing was molested; and yet the men never had a good square meal at any time during the two weeks the army was in the enemy's country. The condition of the soldiers, therefore, can be well understood.

About the 7th of November we moved to the vicinity of Strasburg and camped along the side of the mountain in a beautiful wood. Barksdale's Brigade halted and stacked guns. The men were soon industriously employed collecting wood, and every mess had a pile. Unexpectedly, and in less than half an hour after we halted, orders were given to "fall in." We moved about a mile further on, leaving our wood to fall into the hands of some other brigade. The boys were in an ugly humor over their bad luck, but finally halting in one of the prettiest spots in the Shenandoah Valley, we found on every side cords of dry wood. The Mississippians were happy, and ran here and there claiming cords and exchanging congratulations for the move.

Suddenly, and before we had settled in camp, we heard cheering ahead. It grew louder and nearer. It sounded as if the whole army was charging. Men wondered what it meant. Officers walked to and fro with anxious faces, and all awaited with uncertainty, and some anxiety, to learn the cause. The yelling became more and more distinct, but we heard no firing. What could it mean?

Finally we saw, about half a mile distant, beyond the valley of a little stream, on a plateau or table land, hundreds of men running and scurrying back and forth, their hats raised above their heads, waving and gesticulating, apparently in the wildest state of excitement. Barksdale's men were anxious to join in the melee, whatever it was, but the officers, for prudential reasons, held them to their places.

The 13th Mississippi was ahead, or further south, followed successively by the 17th, 21st, and 18th regiments. Very soon we saw the boys of the 13th running back and forth, throwing rocks and sticks and yelling madly, but we could not yet divine the cause.

Quickly the 17th and 21st boys went crazy, running helter-skelter, falling over rocks and tumbling over each other. Soon the vision flashed on the 18th regiment. It was a red fox, running for his life; but headed off at every turn, he jumped from place to place, dodging his pursuers.

A. P. Hill's Division, four miles away, while going into camp, aroused the fox and the chase began. He passed through the ranks of 30,000 soldiers successfully, but when he reached the 18th Mississippi his tail was dragging. He was suffering, doubtless, from the blows of numerous missiles, his tongue was hanging out and he was the picture of defeat and despair. He was killed by a member of Company G, called the "Haymar Rifles," from Yazoo county. Colonel Haymar, for whom the company was named, was at the time visiting the regiment. He was presented with the skin, which he took back to Mississippi and had it made into a cap, and afterwards wore it on a second visit to the company the following spring. In all likelihood, it was the most exciting fox chase in the annals of such sports.

About the 13th of November we received orders to march, and hurried with all speed towards Rapidan station. Burnside had moved from Warrenton, destined for Richmond. Then began a race between the two great armies which ended at Fredericksburg. McLaws' Division, composed of Kershaw's South Carolina, Semmes' Georgia, Cobb's Georgia and Barksdale's Mississippi Brigades, was under Jackson at that time. It was not a question if could we reach Fredericksburg ahead of Burnside. We were obliged to do so. The weather was very severe. Before reaching Rapidan we crossed two rivers, the North Anna and South Anna, which formed a junction about a mile below where we crossed. Arriving at the North Anna, the men removed their shoes and stripped off their trousers. We were told that the south fork was but a short distance ahead, therefore all decided to carry shoes and pants under their arms until they had forded the South Anna.

The 18th Regiment was leading.

Soon after crossing the first river, the road wound around a hill; through a skirt of woods we entered a cut in the hill and the road changed directions to the right, when suddenly the head of the column came running back, the men in fits of laughter, but seeking places to hide.

The colonel and his staff were left without followers. They rode back also, their faces wreathed in smiles.

Those of us who had not emerged from the cut had no idea what the cause was, but soon the word was passed along: "Put on your breeches, quick." Between the two rivers there is an elevated plateau, about fifteen acres in extent, which rises some ten feet above the surrounding surface.

It was almost square. On the plateau stood a little village, the most picturesque place the writer remembers ever to have seen. Around the bluff of the little village there was a plank fence, along which the entire population stood, waiting to see Jackson's foot cavalry pass. Therefore, when the head of the column came in view of the people, the boys fled in disorder.

We finally arrived at Rapidan and crossed the river. I think it was the 15th of November. After reaching the south bank the brigade halted in a scrubby woods, and stood on the roadside while a brigade of cavalry passed. The Mississippians indulged in every species of exasperating criticisms, and declared there were no Yankees ahead, otherwise the cavalry would not be marching to the front.

The men were in a laughing mood, notwithstanding sleet was falling and the ground was covered with snow.

After the troopers had gone, we resumed the march. While watching the cavalry pass our clothing was freezing. It may seem strange how men endured the cold, but they did. The march was kept up almost constantly until we reached Fredericksburg, where Barksdale's Brigade went into camp along the edge of a woods, but were not allowed to build fires. It was a desperate night. The ground was covered with snow to a depth of several inches and the trees with sleet. Very few men had blankets, and the boys huddled together in piles to prevent freezing.

A few days after reaching Fredericksburg, Barksdale's Brigade moved into the city and picketed the river from a little place called Falmouth to a point below, where Deep Run creek empties into the Rappahannock. The Federal army was camped on the opposite shore.

It has been said that "Military history is the repository of inspirations and of genius, and also of excessive follies." It may also be said, therefore, that it would be difficult for a commander to commit a blunder which cannot be matched by precedent.

What General Burnside expected to accomplish by taking up position opposite Fredericksburg we do not know, but certainly he did not anticipate such a result as followed. It may be that he ex-

pected to cross the river before the arrival of the Confederates, and doubtless could have done so under cover of his 200 cannon when he first reached the scene, because the river was low and fordable, but from prudential reasons, or otherwise, he did not attempt it.

About December 8th the river rose, and he decided to bridge it. During the delay, our forces were actively engaged building earthworks and rifle pits, which crowned the heights and surrounding country by the 10th of the month. Burnside, however, made strong demonstrations above and below the city, which necessarily called to each point a part of General Lee's force. Burnside evidently expected to surprise General Lee at Fredericksburg and defeat us before A. P. Hill and Jackson could return, but the obstructions in his pathway were sufficient to delay his passage until they were there.

Fredericksburg is not a strategic point. On both sides of the Rappahannock there are hills which run parallel with the river. On the south side there is a valley from 600 to 1,500 yards wide before the hills are reached, while in the north shore the ridges are near the river. Stafford heights on the north side command the city, and also the river, for two miles in each direction. It will, therefore, be understood that the Confederates could not prevent the crossing of Burnside's army, but what they could do and did do, after he had crossed, constitutes a bright page in the world's history. As before stated, Barksdale's Brigade occupied the city and built rifle pits along the front. Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Fiser, of the 17th Mississippi, with his own regiment, four companies of the 18th and three or four from the 21st Regiment, occupied the immediate river front as a picket line, where he also dug rifle pits. It was the evident purpose of General Burnside to make his main attack on the city. Major-General Lafayette McLaws, with his division, was assigned to that important position, and Barksdale was given the post of honor for the division.

During the night of December 10th, the enemy began to lay his pontoons. We could distinctly hear the noise of launching the boats and laying down the planks. The work was prosecuted with wonderful skill and energy, and by 3 o'clock A. M. of the 11th we could hear them talking in undertones. General Barksdale directed us to remain quiet, and offer no resistance until the bridge approached our shore. About 4 o'clock a battery posted on the ridge back of the town fired a few shots at the bridge, then the Mississippians poured a concentrated fire on it. The bridge was doubtless

crowded with engineers and workmen who suffered severely. The pickets immediately along the river, under the gallant Fiser, from their rifle pits maintained such a destructive fire that the enemy was compelled to abandon the work. Very soon, however, they returned and made repeated efforts to complete one bridge, but the fire of the Mississippi boys was too deadly, and the enemy was forced to withdraw.

When daylight dawned a heavy fog hung over the scene, and the vision was as much obscured as it had been during the night. About 10 o'clock of the 11th, Burnside, annoyed because a few skirmishers were able to prevent the completion of his bridges, and, therefore, delay his passage of the river, ordered his chief of artillery to batter down the city. His purpose was to drive the Mississippians from their rifle pits and hiding places.

Assuredly General Burnside knew the wide destruction which would follow his order. Several thousand women and children sat in their homes, exposed to that storm of iron. Looking back upon the event of nearly forty years ago, it seems that the necessities did not warrant the destruction of that city, and we now regard it as a savage act, unworthy of civilized war. But Burnside concentrated 200 cannon on the city. Suddenly, as it was unexpected, the flash of these guns, followed by the explosions, hurled at the same instant 10,000 pounds of iron into the city. The shells exploded in and over the town, creating the greatest consternation among the people. The bombardment was kept up for nearly two hours, and no tongue or pen can describe the dreadful scene. Hundreds of tons of iron were hurled against the place, and nothing in war can exceed the horror of that time. The deafening roar of cannon and bursting shells, falling walls and chimneys, brick and timbers flying through the air, houses set on fire, the smoke adding to the already heavy fog, the bursting of flames through the rooftops, made a scene which has no parallel in history. It was appalling and indescribable, a condition which would paralyze the stoutest heart, and one from which not a man in Barksdale's Brigade had the slightest hope of passing through.

During that hail of iron and brick, I believe we can say that there was not a square yard in the city which was not struck by a missile of some kind. Under cover of his bombardment, Burnside undertook to renew his efforts to complete the bridges, but the matchless men of Barksdale's Brigade, acting under the immortal Lieutenant-Colonel Fiser, concealed in their pits along the river bank, poured

a volley first and then a concentrated fire on the workmen and drove back all who survived their deadly aim. During this time the flames were blazing from every quarter, and ladies and children were forced to flee from their cellars to escape death by fire, even at the risk of being stricken down by shells and bricks.

The horror of the occasion was heightened by the veil of fog, which obscured all objects fifty yards distant. About half an hour after the bombardment had ceased, the fog cleared away, leaving a picture which riveted every eye and sickened every heart. Mansions that for years had been the scenes of a boundless hospitality and domestic comfort, lay in ruins and smouldering ashes. Blackened walls and wrecked gardens were all that were left of numerous happy homes. The memory of those scenes will be hard to efface.

Defeated at every turn, the Federal commander abandoned his bridges for the time and began to cross in boats. He directed a destructive rifle fire against the Mississippians along the river bank, and also against those in the city. Colonel Fiser continued to dispute this passage, and many of the boats were forced to return to remove their dead and get others to take their places.

After a large force had been landed above and below, Colonel Fiser was ordered to rejoin the brigade in the city. The enemy soon formed line and dashed at the Mississippians, determined to drive them from their rifle pits and other places of shelter. They moved forward in splendid style, and perfect military order. Soon the advance was followed by a second and third line. It was a magnificent sight, which won the admiration of the Mississippians. There was no nervousness nor hesitation. They may have thought that all the troops in the city were killed, but, matters not, they were a fine body of men.

Barksdale's Brigade watched them from their hiding places and awaited their near approach. Suddenly, when within about seventy-five yards of our line, as if by common impulse, a volley rang out from the rifle pits on the cold air, which sounded almost like one gun, and hundreds fell dead in their tracks. The front line of the enemy, paralyzed and dismayed by the shock, fell back in confusion. In the meantime, the Mississippians were firing on them as they ran. It was a dreadful slaughter, which might have been considered a retaliation for the dreadful bombardment of two hours before. Quickly the second line advanced, firing as they came, and was met by a deadly aim from the Confederates. The column halted in front

of Barksdale's men, when the third line rushed to their support and charged headlong into the city.

Whole companies of Barksdale's men were concealed in cellars, where they remained even after the enemy had passed, and emerging, fired into the rear of the Federal line from behind corners of houses and stone walls. The Mississippians began to retire slowly, fighting as they retreated. It was a grand sight, which was witnessed by both armies. Hundreds of brave officers and men fell ere they could reach the city.

General McLaws ordered Barksdale to fall back to our main line on the crest of the hills, which he did soon after dark. The fighting lasted until about that time. The brigade occupied a cut in the side of the hill until 10 o'clock the following day, December 12th. During the night of the 11th the enemy crossed over two divisions, and other troops crossed during the 12th. Barksdale had been engaged continuously for forty-eight hours, and was ordered back for rest and food. We went into camp in a woods behind Marye's heights, where we remained until the morning of the 13th. General Thomas R. R. Cobb, with his brigade of Georgians, took position in the sunken road, at the foot of Marye's hill, in front of the city.

When the Mississippians, who had thus far stood the brunt of the attack, marched over the ridge to rest, carrying their guns at a right shoulder, cheer after cheer rang out from along the line. Little hope was entertained that any of them would escape that dreadful bombardment, and when they held their ground after the bombardment had ceased, driving back line after line of the enemy, the other troops were struck with amazement and wonder, and felt a pride in their comrades which they could not conceal.

When daylight dawned on the 12th, the city and valley were again veiled in fog. It was so dense no object could be distinguished fifty yards distant, and this condition lasted until nearly midday. During the afternoon a heavy skirmishing was kept up, but nothing of a serious nature occurred.

Saturday, May 13th, the earth was again enveloped by a fog, which did not clear away before 10 o'clock. The whole country was covered with sleet and snow, and the men stood to the places without fires, and with very scant clothing.

McLaws' Division was posted from the foot of Marye's hill, where Cobb occupied the cut, extending towards the south, with Kershaw on his right, and Barksdale on the right of Kershaw, while Paul J.

Semmes was held in reserve. The Washington Artillery was posted on Marye's hill, just in the rear of Cobb, and behind Kershaw and Barksdale were two batteries of the Richmond Howitzers and the Rockbridge Battery of rifled guns.

Soon after the fog had cleared away Federal officers rode boldly out and examined the ground between the two armies. They rode within a hundred yards of our line, but were not fired on. No one seemed disposed to kill such bold, brave fellows.

Not long after they had retired, a strong line moved towards the right of Barksdale's Brigade, seemingly bent on turning our flank, but were surprised and driven back by the fire of the batteries just behind us.

Line after line of infantry stood along the valley, and we could distinctly see immense columns of troops on the opposite side of the river waiting to cross on the bridges. We were in a woods, our rifle pits concealed by underbrush, which also obscured our artillery above us.

About 11 o'clock the enemy moved forward, and halted about 100 yards from the cut where Cobb was concealed. The line was dressed, and every man stood in his place. It was a formidable column, out for a desperate encounter.

Everything in readiness, they advanced about thirty yards when the artillery back of us opened, throwing grape and shell into their ranks. The Georgians, resting their guns on the bluff, fired a volley which almost destroyed the alignment. The enemy fell back, leaving their dead and wounded. The color bearers threw down their flags, and numbers of the men dropped their guns and fell outstretched on the ground.

Quickly another line advanced and met the same disaster. A third and fourth line rushed forward, and were driven back with equal slaughter. Charge followed charge until night relieved the scene. The enemy acted with great gallantry, and rushed into our works to meet defeat and death, but others took their places and suffered likewise. There was no occasion during the war when the Federal troops displayed such determination and behaved with greater credit.

During that dreadful engagement General Cobb was seriously wounded, and died soon afterwards. General Cobb was a distinguished man in peace, and could have won even greater fame in war had he lived.

Soon after he was wounded, General McLaws observed the enemy massing a final effort, and ordered General Kershaw to move his brigade into the cut also. Hardly had he done so when the enemy rushed at our line; then it was that hundreds of them fell almost in front of the cut, and numbers fought their way to our lines, to be driven back in defeat.

When the last charge was made the dead and wounded were lying so thick in our front that the enemy stumbled over them in their desperation.

The enemy retired to the river and remained along the bank until the 15th, then recrossed, leaving 15,000 dead and wounded behind. The Confederate loss did not exceed 5,000.

Looking back on the scenes of Fredericksburg, and remembering the conduct of General Barksdale and his men, we are forced to believe that the defense of the city was one of the greatest achievements of the war, and the behavior of the men unsurpassed by any troops in any field.

Their courage and endurance challenges comparison with any soldiers in history. No one who did not participate in the defense of Fredericksburg can form an idea of the terrible scenes of destruction and horror, and if hell be more dreadful than that bombardment men had better halt and consider.

[From the Raleigh, N. C., *News and Observer*, May 11, 1901.]

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR 1861-5, AND EVENTS OF ITS FIRST YEAR.

The Events in North Carolina During the Administration
of Governor J. W. Ellis.

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS BY MAJOR GRAHAM DAVES, AT
RALEIGH, N. C., MAY 10, 1901.

The Annual Meeting and Roll Call of Wake County Veterans. New
Members Enrolled.

[Major Daves was a thorough patriot and a broadly accomplished and most lovable man. He was our valued friend and correspondent for years. His death was a distinct loss to historical inquiry, and was widely lamented.—ED.]

Despite the inclement weather, Memorial day was generally observed. Many who wore the gray came together in a sort of reunion, women decked the graves of the Confederate dead with flowers and orators recounted great deeds of daring or told again the principal events of the War Between the States.

In Raleigh the day was almost a holiday, many of the stores were closed during the afternoon, and even those that remained open did but little business. The banks and most of the State offices were closed.

As usual, the oration was delivered at Metropolitan Hall. Major Graham Daves was the orator. His subject was, "The Causes that led up to the War Between the States, and the Events of the First Year of the War."

Major Daves is, of all men in North Carolina, the one best fitted to speak on this subject. He was the private secretary of Governor Ellis—North Carolina's first war governor—and had access to all the State's official records and correspondence. Later he was the adjutant of the 22d North Carolina Regiment under General Pettigrew. In addition to this, he is a man of letters and great historical learning.

His speech of yesterday was in every way worthy of the man and his opportunities, and will constitute a page of correct history.

After an opening hymn by a select choir and an invocation by Rev. George F. Smith, Major Daves was gracefully introduced to his audience by Captain Samuel A. Ashe, chief marshal for the day.

Major Daves read his speech from manuscript, but did it so well and spoke so distinctly that he held the closest attention of his audience throughout. The subject was one of interest to old and young alike and was treated in a most scholarly and at the same time interesting manner. The hearer always felt as if he were listening to a man speaking of his actual experience, or of things of which he had accurate personal knowledge.

On the rostrum with the speaker were the Governor and all the State officers, some of the Supreme Court judges and a number of prominent Confederate veterans. Clustered about the stage were Confederate flags, bullet-torn battle-flags, red and white bunting, cut flowers and potted plants. Pictures of Lee and Jackson hung on either side.

Though the hall was pretty well filled with people, the crowd was much smaller than it would have been but for the steady drizzle of rain, which every one who came had to brave. On account of the rain the programme in regard to a procession to the cemetery was not carried out, though many went out in carriages and decorated the graves with flowers.

All visiting veterans were served with lunch during the day by the Ladies' Memorial Association. The dinner was spread in Rescue Hall.

At noon an annual mass meeting of all the veterans was held and the roll of veterans in the county called. There were about seventy-five veterans present. Commander A. B. Stronach, of the L. O'B. Branch Camp, called the meeting to order and presided, while Adjutant J. C. Birdsong called the roll. Commander Stronach stated that this was not a meeting of the L. O'B. Branch Camp, but a mass meeting of all the Confederate soldiers of the county. About 260 names were called, and at the conclusion seventeen men came forward and had their names recorded, giving the company and regiment in which they served, as follows:

- R. H. Stone, Company D, 47th North Carolina.
- Bryant Martin, Company D, 47th North Carolina.
- Henry Perry, Company I, 1st North Carolina.
- C. M. O'Neal, Company D, 30th North Carolina.
- B. F. Gill, Company D, 26th North Carolina.
- H. H. Marshburn, Company H, 31st North Carolina.
- Wm. Montford, Company D, 67th North Carolina.
- J. C. Blake, Company I, 47th North Carolina.
- J. R. O'Neal, Company K, 12th Alabama.

E. A. Lee, Company C, 31st North Carolina.
W. H. Utley, Company C, 31st North Carolina.
W. C. Rhodes, Company C, 31st North Carolina.
Jesse Seagraves, Company G, 7th North Carolina.
A. J. Dement, Company B, 3d North Carolina Cavalry.
A: B. King, Company H, 47th North Carolina.
W. C. Johnson, Company C, 5th North Carolina.
T. N. Richardson, Company C, 52d North Carolina.

At 3 o'clock the veterans met again to attend the memorial services in a body.

THE ADDRESS.

Ladies of the Memorial Association, Comrades of the Confederate Army, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with peculiar pleasure, and a kind appreciation of the honor done me, that I have accepted the invitation of the Memorial Association to address you on this historic anniversary—an anniversary so endeared to us of the South, filled as it is, with sad associations, and proud memories of noble men, brave deeds and costly sacrifices. It was in Raleigh that I entered the Confederate army, at the outset of the War Between the States, as Adjutant of the 22d North Carolina Regiment under the peerless Pettigrew. In this city my family found refuge and welcome after the occupation of Newburn by the Federal forces, and here I returned after the sad end near Hillsboro when Johnston surrendered to Sherman. My life as a soldier is associated with Raleigh, and it is most grateful to speak to her people—among whom I number many friends and some contemporaries—of those far off, stirring days of great events in 1861-1865.

On the Feast of All Saints' Day, which according to the Christian calendar, occurs on the first of November, a beautiful custom is observed in Europe and in parts of this country. The day is kept as a holiday, and many persons, laying aside their cares of life, repair to the burial place of their dead and decorate their graves with flowers. The day seems appropriately chosen.

In our annual gatherings at the South to offer loving tributes to the memory of our Confederate dead, our custom is much akin to that described, finding its expression also most appropriately in floral offerings.

But on All Saints' Day the offerings are made by relatives of each

of the departed, members of the family circle; with us it is the undivided tribute of a whole people to all soldier dead. Here, too, the day is fitly chosen. Thirty-eight years ago to-day General Thomas J. Jackson, but a few days after his splendid achievement at Chancellorsville, in which he met his death wound, passed to his final reward. How many North Carolina boys were with him there, and many from him "in death were not divided." Stonewall ! the incarnation of the Confederate cause, of what was noblest in it, and knightliest and best—meet is it that the anniversary of his death should be set apart as the day for all to assemble to commemorate the cause he upheld so ably, and to do honor to the heroes who survive their great leader, as well as to those who with him have passed "over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Perpetuate, O, my fellow-countrymen ! this beautiful custom—just tribute to devoted men and noble deeds. It keeps in fond memory a glorious epoch in our history—glorious though it passed away in blood and tears. Preserve it for the sake of the women of the South, who instituted it in the face of difficulties, discouragements and disappointments that only zeal like theirs could overcome. Make yearly pilgrimages, and take care that those who come after us are taught thoroughly the cause and meaning of these ceremonies, that they may hand down to generations yet unborn the true story of the men and era we now commemorate. Foster and sustain your Memorial Association. Second all efforts to care for the few who survive the great tragedy, and to adorn the hallowed spots where rest our dead, and so shall our soldiers be held in grateful memory in all time to come, and their deaths will not have been in vain. No! not in vain. "Brave blood is never shed wholly in vain, but sends a voice echoing down the ages through all time." The familiar proverb, "republics are always ungrateful," must have no application here in Dixie.

The subject of my address to you to-day will, at the request of the Memorial Association, be "A Sketch of the Events Immediately Preceding and Following the Ordinances of Secession by the State of North Carolina," and as an appropriate beginning, I will first mention what is known as the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, which occurred in October, 1859. This was an attempt of a narrow-minded fanatic to arm slaves and stir up servile insurrection throughout the South. He was accompanied by a few followers, two only of whom were negroes, but was countenanced and abetted by a large influence in the Northern States and was aided

with money and supplies. Several citizens were killed in this dastardly outrage, as were also members of Brown's party. No negroes of the neighborhood came to his assistance, and it is a pitiable commentary that the first person killed by his men was a negro, an employe of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Brown was promptly captured and brought to trial with several of his followers, all of whom were convicted and executed at Charlestown, Va. Prominent and principally instrumental in his capture was Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee, in command of a body of United States marines, who was assisted by Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart.

The connection with this event of these officers, afterwards so distinguished in the war between the States, is worthy of note. This action of a deluded fanatic, who paid the penalty of an infamous crime by a justly merited death, was the logical outcome of the teachings of the abolition party. It startled the whole country, and for the South had the gravest significance. Its real meaning was more fully demonstrated and emphasized at the time, and after, of Brown's execution. There was tolling of bells, minute guns were fired in many parts of the North. In church-services held in memory of him, Brown was portrayed as a martyr, was compared to our Redeemer on Calvary, and that not by ignorant enthusiasts but by men as prominent as Ralph Waldo Emerson, who said "the new saint will make the gallows glorious like the cross." It was alarming, inconceivable that a miscreant whose previous career of crime in Kansas was well known, who was guilty of insurrection, rapine and murder, should, in consequence of his just punishment, be apotheosized and entitled "St. John the Just." It is difficult to realize the extent of the blind fanaticism that seemed to possess people otherwise sane. It aroused the deepest feeling throughout the South, and caused anxious thought to the most hopeful and conservative. It was, in truth, a dreadful thought, and one that gave every one pause, that so many of our fellow-countrymen could approve and applaud such a man and his act, the effect of which might well have been the murder of men, women and children at the South, and the devastation of this fair land.

THE ELECTION OF LINCOLN.

In November, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States by a sectional vote and upon strictly sectional issues. The platform of his party, upon which Mr. Lincoln stood, asserted that "the normal condition of all the territory of the United States

is that of freedom." It further declared that no legislative body could "give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States." This claim ignored, or rather set at defiance, the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court, and indeed the personal liberty bills of many of the Northern States had already nullified that decision and the laws of which it was the interpretation.

The vote by which Mr. Lincoln was elected was a large minority of the popular vote—nearly one million—yet he had a considerable majority in the electoral college. In the Southern States he had no electoral ticket at all; and there, too, was food for grave thought. If, adhering to the mere forms of the Constitution, a man could be elected to the Presidency by a vote strictly sectional and upon one issue, avowedly sectional, why not upon any other, however regardless of the rights and interests of another section? Mr. Lincoln had three competitors for the office of President, and it has often been claimed that his opponents could have defeated him by combining upon a single candidate. This is a great error, and therein is the defect of the electoral system, and it was a threat to the Southern States. The Electoral College at that time consisted of 303 members, making 152 votes necessary to a choice. Mr. Lincoln received 180 votes in all, though in a minority of nearly a million in the popular vote. But in fifteen of the Northern and Western States, having 167 votes in the Electoral College, he had also clear majorities of the popular vote over the combined votes of the three opposing candidates; so in any case he would have had a majority of fifteen in the Electoral College even if there had been but one competitor. Examination of the official figures will prove the correctness of this statement.

[This statement having been called in question, Major Daves, in the Raleigh, N. C., *Post* of May 24, 1901, offered the following in proof of its correctness]:

STATES.	Lincoln's Majority over all Competitors.	Electoral Vote.
Connecticut,	10,238	4
Illinois,	5,639	11
Indiana,	5,923	13
Iowa,	12,487	4
Maine,	27,704	8
Massachusetts,	43,891	13
Michigan,	22,213	6
Minnesota,	9,333	4

New Hampshire,	9,085	5
New York,	50,136	35
Ohio,	20,779	23
Pennsylvania,	59,618	27
Rhode Island,	4,537	4
Vermont,	24,772	5
Wisconsin,	20,040	5
Total,		167
Fifteen States. Necessary to choice,		152
Majority,		15

If it be claimed that if the three opposing candidates had withdrawn in favor of a single one to oppose Mr. Lincoln, many persons who supported the latter would have voted for such an one, Honorable Stephen A. Douglas, himself one of the candidates, gives the answer. In reply to such a proposition from Honorable Jefferson Davis, Mr. Douglas said that "if he were withdrawn, his friends, mainly Northern Democrats, would join in the support of Mr. Lincoln rather than for any one that should supplant him (Douglas)." As a matter of fact, a fusion ticket in opposition to Mr. Lincoln was warmly supported in the State of New York, but it was beaten by more than 50,000 majority.

Seven of the Southern States considered this election of a President by a sectional vote upon a sectional issue, a menace to their liberties and interests necessitating a change in their general government? They therefore by convention of the people, and by popular vote, withdrew from the Union of the States, as the only legal and peaceable remedy for sectional differences. Without attempting to argue the question it would seem that these States had sufficient warrant and precedent for their acts in the following words of the Declaration of Independence itself: "It is the right of the people to alter, or to abolish, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation in such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Such a new government these States organized and established at Montgomery, Ala., in February, 1861.

The States of North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee and Arkansas were not parties to this movement. It was deemed best to wait

further action by the people of the Northern States, or for an "overt act," as it was termed. In February, 1861, an act of the General Assembly of North Carolina submitted to the vote of our people the question of calling a convention of the people which was to take into consideration the question of the secession of the States from the Union. The interest in this matter and the excitement throughout the State were very great. There were able and active advocates both in favor of, and in opposition to, secession, and the result of the election was the defeat of the call for a convention by the small majority of 194 votes. A vote with a similar result, and by a much larger majority, was also had in Tennessee.

For some reason it has been believed, and often stated, by many of our people that the majority of the State against the call of a convention was very large, some say "overwhelming." Like many other popular beliefs, and much of so-called history, it has no foundation in fact. The above are the official figures, as may be seen by referring to the published vote of the State, and the proclamation of Governor Ellis announcing the same.

FORTS HELD BY FEDERAL TROOPS.

At the time of the withdrawal of South Carolina from the Union, Forts Moultrie in Charleston harbor and Pickens near Pensacola, Florida, were garrisoned and held by Federal troops.

South Carolina, being no longer in the Union, sent commissioners to Washington to treat for the peaceable possession of the forts at Charleston, promising "that there should be no attack upon the forts pending negotiations." The United States government did not consent to surrender the forts, but agreed that "the military status of the forts should not be disturbed." In spite of this Major Anderson, in command at Moultrie, on the night of December 26th, 1860, spiked the guns at the fort, burned their carriages and transferred the garrison, with equipment and stores, to Fort Sumter. This was plainly a violation of faith and agreement, and the State at once seized and occupied all forts, arsenals and other public buildings within its borders. Other States quickly followed this example and forts in Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana and elsewhere were seized and garrisoned by the State government to prevent their occupation by the United States government.

On the 1st of January, 1861, a committee from Wilmington waited on Governor Ellis at Raleigh and urged occupation of Fort Caswell at the mouth of the Cape Fear river. For this there was

no authority, North Carolina being still in the Union, and the request was, of course, refused; but on January 9th the fort was entered and occupied by a body of men, without organization, from Wilmington and Smithville (now Southport). They were promptly ordered out by the Governor, and the fort was restored to the Federal authorities. This is mentioned to show the excitement and intensity of feeling at the time.

The government refused to evacuate Fort Sumter—although there was a promise that it should be done, and works in Charleston harbor commanding it were erected or extended, to prevent its relief or reinforcement. General Scott advised its evacuation “as a military necessity,” and Wm. H. Seward, Mr. Lincoln’s Secretary of State, assured Judge John A. Campbell, of the Supreme Court, that “Fort Sumter will be evacuated in the next five days,” and in reply to a note from Judge Campbell reminding him of this fact Seward replied briefly: “Faith as to Sumter fully kept; wait and see,” and this though he knew that a large fleet with supplies and strong reinforcements for Sumter had already sailed.

It is a matter of interest, and worthy of memory, that the right of secession and the duty of the United States Government to withdraw its forces from the seceded territory were admitted by very distinguished Abolitionist authority. By no less a person than Wendell Phillips of Massachusetts, the great and able Abolitionist, the “silver tongued orator,” the distinguished scholar, the bold, uncompromising foe of the South and of her institutions. In a speech delivered at New Bedford, Mass., on April 9th, 1861, just four days before the reduction of Fort Sumter by the Confederates, he said: “Here are a series of States girding the Gulf, who think their peculiar institutions require that they should have a separate government. They have a right to decide that question without appealing to you or me. A large body of the people sufficient to make a nation, have come to the conclusion that they will have a government of a certain form. Who denies them the right? Standing with the principles of 1776 behind us, who can deny them the right? What is the matter of a few millions of dollars or a few forts? It is a mere drop in the bucket of the great national question. It is theirs just as much as ours. I maintain on the principles of 1776 that Abraham Lincoln has no right to a soldier in Fort Sumter.” These are the words of Wendell Phillips. Can language be more plainer or more forcible in support of the belief and action of the people who united in establishing the Confederate States?

So as to the right of secession, the *New York Tribune* of November 9th, 1860, said: "If the Cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than they can in it, we insist upon letting them go on in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but exists nevertheless. Whenever a considerable section of our Union shall deliberately resolve to go out, we shall resist all coercive measures designed to keep it in. We hope never to live in a republic whereof one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets."

The fleet, mentioned above, for the relief of Fort Sumter sailed about the 6th of April. When this was known a demand for the surrender of the fort was made by General Beauregard by direction of the Confederate authorities at Montgomery. This having been refused fire was opened on the fort on the morning of April 12th, and kept up until the 13th, when it capitulated without loss to either side.

It has been reiterated *ad nauseam*, and much stress laid upon the fact, that the Confederates fired the first gun, implying that they therefore were the aggressors in the war.

Very little thought will show the absurdity of this inference. According to *Constitutional History* (Hallam): "The aggressor in a war (that is, he who begins it), is not he who first uses force, but he who first renders force necessary."

If a man finds a trespasser or a burglar on his premises who refuses to leave when ordered off, he is hardly expected to wait to be attacked before proceeding to enforce his rights. The Federals persisted in holding and occupying a Confederate territory in defiance of all remonstrances and entreaties, and there was nothing left but to repel force by force. Let it ever be remembered that throughout the war from beginning to end, the people of the Confederate States were merely defending themselves and resisting invasion, a wicked and cruel invasion—unjust and without warrant.

The fall of Sumter produced the fiercest excitement throughout the North. Reason was thrown to the winds and it was determined, in the ridiculous jargon of those and later days, to subdue the rebellion, as it was called, at any cost.

On the 15th of April, 1861, the following telegram was received at Raleigh from the War Department at Washington:

"Gov. John W. Ellis:

Call made on you by to-night's mail for two regiments of military for immediate service.

*"SIMON CAMERON,
"Secretary of War."*

So North Carolina was to be required to make war upon her sister Southern States. But they reckoned without their host. Instantly the reply went back, bold, spirited, patriotic:

"Simon Cameron, Secretary of War:

"Your dispatch is received, and if genuine, which its extraordinary character leads me to doubt, I have to say in reply that I regard the levy of troops made by the Administration, for the purpose of subjugating the States of the South, as in violation of the Constitution, and as a gross usurpation of power. I can be no party to this wicked violation of the laws of the country, and to this war upon the liberties of a free people. You can get no troops from North Carolina. I will reply more in detail when I receive your call.

*"JOHN W. ELLIS,
"Governor of North Carolina."*

A terrible crisis was upon the country, but there was no hesitation. As one man the whole State responded to a proclamation of the Governor calling for troops for defense, and for supplies of all kinds. Military companies were formed everywhere, and a camp of instruction, Camp Ellis, was established at Raleigh, where they were organized and drilled.

There was no longer any division among the people, no doubt whatever as to their intent. Whatever may have been deemed advisable as to secession previously, there was but one mind now as to coercion, and especially as to the requirement that North Carolina should be a party to it, against which we protested with our utmost energy and resisted with our utmost ability. Let that be borne in mind. With us it was not so much an assertion of the right of secession, though that we did not deny, as an emphatic denial of the right of coercion.

On the 17th of April Governor Ellis issued his proclamation summoning the legislature to meet on the 1st of May in extra session. In this proclamation, as in his reply to Cameron, and in his subsequent message to the legislature, he dwells especially and earnestly

upon the illegality, the unconstitutionality, of the acts of the United States authorities. He says:

"I am informed that Abraham Lincoln has made a call for 75,000 men to be employed in the invasion of the peaceful homes of the South, and for the violent subversion of the liberties of a free people, constituting a large part of the population of the late United States: And whereas, this high-handed act of tyrannical outrage is not only in violation of all constitutional law, in utter disregard of every sentiment of humanity and Christian civilization, and conceived in a spirit of aggression unparalleled by any act of recorded history, but it is a direct step toward the subjugation of the whole South, and the conversion of a free Republic, inherited from our fathers, into a military depotism, to be established on the ruins of our Constitution of Equal Rights. Now therefore," &c.

And he adds: "And I furthermore exhort all good citizens throughout the State to be mindful that their first allegiance is due to the sovereignty that protects their homes and dearest interests, as their first services are due for the sacred defense of their hearts, and of the soil which holds the graves of our glorious dead."

Whether the Governor over-estimated the effects at the South of the success of the Federal armies, let those who lived through the dark years of Reconstruction answer.

There was no authority granted the President in the Constitution to levy war against a Sovereign State. The war power is vested in Congress, and even that is forbidden to be exercised against a State. Such power was sought to be established in the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States and was refused emphatically. There was no warrant for the call upon North Carolina. In his message to the legislature, the Governor says:

"The right now asserted by the constituted authorities to use military force for the purpose of coercing a State to remain in the Union against its will, finds no warrant in the Constitution, and still less in the principles on which our Republican institutions are based." Alluding to the Act of Congress of 1795, he says further: "The coveted powers which Congress had refused to confer were usurped, and whilst commissioners from the Confederate States were at the seat of Government urging a peaceful settlement of all questions in dispute, and striving to avert from the country the calamities of war—whilst the people were being deluded by daily protestations from the President of his firm resolve to preserve the peace, and we were in momentary expectation of hearing that Fort Sumter at

Charleston had been evacuated, a secret expedition was fitted out and stealthily dispatched to commence the war by an attempt to throw reinforcements into that fortification. To high criminality in involving the country was added base perfidy in exciting hopes and expectations to be dashed at the moment of fruition."

In the meantime Forts Macon at Beaufort, and Caswell and Johnston near Wilmington were taken possession of and garrisoned (by the Governor's order) by State troops; defences were erected at New Inlet, Ocracoke, Hatteras and elsewhere on the coast, and an impromptu navy—a mosquito fleet as it was called—for the defense of the sounds was organized. The United States Arsenal at Fayetteville, in which were stored large quantities of small arms—most of them of antiquated patterns—a battery of light artillery and other munitions of war, was seized, its contents appropriated to arming and equipping the troops and its garrison sent North.

The legislature, having met promptly, passed an act, with scarcely any opposition, calling a convention of the people to consider the question of secession. The convention met in Raleigh on the 20th of May, 1861, the anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and on the same day passed by unanimous vote the following ordinance:

"We, the people of the State of North Carolina, in convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinance adopted by the State of North Carolina in the convention of 1789, whereby the Constitution of the United States was ratified and adopted, and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly, ratifying and adopting amendments to the said constitution are hereby repealed, rescinded and abrogated.

"We do further declare and ordain that the Union now subsisting between the State of North Carolina and the other States under the title of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved, and the State of North Carolina is in the full possession and exercise of all those rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent State."

There was no dissenting voice, and the next day the ordinance was formally signed by every member of the convention—120 in number.

This convention of the people—the highest authority, the origin and foundation of all law and authority known to a republican form of government—was elected especially to determine upon the ques-

tion of secession. It resolved upon it unanimously, and it was not therefore necessary to submit it to a vote of the people. To that ordinance every North Carolinian was bound to conform.

It is profitable to note how strictly in accordance with law and precedent, and in what orderly manner, those grave proceedings were conducted—and it may not be amiss to draw a parallel.

On the 12th of April, 1776, North Carolina, through her representatives then assembled at Halifax, first of all the thirteen colonies, authorized her delegates to the Continental Congress to unite in any measure looking to a separation of the colonies from the mother country and to the establishment of independence, thus, as it were, assuming and ratifying the declaration and resolves of Mecklenburg, made in May of the year previous. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, in that Congress—afterwards Governor and Vice-President—as may be seen in his letter in the American Archives—did not call that action treasonable, but approved it warmly, and wrote his people urging like action on their part. So in May, 1861, North Carolina in convention assembled at Raleigh, by solemn ordinance, without one opposing vote, revoked the ordinance of 1789, withdrew from the association of States and by the same authority that had conferred, in like manner recalled all powers theretofore delegated to the United States. In both instances the step was taken through the lawful authorities duly constituted, after mature consideration, calmly, without outbreak or violence. In both cases the act was one of sovereignty, having been an assumption of power by the colony, whereas it was a resumption merely on the part of the State of powers previously delegated. Now is it not monstrous to call that treason and rebellion in a sovereign State which in a mere colony is termed patriotism and maintenance of right? Such epithets, as so often flippantly applied, are not only untrue but they are absurd. A whole nation, acting through all its people, cannot be guilty of treason. To indict a people for conspiracy and rebellion is as impossible as the crime itself.

On the day of the passage of the Ordinance of Secession the convention passed an ordinance ratifying and assenting to the constitution of the provisional government of the Confederate States, and later other ordinances ceding to that government certain property and privileges, and vesting in it certain necessary rights and powers. North Carolina thus became one of the Confederate States and cast her lot with them for weal or woe, prepared and ready to abide the result. Afterwards the permanent Constitution of the

Confederate States was adopted and ratified, and on June 18th two senators and eight representatives were elected by the convention to the Confederate Congress, which, after its adjournment at Montgomery in May, was to meet in Richmond on the 20th of July, where its sessions were held thereafter.

The permanent Constitution of the Confederate States, which "he who runs may read," is itself a full and plain refutation of the ridiculous statements often made that its object was the overthrow of the principles of the Constitution of the United States. The permanent Constitution was the Constitution of the United States, with such necessary amendments as the difference of situation made necessary. Some of these amendments were significant, especially that forbidding the foreign slave trade, which was not forbidden in the Constitution of the United States; on the contrary, it was there expressly allowed (Article I, section 9) until 1808, after which its prohibition by that instrument was only permissive. The Constitution of the United States was the wisdom of our own ancestors. With it, properly construed and administered, we had no quarrel, and our only thought was to live under its provisions apart from those with whom it seemed we could not rest in peace, and against whose perversions we could not rest in peace, and against whose perversions of its powers we protested with all our energy. We never dreamed of overthrowing or destroying the old government or of molesting any State that elected to remain with it. We as fully acknowledged the right to remain, if so it seemed good, as we also claimed the right to withdraw.

On the 10th of June, 1861, less than a month after the passage of the Ordinance of Secession, was fought and won the battle of Great Bethel in Virginia, won principally by North Carolina troops under Colonel D. H. Hill. And here another parallel with revolutionary days may be of interest.

In that olden time of the first revolution our people were called upon to defend their homes, and to repel invasion; and with Richard Caswell, with Ashe and Lillington, they won the fight at Moore's Creek Bridge on the 20th of February, 1776, the first victory in pitched battle won in the territory of the thirteen colonies. There had been actions before, momentous and far reaching in their consequences, as at Bunker Hill, but it was a defeat for the Americans, also at Great Bridge in Virginia, which was only a repulse of the British. Moore's Creek was a complete victory, and an utter rout of the enemy that checked the invasion of North Carolina, and gave

peace to the State, within its borders, for three years. So at Bethel, in 1861, the first victory in pitched battle of the United Confederacy was won by North Carolinians.

[Reference may be made to the Report of the History Committee of the Grand Camp, C. V., of Virginia, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XXXI, p. 347.]

A simple monument at Moore's Creek tells the story of the men who fought there. Our citizens celebrated with much rejoicing and patriotic spirit the centenary of that victory, but heaped no insults upon the memory of the brave men who fought on the other side. Only kindly admiration was expressed for gallant Scotchmen who died there. Nor is it expected of their descendants, our fellow citizens of to-day, as proof of present loyalty, that they shall condemn the action of their fathers. With General Frank Nash our kinsfolk went to death at Germantown, in the long ago. With Mad Anthony Wayne they went to that desperate bayonet charge at Stony Point; with Jethro Sumner at Eutaw Springs; with Morgan and Greene; with Davie, Davidson and Graham; with Hogan at Charleston—wherever duty called or danger was to be dared they were to be found until the end of that long struggle which ended successfully for them. Well, the swift years flew by, and in 1861 our State, whose behest we were ever taught is paramount to all, again summoned her sons to repel invasion and to uphold the right of self-government—and it cannot be too often or too strongly emphasized that they fought only to resist invasion and to vindicate the right of self-government—and in the brave old way, as in the brave old times of the past, they came at her call, and with Branch and Pender and Pettigrew, with Daniel and Whiting and Ramseur, with Hoke and with Ransom, at Newbern, at Richmond, at Manassas, and at Sharpsburg, at Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg and at Chickamauga, in the Wilderness and at Petersburg, at Fort Fisher, Averysboro and at Bentonville, they freely offered their young lives as the last evidence they could give of their earnest conviction of right and duty. Of their fortitude under hardship, of their unflinching courage and self-sacrificing devotion you need no reminder.

Suffice it to say that in the same brave old way, learned from those who in like manner had gone forth in the first revolution, they met their sad fate, doing all that men could do to maintain their

cause—unlike their ancestors in only this that they failed in their undertaking. And shall we not hold the men of these later days, our own kindred and neighbors, in loving memory too, and forever preserve the record of their matchless deeds? Let the mute eloquence of many memorial shafts throughout the South make answer. The women of the South in their bereavement, sorrow and poverty did not forget gratitude, and everywhere have placed lasting mementoes of the self-oblation of all Confederate dead—grander than their prototypes the modest column at Moore's Creek, or the simple stone to Sumner at Guilford, or the humble tomb that in the churchyard of St. James at Wilmington marks the resting place of Cornelius Harnett, by as much as our strife was greater than theirs.

“ Lament them not; no love can make immortal,
The span that we call life,
And never heroes entered heaven's portal
Thro' fields of grander strife.”

GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 7th of July, 1861, John W. Ellis, Governor of North Carolina, died at the Red Sulphur Springs in what is now West Virginia, of consumption of the lungs. He had been in delicate health for several months previously, and had gone to that resort but a few days before his death, hoping to obtain relief, but his overwhelming duties had undermined his feeble frame. He lived to see the victory at Bethel, in June, 1861, won principally by troops organized and equipped by his untiring efforts. His death was hastened by the arduous labors and heavy responsibilities of his high office, and he died as much a martyr to the cause in which his warmest sympathies and most earnest work were enlisted, as any soldier who fell on the field of battle. Peace to his ashes! He was succeeded in office by Hon. Henry F. Clark, of Edgecombe county, who, as speaker of the State Senate, as it was then constituted, became Governor *ex officio* for the remainder of the term.

Time will not admit of further recitation of the events that followed the passage of the Ordinance of Secession. In what has been said I have endeavored to comply with the request of the Memorial Association to narrate briefly events that happened just previously and subsequently to that ordinance, chiefly those that occurred in North Carolina. But little attempt has been made to argue the question upon its merits, as it was believed that a simple

narration was all that was desired. But I pray you to hear for me a little while still, if I attempt some slight tribute to the Confederate soldier, a theme so near the hearts of us all, but to which no one is equal.

And first, in these days of centennial memories and observance, it may be profitable to study the men, their motives and deeds, of our first revolution, and to seek to learn, by comparison, wherein, if at all, we in our later revolution, differed from them in act, or departed from their teaching.

For what they believed to be good and sufficient cause, our forefathers of the Revolution resolved to sever their connection with the mother country, and to establish for themselves and their posterity a government of their own, free and independent, founded wholly on the consent of the governed. Right nobly did they carry out this resolve. Undismayed by the magnitude of their undertakings, they rose superior to hardships and trials, painfully overcame all obstacles, cheerfully faced all dangers and mastered all opposition, until, at last, they attained their end, and we have inherited the fruits of their labors. But, mark you, it has never been said, or thought, that those men intended, or wished, to injure or compass the destruction of the government from which they had separated. Such superlative nonsense was reserved for the wiseacres of to-day in their flippant denunciations of our acts and intentions, in separating ourselves from the government of the United States. It would be quite as correct and true to allege that our ancestors in the Declaration of Independence desired and intended the overthrow of the government of Great Britain, as that we, as is so often alleged, intended, or could have effected, if we could have so wished, the destruction of the United States government in withdrawing from it. In both cases it was only intended to establish a separate government, leaving the old one intact and undisturbed, to be enjoyed by all who remained under its provisioners. Much stress has been laid in this connection upon the well-known expression of Mr. Lincoln in his speech at Gettysburg: "A government of the people, by the people, for the people," so often and so gushingly quoted—the inference implied being the success of the Confederate cause would prove the downfall of the government. Most lame and impotent conclusion, for nothing can be more true than that was the very kind of government that the Confederates so earnestly strove to maintain, and to establish separately, for themselves. The ex-

pression, by the by, was not original with Mr. Lincoln, but had been used by speakers and writers since 1794.

We should, as we do, render to those men of the olden time love and thanks. We recall their actions, cherish their memories, but above all it is most incumbent upon us to preserve intact their priceless legacy. We should ever bear in mind that this inestimable inheritance of selfgovernment is not wholly our own. It is not to be bartered away, or for any reason to be parted with. In it we have but a life estate, and hold it in trust for those who are to follow us, solemnly pledged to transmit it to them in no whit shorn of its fair proportions, but rather, if so it may be, with its blood-bought privileges enlarged and extended. But if the men of King's Mountain, of Eutaw, and of Yorktown, had toiled in vain, if their heroism had ended in disaster and crushing defeat, would it be right or necessary to villify them for the gallant struggle they made, or to withhold admiration for their brave efforts in behalf of what they believed to be their right? I trow not! No voice is raised in their condemnation, no one insinuates a doubt of the purity of their intentions. Why should it have been otherwise if the issue had been different? Now, if beliefs and actions of Southern people in our own times were similar to those of our ancestors of our first revolution, will it be any more than just to draw the same conclusions, and to render like judgment in the one case as in the other? What was right and meritorious in the Continental statesman and soldier cannot have been wrong and blameworthy in the Confederate. What was honorable and patriotic in Richard Caswell and Cornelius Harnett, in George Washington and Francis Nash, can hardly have been despicable and traitorous in Jefferson Davis or John W. Ellis, in Robert E. Lee, Charles F. Fisher, William Pender, L. O'B. Branch, or in the men who followed them.

It was sad indeed that disagreements politically between countrymen could not be adjusted without an appeal to the sword. Their divisions were political only and had their origin in what was honestly held to be right by both parties, and most conducive to the welfare of each. They were, says an eminent writer, "the expression of political principles concerning which parties and sections had long been divided, and which separated the best and wisest of our land long before their antagonism" culminated in warfare.

Both parties in the late war between the States were equally honest in their belief of the right of their respective causes, and neither

should now question the sincerity of the other. They who fought with Jackson, or followed the feather of Stuart, and all who sympathized with them, must abide the arbitrament to which final appeal was made. To quote again the same distinguished writer—they are bound “to accept defeat and its legitimate consequences in as good faith as they would have accepted victory; they are bound to obey the laws, to fulfill to the letter every call of patriotic obligation.” All these we have done, and will continue to do. But we are not bound to desecrate the memories of our dead, nor to submit without protest to misrepresentation. It is possible, of course, that we may have erred. Our acts may have been injudicious. We have no infallible oracle to decide such points. They are fair matters of opinion and argument upon which, in the future, history, impartially written, will inevitably pass judgment. With that tribunal we willingly rest our case; but we claim to stand before it without having the case prejudged—as a people, unfortunate if you please, but who, convinced of the integrity of our purposes, and acting according to our best lights, proved our faith by staking all on the issue. And to the same august judgment-seat, without fear as to its verdict, we appeal in behalf of him who was our President—whom we ourselves constituted our leader—Jefferson Davis, who but a short time ago went down in sorrow, still in honor, to the grave. The beauty and purity of his character; his steadfastness in discharges of duty; his lofty patriotism; the vigor of his well-rounded intellect; the virtue of his life; his kindly nature and the simplicity of his faith will yet be recognized by others as they are known to and honored by us.

There is inherent in our people a sense of right, a love of fair-play—dormant and overshadowed at times, perhaps, but which some day must impel the victors in the war between the States to do justice to the vanquished, and when that shall be frankly done it will bring about mutual confidence and perfect reconciliation.

Feelings of this kind, I venture to believe, even now animate many of our fellow countrymen, and, in the near future, will influence all intelligent and generous men in all this broad land—though their magnanimity will have to undergo the severer test of according full justice to a beaten instead of a victorious foe.

That I am not without warrant for such belief the following extract from a Northern paper, whose editor was an officer of the Federal Army, will in great measure prove. He says:

“As we get further and further removed from the blinding passions that clouded our judgment, and as the soothing hand of time quiets our wrath, engendered by a deadly conflict, there is one name that rises higher and brighter, not only at home but throughout Europe, as that of the greatest military leader of time, and that is the name of Robert E. Lee. Gathering up an army from a country that had no other resource than the brave hearts of its doomed people, poorly armed and worse equipped, to march without pay, sleep without shelter and fight without food, through the long years of that terrible conflict, he rode on from victory to victory over superior numbers, marking the boundary line of his country with death and disaster to the enemy, until his devoted army, wasted through sickness and fatigue, fell from sheer exhaustion.”

A great struggle like that which ended at our Bentonville must some day be regarded in its true light by all men, no matter what their predilections for the contending parties, and not from the standpoint of passion and prejudice. A proper sense of self respect and a right estimate of the unanimous action of a whole people, must banish the opprobrious terms which it seems good to many to employ when speaking of the war between the States, and of those who took part in it. Men who fought to maintain the Union, without yielding in any degree their own convictions, or a natural pride in their success in upholding them, will in time freely accord to their opponents equal honesty and earnestness, and will recognize the absurdity of the vulgar cant about “rebels” and “treason.” Each party to the strife should willingly allow to the other what it claims for itself. No sentiment is more worthy of condemnation than that feeling of faction, that petty spirit of party, that wilfully excludes from view everything that is not within the direct range of its own narrow vision. In spite of the boasted liberalism of this land of popular education, intolerance is a marked defect in our national character; one that it is our duty to correct, to the end that prejudice may fade away and give place to that large-mindedness that going hand in hand with large-heartedness makes up the perfect man.

Resting in the rectitude of our past, honoring our dead, and fulfilling every present obligation, we are content to await the coming of that day of justice and reconciliation. And should some unrighteous brother denounce us as “rebels” and brand as “treason” political belief and acts older than our government itself, we may

point to the tombs of the Revolutionary patriots, Francis Nash and Joseph Warren, of Edward Buncombe and William Davidson, who taught us "rebellion"—and died in teaching us—and make answer: "Every tree is known by his own fruit." The land that gave the "rebels" George Washington and Patrick Henry, Richard Caswell and Jethro Sumner to lead and counsel the men whom we commemorate in centennial celebrations, gave also in these latter days Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, Alexander Stephens and John C. Breckinridge, Leonidas Polk and Albert Sidney Johnston, worthy sons of noble sires.

"A good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit, neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

Behold in these men the true exponents of the South and her cause, the outgrowth of her civilization! Does any land show their superiors? By them, our exemplars, let us be judged.

But why multiply words? Let the whole world condemn, still will we love and honor the voiceless dust that lies here—aye and all our patriot dead, it recks not where their bodies lie! Even had they in mistaken zeal done wrong, we would still revere their memories for their unselfish devotion and unrepining sacrifice.

Long years ago when the lowly Nazarene, who "spake as never man spake," was doing his work of mercy and love among the hills of Palestine—Himself, the incarnation of love—it is written that he said:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

That, Ladies of the Memorial Association—that, fellow citizens and soldiers—that, men and women of the South, is what alike the men of the Revolution and they who sleep in this consecrated ground did for you and for me. Shall we not cherish their love?

"Their precious lives though vainly sped—
Long as its share old Ocean laves,
We'll bow with reverence o'er our dead,
And bless the turf that wraps their graves."

Ladies of the Memorial Association

This poor tribute to the deeds and memory of the Confederate dead, I have, at your honored bidding, laid upon their graves. Bear with me a moment longer while I add a word in behalf of the sur-

vivors of our great conflict, our veterans—the “frail wrecks from that gory sea.” Not in feeble language of my own—but in the touching lines of Frank Stanton, who makes such loving appeal for

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Here he is in wreck of gray—
With the brazen belt of the C. S. A.
Men, do you know him? Far away
Where the battle blackened the face of day,
And the rapid rivers in crimson fled,
And God's white roses were wrecked in red,
His strength he gave and his blood he shed;
Followed fearless where Stonewall led,
Or galloped wild in the wake of Lee,
In the daring mad artillery.
Shelled the ranks of the enemy,
For the South that was and the South to be;
Or bore his musket with wounded hands,
O'er icy rivers and burning sands,
Levelled straight at the hostile bands,
That swept like death through the ravaged lands,
Men do you know him? Grim and gray,
He speaks to you from the far away.
There he stands on the prison sod,
A statue carved by the hand of God;
He bore his rags and his wounds for ye.
He bore the flag of the warring South
With red-scarred hands to the cannon's mouth—
By Heaven! I see as I did that day
The red wounds gleam thro' the rags of gray.

Men of the South, your heroes stand
Statue-like in your new born land.
Will ye pass them by? Will your lips condemn?
The wounds on their brave breasts plead for them.
Shall the South that they gave their blood to save
Give them only a nameless grave?
Nay; for the men who faced the fray
Are her's in trust 'till the judgment day,
And God Himself in the sweet far land
Will ask their blood at their country's hand.

Soldier—you in the wreck of gray,
With the brazen belt of the C. S. A.—
Take my love and my tears to-day,
Take them—all that I have to give;
But by God's grace while my heart shall live,
It still shall keep in its faithful way
The camp-fire lit for the men in gray.
Aye—'till the trump sounds far away,
And the silver bugles of Heaven play
And the roll is called at the Judgment-day.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, September 11, 1904.]

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

An Address Delivered Before the United Confederate Veterans' Convention in Baton Rouge, September, 1904.

By Captain JAMES DINKINS, Member of the State History Committee.

[For the masterly address on the Battle of Chickamauga, delivered before the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, by Colonel Archer Anderson, see *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. IX, p. 385.—ED.]

I desire, in this necessarily imperfect sketch of the great battle of Chickamauga, to record, as far as I may be able, only the most important features and events, and it is not without diffidence that I have consented to do so.

The present war between Russia and Japan has been compared to the war between the States, and the Japanese are accredited with possessing equal strategy with Jackson and Forrest.

The Japanese soldiers are being spoken of as the greatest of the age, almost without comparison for dash and courage.

Comparison is too vast a subject to undertake in a short report, but it is well to remind those of the present generation that the South was plunged into the midst of war without any preparation, and without equipment, while Japan has for years been actively employed in organizing her battalions and mobilizing her armies. We have great admiration for the Japanese, and earnestly hope they may be successful in crushing the menace which confronts them, and also check the madness of that barbarous and inhuman government which has for years oppressed and murdered a harmless and peaceful people. When a recent battle was fought reports were sent over the world stating that 800 men were killed or wounded, and people held their breath while they read the headlines, and gasped over the awful destruction of life.

I have selected Chickamauga as my subject, therefore, because it will illustrate the quality of the Confederate soldier, and will enable those who make comparisons to do so intelligently.

I desire particularly to impress upon those who wish to be informed that the Confederates were greatly outnumbered, while the reverse is true of the Japanese.

Chattanooga, as we all know, is in the mouth of a narrow valley, formed by Lookout mountain and a spur of mountains known as Missionary Ridge. Lookout mountain juts abruptly upon the Tennessee river, a short distance to the west of Chattanooga, and extends southward into Georgia.

For fifty miles or more the densely wooded hills and rocky cliffs are impassable for troops, except by two wagon roads, one distant twenty, and the other forty miles from Chattanooga.

Missionary Ridge extends from north to south, on the eastern extremity of the valley, and along which the eastern branch of the Chickamauga river runs. To the south is Pigeon mountain, some twenty-five miles distant from Chattanooga and about equally distant between the two the Chickamauga river crosses the valley, and on this west branch of the river Lee and Gordon's mills are situated.

It was early in July, 1863, that the Army of Tennessee, under command of General Braxton Bragg, was withdrawn to the south side of the Tennessee river, and concentrated at Chattanooga, where necessary changes in the organization took place.

Forest had been assigned to the command of a division of cavalry and ordered to East Tennessee to keep watchful observation of the enemy in that direction. The Federals at that time were in strong force at McMinnville, Franklin and Triune.

General Rosecrans, who commanded the Federal army, had several times decided on a forward movement, it transpires, but the audacious work of Forrest kept him in doubt, and he therefore did not undertake to cross the Tennessee until about August 27th.

On the last of the month two divisions of McCook's Corps and one of Thomas' Corps made the passage at Caperton's Ferry, and began to march without delay over Sand mountain.

On the 4th of September the remaining divisions of McCook and Thomas crossed at Bridgeport and Shell Mound.

About this time the three Confederate corps, commanded by Generals Polk, D. H. Hill and Buckner, were withdrawn to the vicinity of Lee and Gordon's mills, on the Chickamauga. On September 9th, two divisions of Thomas' Corps (Negly's and Baird's) made their way through Cooper's and Stevens' gaps, in Lookout

mountain, both very strong positions, which were left open by General Bragg, but without any apparent object.

The enemy took position near Dug Gap, and as soon as they had done so, D. H. Hill was ordered to guard the passage in Pigeon mountain, while General Polk was summoned to make active operations against the Federals in McLemore's Cove.

Thus the two armies faced each other on September 10th, but no collision occurred. Hill made disposition for battle, and Cleburne's battle-scarred heroes deployed into line ready to spring forth with their habitual *eclat*, but before the order was given, word reached Hill from headquarters to suspend the movement.

It is believed by those acquainted with the conditions that a most favorable opportunity was lost at this time.

As an evidence of this, the Federals began a hurried retrograde march.

As soon as General Hill reported this fact, he was ordered to advance, which he did with great spirit, but the Federals declined battle, and night being at hand, under favor of darkness, fell back to the hills in front of Steven's Gap, and escaped that destruction which a skilled general like Hill, with his impetuous soldiers, could have wrought.

This was one of the lost opportunities of the war.

McCook assembled his corps near Winston's Gap, in Lookout mountain, some forty miles distant. Meantime Thomas began to move eastward to intercept General Bragg, whom Rosecrans believed to be in full retreat.

Previous to these events a third corps of Rosecrans' army, under Crittenden, had crossed the Tennessee at Bridgeport, and at the mouth of Battle creek, and was moving by way of Ringgold towards Dalton.

Let us consider the situation at this time. Rosecrans' army was widely separated. McCook could only reach Thomas by a march of thirty-five miles, while Crittenden was separated from both, as he moved down the east side of Missionary ridge. General Bragg had concentrated his whole force near Lafayette, and it was impossible, therefore, for McCook to reach Thomas by the road mentioned. There was but one opportunity open, and that was to march back into Wills' Valley and northward, some fifty miles through most difficult mountain roads and passes. It was fortunate, indeed, for the Federal commander that General Bragg did not take in the

situation; certainly it was the best opportunity afforded during the war to destroy an army in detail.

On September 13th the Federal army was posted as follows:

McCook's 20th Corps, 14,345 effectives and 54 cannon, near Alpine, Ga.

Thomas' 14th Corps, 24,072 effective and 72 cannon, in front of Stevens' Gap, and Crittenden's Corps, 13,975 effective and 48 cannon, west of Lee and Gordon's Mills. Total, 52,392 infantry, 177 guns and 8,000 cavalry, making an effective force of more than 60,000 men, while a division of Gordon Granger's Corps was at Shell Mound. General Bragg's force consisted of Polk's Corps, 12,027 strong; D. H. Hill, 11,972; Buckner, 11,029; 150 cannon and 7,500 cavalry. Total, 42,528.

It will be noted that General Bragg made no effort to destroy either of the separated Federal forces.

By the 18th of September General Rosecrans had brought together in the Chickamauga valley, southward of Lee and Gordon's Mills, the bulk of his army, while General Bragg had, as before stated, concentrated his army about Lafayette.

On September 19, General Bragg decided to take the offensive. Bushrod Johnson was ordered to take the initiative with his division by crossing the Chickamauga at Reed's bridge, about four or five miles from Lee and Gordon's Mills, and move southward against his enemy, while Walker, with his division, was to cross at Alexander's bridge, and support Johnson.

Buckner's Corps crossed at Tedford's Ford, still nearer the enemy's position, while Hill was to cover the left flank against any operation the Federals might make from that direction.

Johnson began the movement early on Friday morning with four brigades, while Forrest covered his flanks and front.

Forrest came in contact with the Federal cavalry at Keller's Mill and pressed them back to Reed's bridge, where there was sharp fighting before the infantry arrived. Two brigades (Law's and Robertson's), commanded by General Hood, soon re-enforced Johnson.

Buckner, as instructed, marched from Lafayette, and approaching Tedford's and Dalton's Fords, late in the afternoon, seized the hills commanding both fords, where he planted his batteries to cover the crossing. Polk's Corps, in the meantime (Hindman's and Cheatham's Divisions) had taken position nearly opposite Lee and Gordon's Mills.

It will, therefore, be seen that on the morning of September 19, the bulk of the Confederate army lay east of Chickamauga.

This was a position fraught with great jeopardy for General Bragg. Had Rosecrans been such a man as General Lee, or Jackson or Forrest, he would have made use of it. The battle was now near at hand. With forces opposed, of numbers, courage and other qualities and aspirations, which assured that it would be one of the most sanguinary and obstinate of the war.

General Bragg had effectives, located as we have shown, not to exceed 38,000 bayonets, 7,500 cavalry and 150 cannon.

Rosecrans fronted Chickamauga with Crittenden's Corps, while Thomas with his corps occupied the Chattanooga and Lafayette road to the left of Crittenden, and McCook was at Crawfish Spring. On the morning of the 20th, Forrest was ordered to develop the enemy on the extreme right, and was assured of prompt support. Forrest moved swiftly to Jay's Saw Mill, when he encountered a heavy Federal column, which he boldly attacked and brushed back some five or six hundred yards, where he observed two strong lines in battle array, nearly due west of Reed's Bridge.

He sent an officer to headquarters with the information, and requested that his left should be re-enforced.

It was now about 10 o'clock A. M. The Federals threw forward a line of skirmishers, and it may be said that this was the overture of the battle of Chickamauga.

The conflict became warm and was maintained with pertinacity on both sides. Forrest drove back the Federal line until it formed a junction with McCook's Corps and Reynold's Division of Thomas' Corps.

The battle thus far had been confined to an arena scarcely a mile and a half in length, the whole face of which was an undulating plateau covered with an oak forest and dense undergrowth. The Federals had thrown up earthworks, from which they now poured forth a hot torrent of musketry fire, as well as grape, canister and shell from numerous batteries.

The attacking Confederate force thus far consisted of two small cavalry divisions, about 3,000 rifles and eight guns.

In a short time Walker's Division, 5,000 strong, and sixteen guns, was sent to the support of Forrest, but about this time Forrest discovered that the enemy was overlapping his lines and he fell back. In the meantime events were culminating.

Cheatham's Division of Polk's Corps had been ordered from Dalton's Ford to re-enforce Walker. Cheatham hastened to the right and took position astraddle the road from Alexander's Bridge.

Cheatham at once advanced his Tennesseans, and they were soon engaged with the counter movement which had pressed Walker and Forrest back. Thomas and Crittenden's Corps were now in this quarter of the field, where a fiery, fluctuating conflict raged for several hours.

At one time the Federals were driven back fully three-quarters of a mile, when they were strongly re-enforced and rolled the Confederates back.

Meanwhile, Cleburne's Division of Hill's Corps had been held eastward of the Chickamauga until nearly night, when he was ordered to report to General Polk, who instructed him to form in rear of his right.

It was now about 6 o'clock, but Cleburne was ordered to advance and attack, over the ground so lately, so frequently and so obstinately contended for, and Cheatham also moved forward in concert.

A furious tempest of shot and shell rained upon that advancing host of immortals, and for half an hour the firing was as heavy as was ever known. Darkness came on, and the aim of each adversary was directed by the flash of his opponent's gun.

Finally two fresh brigades were sent to the support of Cleburne and Cheatham, and the enemy gave way, leaving twelve pieces of cannon, some 600 prisoners, and four stands of colors in the Confederates' hands.

Here General Preston Smith fell—a great loss to our cause—an officer who had no superior in that army for shining courage, while none of his grade excelled him in the qualities of a commander.

With him also fell his Adjutant-General, Captain John Donelson, and his Aide, Captain Thomas H. King.

Cleburne never halted to readjust his lines until he had driven the Federals more than a mile, where he and Cheatham bivouacked upon their arms.

There had been fighting elsewhere, also, although the main conflict was as we have described.

Preston's Division of Buckner's Corps, and Hood's two divisions, Johnson's and Law's, were drawn up in line on the crest of a ridge about a thousand yards east of Vinyard's house from early morning until about 4 P. M., when their skirmish line was drawn in.

Hood then ordered Johnson to attack, which he did with great energy, and pressed the Federals back to the Chattanooga road, and thus matters stood the night of the 20th.

General Rosecrans, in his report of this battle, states that "the whole Federal army was brought squarely into action," save two brigades of Sheridan's Division and Mitchell's Cavalry. On the other hand, only about half of the Confederate forces were engaged, not exceeding 19,000 bayonets. Why they were not put into action we are unable to comprehend, because they could have been used to good advantage.

Breckinridge, with 4,000 men, and Hindman, with 5,6000, also those of Preston's Brigade, were suffered to remain idle during the entire day.

Lieutenant-General Longstreet, of the Army of Northern Virginia, reached General Bragg about 11 o'clock at night, and stated that McLaws' Division of his corps was marching from Catoosa Station, thus increasing Bragg's force 4,600, making a total of 50,100. He was advised by General Bragg of his purpose to give battle the following day, September 21, and that he had arranged his forces into two grand divisions. The command of the right was assigned to General Polk, and that of the left to Longstreet.

Polk's command embraced Hill's Corps, Walker's Reserve Corps and Cheatham's Division of his own corps, while Forrest supported his right flank.

Longstreet's wing was composed of Buckner's Corps, Hindman's Division of Polk's Corps, Johnson's Division, and Hood's and McLaws' Divisions of Longstreet's Corps.

Notwithstanding the arrangements as told to General Longstreet, several officers of high rank had no information on the subject. D. H. Hill had been selected to begin the combat, but received no advice to that effect until told by General Bragg, in person, the next morning. Buckner also was ignorant of the plan, so he states.

As late as 8 o'clock in the morning our forces occupied the same position in which the close of the battle had left them the night before.

During the night General Rosecrans assembled his corps commanders at his headquarters, and, in consequence, his forces presented a well-furnished front, behind breastworks of logs, and, in many places, trenches.

The sun rose bright and clear, but a heavy mist lay low in the valley, concealing the two armies from each other.

General Bragg ordered that the attack be made at daylight, but the failure to communicate the plans to the corps commanders led to a delay of three hours or more.

The plan of battle provided that the movement begin on the right, and follow in succession toward the left, the purpose being to wheel the whole line towards the left.

At length, between 9 and 10 o'clock, final orders were received to begin the battle.

Breckinridge advanced, and, together with Helm's Brigade, became furiously engaged with a force behind strong breastworks. Forward dashed the Alabamians and Kentuckians, under a most murderous fire, enfilading as well as front, that shattered their ranks, but they pressed on.

The loss was fearful, and among the fallen was the accomplished Brigadier-General Ben Hardin Helm. The line advanced beyond the Chattanooga road, and captured a battery of Napoleon guns in position.

Adams' Brigade, in the meantime, had met but slight resistance, but also captured a battery, which was turned on the enemy. Seeing that the Federal line was practically turned, Breckinridge changed front at right angles to the Chattanooga road, facing southward, with Slocum's Louisiana Battery in his front. Advancing along and to eastward of the road, he developed the enemy's left strongly intrenched. Adams, on the right, encountered the enemy fronting his approach, but he broke through them by the impetuosity of his attack, but found a second and stronger line, at least three brigades, supported by artillery, behind them.

The next instant the Confederates were thrown back in confusion, leaving the gallant and intrepid Adams, severely wounded, in the hands of the enemy.

The situation was serious. but Slocum threw his battery into favorable position and opened with grape and canister, fighting his guns with resolution and desperate courage. Slocum faced the Federal line unsupported until the brigade was rallied in his rear. Slocum was severely cut up, but continued to work his guns until the crisis was over. His battery had to be refitted before he could move.

The 19th Louisiana Regiment performed valiant services, and lost a large number of gallant officers and men. Among the killed was the gallant and always to be lamented Major Loudoun Butler.

In the meantime Wood's Brigade pushed forward upon the south-

ern angle of the breastworks in its front, but, having to cross an open field swept by an oblique fire, was repulsed with fearful loss, leaving over 600 killed and wounded in ten minutes' time.

Deshler was then thrown forward to fill the gap left by the repulse of Wood, and before he had fairly begun his charge, a three-inch shell passed through his body.

Cleburne, finding that he was confronted by an enormous force, withdrew and reformed. In the meantime Helm's Brigade had been equally cut up, and the situation seemed critical.

Breckinridge was being hard pressed. Hill sent Colquitt's Brigade to receive the pressure, but the noble Georgians came quickly under a most destructive fire from the front and flank that killed or wounded more than a third of the fellows, while Colquitt fell mortally wounded. Every field officer in the brigade was killed or wounded, save one. Ector's, Wilson's and Walthall's Brigades were sent to the support of General Polk, and encountered an overwhelming force, before which they had to give way with heavy loss. It will, therefore, be seen that after an hour's gallant fighting nothing had been accomplished on the right but the fearful loss of some of the best soldiers of any age.

Clayton and Bates had been so cut up they also had to retire and reform.

Preston, in the meantime, with his division, Stewart's, Trigg's, Gracie's and Kelly's Brigades and Johnson's Division on his left, with Breckinridge and Forrest on the right, moved forward like a mighty current, and striking the Federals, strongly intrenched around the Brotherton's house, swept them away, and, pressing the advantage, drove the enemy precipitately and headlong to flight. This was the first ray of light to the gallant Confederates. Pushing ahead, keeping his force well in hand, Johnson passed through a wood and entered an open field, over which the Federals were falling back in disorder. The enemy had planted several batteries very favorably on the little hills which bore on the noble ranks as they dashed forward in pursuit. The writer heard General Stewart say that "the scene at this moment was the most brilliant and exciting he witnessed during the war." The impetuous charge, the rush and yell of the columns as they swept out of the woods into the field, the artillery, and men on horseback, dashing onward with the recklessness of desperation, the dust and smoke, the bursting of shells, the swish of grape-shot, all combined to make a battle scene of unsurpassed grandeur. The wildest enthusiasm now took posses-

sion of our troops. Hindman's Division dashed forward and carried the enemy's works with an impetuosity never surpassed. The Federals were staggered on every hand, and ran in great disorder, leaving guns in position and thousands of dead and wounded on the field. General Hindman, in his report, pays the highest compliment to Manigault and his brigade, also to Deas and Anderson.

Longstreet's wing of the army was now fully engaged, and was handled with skill and judgment, throwing the full force of his troops in concert, while the fight on the right had been made in brigades and divisions.

About 12 o'clock one of Forrest's scouts reported that a column of infantry was advancing from the direction of Rossville. With that foresight and promptness which always characterized Forrest, he dashed away with Armstrong's Brigade to meet this new enemy. Granger, with 5,000 fresh troops and three batteries, was pushing on to relieve Thomas. Forrest, with his small force, became quickly engaged, and forced Granger to halt, and, although too weak to long stay his advance, compelled Granger to deflect some distance from the main direction. Thomas has been accredited with great stubbornness and tenacity in holding his position, but when we look into the facts we are compelled to find that his ability to do so was due more to the inaction of the Confederate troops on the right than to any special credit due Thomas. It is a fact that our entire right wing, for two hours or more, stood motionless on the field, while the left wing had driven the enemy from every position on that part of the field. General D. H. Hill states that it was half-past 3 when the order was given to advance. General Cleburne also made the same statement. It was, therefore, 4 o'clock when the line again advanced against Thomas, who had now strengthened his command until he mustered over 35,000 muskets. Finally Breckinridge, on the right, then Liddell, while Cleburne pressed forward in the centre, and Cheatham on the left, moved forward like a mighty torrent against the strongly posted forces of Thomas, well sheltered by breastworks.

The gallant men fought their way to Thomas' lines, but, confronted by overwhelming odds, they could not hold their advantage, and the right began to give way. Forrest, who had been guarding the extreme flank, seeing the disorder, hurried to the rescue, and, placing himself among the infantry, called on them to stand. His presence was so grand, so lofty, and so inspiring that the men rallied and renewed the attack. Forward, and yelling, the men rushed

headlong into Thomas' works, surmounting them at every point, and the Federals went pell-mell through the swamp into the woods and up the ravines in swarms and broken masses. It was one of the grandest moments in all the world's history.

The Confederates had swept everything before them, and were complete masters of the field, while the Federals were routed and left the field covered with cannon and small arms, besides several thousand prisoners and sixteen thousand dead and wounded.

The loss on the Confederate side was also very heavy—some twelve thousand killed and wounded.

The battle of Chickamauga was one of the bloodiest of the war, or, in fact, of any war. The brilliant achievement of the Confederates should have insured a decisive operation, and it is more than probable that if a rapid advance had been made that night the Federal army would have been destroyed. Even the following day the Federals were huddled in Chattanooga in great disorder. Forrest urged an advance, and, because of the failure to take advantage of the great opportunity, he sent to General Bragg his resignation, which, however, President Davis would not accept.

The battle of Chickamauga was waged with energy by the troops wherever they were sent in, and the fight was made under peculiar conditions, upon a theatre peculiar in its character. We, therefore, feel that a review of facts and events should be touched upon, but the paper is already too long, and, even if we undertook to discuss the oversights and omissions, it would be difficult to do so without bringing out matters it were better to leave unsaid. And yet it requires no clearer demonstration than the facts already stated to show that indecision as well as inaction, on that field crushed the hopes of our people.

It can be truthfully said that the Confederate soldier has fixed the record of the world in the field of war. He has written an epic by his achievements whose grandeur and simplicity no genius of song can further brighten or ennoble. It stands on the pages of history matchless and imperishable, and it was the soldiers of the ranks who did this.

It is no detraction from the fame of Lee, Jackson, Forrest and the Hills, or Gordon, and the other leaders, to say that the men who followed them to battle were cast in the same heroic mold and that the ragged private was the instrument by which their achievements were made possible.

When the last impartial monument shall be erected to the heroes

of the South, and the last impartial epitaph shall be inscribed upon it, it will rob the great names of Southern history of none of their glory that the monument is surmounted by the marble effigy of the common soldier and the inscription a testimonial to his sublime courage and pre-eminent services to the South.

The loyalty of his life, the firmness of his principles and the serenity of his bearing make him more magnificent than all the arguments of a century.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, July 27, 1904.]

SHERMAN'S EXPEDITION FROM VICKSBURG TO MERIDIAN, FEB. 3, TO MARCH 6, 1864.

By GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

In July, 1863, the Confederacy was cut in two by the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, including the Confederate garrison, composing the army of General Pemberton, which had been used to keep the Mississippi river closed to navigation, and to preserve communication between the States of the Confederacy on the east and west of the great river. At the close of the Vicksburg campaign, the river and its tributaries were almost in full and complete control of the Federal government, being protected so thoroughly from Cairo to New Orleans by the fleet of Admiral Porter, composed of heavy and light gunboats, that it was difficult for even an individual to get across. It was essentially free from annoyances, even of field batteries and riflemen on either bank.

About the time of the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, General Joseph E. Johnston, who had succeeded in collecting a Confederate army of 30,000 men near Jackson, Miss. (the present effective force being about 28,000 men), had moved towards Vicksburg to attempt its relief. He had arrived in the vicinity of Mechanicsburg, when, on July 4, he heard of the surrender of the city. He immediately retreated to the city of Jackson, arriving there July 7, and placed his army in the intrenchments surrounding the city from the river on the north to the river on the south. General Sherman followed with an army of about 50,000 men, arriving before

the city on the 9th of July. The two armies faced each other in the attitude of besieged and besieging, from the 9th to the night of the 16th day of July, when General Johnston, seeing his danger, crossed over Pearl river and marched towards Meridian, General Sherman pursuing beyond Brandon, Miss. It appears that it was General Sherman's intention at that time to crush the Confederate army, or drive it out of the State of Mississippi, and destroy the railroads. There was then a great drought and the heat was so intense that he decided to postpone further pursuit, and return to Vicksburg, intending at some future time to penetrate the State and drive out any Confederate forces that might be found. During these operations the Confederate army lost 600 men in killed, wounded and missing. The Federal army lost 1,122. The occupation of Jackson by Grant's army in May, 1863, began the cruel side of the war in the wanton destruction of private as well as public property, which destruction was emphasized especially by General Sherman in all his campaigns to the close of the war. He reported July 18, 1863:

"We have made fine progress to-day in the work of desolation; Jackson will no longer be a point of danger. The land is desolated for thirty miles around." The destruction of private property ever marked the progress of General Sherman's armies. Raymond, Jackson and Brandon had already felt the shock, and monumental chimneys for the most part marked their former locations.

In the meantime General Sherman had carried most of his army to east Tennessee to assist General Grant in his operations against the Confederate army under General Bragg. He returned to Memphis January 10, 1864, and began at once to prepare an army to go into Mississippi from Vicksburg as far as Meridian, or Demopolis, Ala. His first step was to order that the Memphis and Charleston Railroad be abandoned. He had a large force guarding the Mississippi river, one division at Natchez, McPherson's 17th Army Corps at Vicksburg, Hurlbut's 16th Army Corps at Memphis, and about 10,000 cavalry in West Tennessee, including General W. Sooy Smith's command from middle Tennessee (about 40,000 effectives). With this large force and the great Mississippi gunboat and ironclad fleets operating with these troops, a diversion was to be made on Mobile Ala., by General Banks and Admiral Farragut. An expedition was also to ascend the Yazoo river from Snyder's Mill, consisting of five gunboats and five transports with several regiments of infantry.

As stated, Generals Pemberton's and Gardner's Confederate forces had been captured, and there remained in observation of this large force in Mississippi two small divisions of Confederate States infantry—Loring at Canton, and French at Jackson—about 9,000 men, with several batteries. General Stephen D. Lee, with four brigades of cavalry, Stark's, Adams' and Ross', composing Jackson's Division, and General S. W. Ferguson's Brigade, which had been drawn from northeast Mississippi, covering the country from opposite Yazoo City to Natchez, Miss. (over 300 miles), and numbering about 3,500 effectives. General Forrest was south of the Tallahatchie river in northwest Mississippi, picketing towards Memphis and the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, his force numbering about 3,500 men. The entire Confederate force in Mississippi did not exceed 16,000 men.

This was the condition of affairs in January, 1864. The concentration of troops at Vicksburg and the marshaling of 10,000 cavalry in west Tennessee was duly observed and reported to General Polk, commanding in Mississippi. Spies reported the force as consisting of an army of four divisions of infantry with the usual complement of artillery and a brigade of cavalry, making an army of over 26,000 men, to move from Vicksburg early in February. Another column of 7,000 cavalry, under General W. Sooy Smith, was to move from west Tennessee direct to Meridian to meet the army under General Sherman from Vicksburg near that point, and then the combined forces to go either to Selma or Mobile, as might be indicated. General Sherman was to hold Lee's Confederate cavalry and any infantry in his front, and General W. Sooy Smith was to engage Forrest with his cavalry force, which outnumbered Forrest by double as many men.

To meet the enemy, General Lee concentrated his cavalry in front of Vicksburg, along the Big Black river and near the Yazoo river. On January 28th, the Yazoo river expedition began to move. Federal cavalry advancing on the Yazoo City road from Snyder's Bluff on the Yazoo. This force was met by Ross' Texas Brigade and driven back. On February 3rd, Federal infantry began crossing the Big Black river at the railroad crossing and six miles above, at Messenger's ferry, distant from Vicksburg twelve or fifteen miles, and rapidly drove in the cavalry pickets on the two roads leading to Clinton. Early on the morning of February 4th, there was severe skirmishing on both roads, the enemy deploying their force in the open country and steadily driving back the brigades of Adams and

Stark in their front, their troops being in full view. The day's operations, in causing the enemy to develop their forces from actual observation, from prisoners, scouts and other sources, in flank and rear of their columns, fixed the force as consisting of two corps of infantry and artillery (16th and 17th), commanded respectively by Generals Hurlbut and McPherson, and a brigade of cavalry under Colonel Winslow. The entire force was about 26,000 effectives, with a comparatively small wagon-train for such an army. The Yazoo river expedition started about the same time, and it was intended to divide and hold a part of Lee's Confederate cavalry, so that no concentration could be made against General W. Sooy Smith's column, who was ordered to start about the time General Sherman started from Vicksburg. The two expeditions displayed the two great resources General Sherman had to bring against the small force of Confederates in Mississippi.

An incident near the old battlefield of Baker's creek is worthy of being recorded. The enemy's infantry deployed was moving forward gradually, pressing back Adams' Brigade, dismounting and fighting them in a swamp. While thus engaged the Federal brigade of cavalry came charging down on their rear and flank, and on their lead horses. The moment was critical, as Adams was almost too hotly engaged to withdraw on short notice. The two escort companies of General S. D. Lee and W. H. Jackson alone were mounted and near at hand, numbering about ninety men all told. Major W. H. Bridges, of Texas, was temporarily connected with the command, an officer for just such an emergency. He was ordered to lead the two companies against the Federal brigade and hold them in check. It was a choice command, fearlessly led, and it did the work assigned it, but with the loss of the noble leader and many of his followers. The dash saved Adams' Brigade, which was retired mounted, and moved over Baker's creek. At the same time Griffith's Arkansas regiment was thrown into the woods near the bridge, thus permitting the two escort companies to sweep over the bridge, when gradually pressed back by the superior numbers of the Federal cavalry following, and just as the Federal infantry had got through the swamp and were moving towards the bridge. The Federal advance was checked by artillery across Baker's creek, which also enabled the Arkansas regiment to get over the bridge.

On February 5th the Confederate cavalry was gradually pressed back to Jackson, where it arrived about dark, passing out on the road towards Canton, to enable General Loring's infantry division

to cross Pearl river from Canton, moving towards Morton, on the Jackson and Meridian railroad; a regiment was also sent across Pearl river to cover the front of the enemy, if they tried to cross Pearl river at Jackson. This regiment was also to destroy the pontoon bridge over Pearl river. General French, with two small brigades at Jackson, and General Loring at Canton, had been advised to cross Pearl river, owing to the large forces of the Federal army, and their rapid advance. As soon as it was ascertained that General Sherman was crossing Pearl river at Jackson, General Loring, who had marched towards Pearl river from Canton, crossed and united his division with General French's near Morton, on the Jackson and Meridian Railroad. Ferguson's Brigade covered Loring's command on the Clinton and Canton road. General Lee also crossed with two brigades of Jackson's Division (Adams' and Stark's) and with Ferguson's Brigade, which was sent to get in front of the enemy and cover the retreat of General Loring's two divisions. Jackson, with Adams' and Stark's Brigades, was ordered to operate on the flank and rear of the enemy on his march at Brandon and Pelahatchie stations. General Ross, who was operating on the Yazoo river, was ordered to abandon his operations there and march to join his division under General W. H. Jackson.

As soon as General Polk was fully advised of the large force under General Sherman, and of the cavalry column which was to move from the north, he decided that his force was too small to give battle. He had drawn a part of the Mobile garrison to Meridian as a reinforcement, but considering Mobile as the most important place in his department, and fearing that Sherman would move towards Mobile instead of Meridian to meet Admiral Farragut and General Banks, he ordered General Lee on February 9 to move all his cavalry from the rear and the north of Sherman's line of march to the south, to protect the Mobile and Ohio railroad, so that he could return the troops he got from Mobile, and could also be able to reinforce that point, if necessary, with additional troops. He could not understand why Sherman had Meridian as his objective point. General Polk at the same time ordered General Ferguson's Brigade from the front of General Sherman's advance to the south, in order also to protect the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. General Lee, on arriving at Newton Station, on the 11th of February, met General Ferguson. He at once saw that General Sherman was going to Meridian and not to Mobile, and caused General Ferguson to retrace his steps and again get in front of General Sherman.

In the meantime General Sherman, after crossing Big Black river on two different roads, advanced rapidly to Jackson, arriving there on the morning of February 6th. He crossed Pearl river on the 6th and 7th of February, and pressed out towards Brandon on the road to Meridian, arriving at Brandon on February 7th, at Morton February 7th, and at Meridian February 14th at 3 P. M., the Confederate infantry and cavalry gradually falling back before him.

General Lee made a dash at some wagons near Decatur. The enemy was found moving with every precaution, their trains perfectly and judiciously arranged with each brigade, no foraging parties out, and their large infantry force ready to punish any ill-advised attempt on their column. Colonel R. C. Wood's Mississippi Regiment disabled about twenty wagons, but could not bring them off, as the infantry advanced on him from the front and the rear of the column. This was found to be the case wherever an attempt was made by the cavalry to impede the march.

On the 13th General Polk ordered General Lee to again get to the north of General Sherman's line of march, as he proposed to evacuate Meridian and march with his infantry towards Demopolis, Ala. The enemy arrived at Meridian at 3 P. M., February 14th, the Confederate cavalry retiring towards Marion station. On this date (February 14th) General Polk issued an order placing Major-General Stephen D. Lee in command of all the cavalry west of Alabama. That officer at once put himself in rapid communication with General Forrest, who was then concentrating his command near Starkville, Miss., to check the large cavalry force which had left Collerville, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and was rapidly moving southward in the direction of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad and towards the great prairie region. For some reason this cavalry force of 7,000 men had delayed a week in starting to join General Sherman.

From February 15th to 20th, General Sherman, while at Meridian, was engaged in destroying the railroad in every direction, north, south, east and west, for this purpose placing two divisions of infantry on each road. The road was destroyed for twelve miles in each direction, making a destruction of about fifty miles of railroad. Attempts to stop the work were made by the cavalry, but the enemies' force was too large for it. In addition to destroying the railroads, they destroyed the city of Meridian, burning most of the houses, depots, hotels, boarding houses, and those near them. On February 20th, General Sherman began his return march to

Vicksburg. One of his corps took the road on which he came through Decatur to Hillsboro, the other marching from Lauderdale Station, on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, by Union to Hillsboro, the latter corps feeling northward, hoping to hear of or find General W. Sooy Smith's command, which Sherman had ordered to join him at Meridian about the 10th of February. The cavalry brigade (with General Sherman) was also detached as far north as Louisville and Philadelphia, and circled west and south through Kosciusko to Canton. The two corps met at Hillsboro and moved across Pearl river to Canton, marching on two separate roads. They remained at Canton several days, devastating and destroying the town and country for miles, and then returned to Vicksburg.

In the meantime, February 17th, General Lee, under orders from General Polk, left only a few regiments to watch the army of General Sherman at Meridian and moved with all of his disposable force northward to unite with General Forrest in an attempt to crush the cavalry column under General Smith, estimated by General Forrest at 7,000 men. Lee put his four cavalry brigades (Ross had joined him the day before in the vicinity of Marion Station), in motion on the morning of February 18th, and reached the Line creek north of Starkville, and nine miles southwest of West Point, on the morning of February 22d. It was found that the enemy had begun a hasty retreat early on the morning of February 21st. General Forrest, as soon as he knew the probable destination of this cavalry column, concentrated his command in the vicinity of Starkville, and on the 20th had a part of his force at West Point, one brigade being in front of the town. He had up to this time offered no opposition to the advance of the Federal cavalry. He intended avoiding a battle until the arrival of General Lee's force, which was rapidly approaching, and he offered slight opposition at West Point, retreating across Sookartonichie creek, three miles from West Point. General Forrest knew that General Smith's force of 7,000 well equipped cavalry would outnumber his command when united with General Lee's, and he believed also that there would be trouble in avoiding a battle before the junction of the two commands.

General Sooy Smith began his march with the cavalry (7,000) and an infantry brigade on February 10th, a week later than General Sherman had expected him to start. Under cover of the advance of his infantry, he moved eastward with his cavalry to New Albany, then towards Pontotoc, and to within a few miles of Houston, where

he moved due east to Okolona; he then moved south down the Mobile and Ohio Railroad to Prairie station (fifteen miles north of West Point), where he concentrated his command. On February 20th, he moved his entire command to the vicinity of West Point. Here he encountered the first Confederate brigade drawn up in line of battle a mile out of the city. After a slight skirmish the brigade retired before him through the city, and on the road towards Starkville over Sookatonichie creek, General Smith, on arriving at West Point (February 20th), heard of the approach of General Stephen D. Lee's cavalry from the direction of Meriden, and had it confirmed from prisoners and deserters taken on the evening of the same date, when Forrest was retiring, and being followed across the Sookatonichie, to await the arrival of General Lee's command.

General Smith, although he had fought no battle, and had met with no opposition to amount to anything on his march from Collierville to West Point, suddenly determined to retreat, and issued orders for his command to begin the return march early on the morning of the 21st of February. He says in his official report: "Exaggerated reports of Forrest's strength reached me constantly, and it was reported that Lee was about to reinforce him with a portion or the whole of his command." To cover his retreat, he moved one of his brigades towards Sookatonichie creek and attacked a part of General Forrest's command on February 21st. The fight lasted about two hours, when Forrest, with his usual perception and vigor, began to believe a change of operation had occurred in his front, and with a regiment and escort he began a headlong charge, breaking through and driving the enemy before him. He found that Smith was rapidly retreating northward. He at once had all his command rushed to the front in pursuit, overtaking the enemy near Okolona, where he began crowding him, and gradually driving him from position to position, capturing six pieces of artillery; this pursuit was kept up to near Pontotoc, on February 22d and 23d, where it was abandoned except by a small force. General Forrest had about exhausted his ammunition, and could follow the enemy no farther. The retreat was very rapid, the itinerary and reports showing that in the first day's retrograde movement (February 21st), a part of the command marched thirty-seven miles and had to remount with captured horses, abandoning many of their exhausted stock. It is difficult to understand his headlong retreat, except that the enemy was fearful of being cut off by the cavalry getting in their rear. It is difficult now to speculate as to the results had

Smith not retreated. It was a great disappointment to Generals Lee and Forrest. Their united forces numbered a little less than 7,000 effectives, while Smith had that number. With a soldier's pride the Confederate commanders looked forward to the greatest cavalry battle of the war, where 14,000 cavalry were to meet in deadly conflict on one field. It was arranged that as soon as General Lee arrived, Forrest was to take his entire force to the rear of Smith and cut off his retreat, while Lee was to battle in front, and in front and rear the battle was to be fought to a final issue. It was a great disappointment when it was found that the Federal general not only declined battle, but made one of the most headlong, hasty retreats during the war, before an inferior force in pursuit, not numbering over 2,500 men.

General Stephen D. Lee, as soon as he learned from dispatches from General Forrest of the rapid and headlong retreat of General W. S. Smith and his cavalry back towards Memphis, put his cavalry command again in motion to overtake General Sherman's command on its way to Vicksburg. General W. H. Jackson overtook the enemy in the vicinity of Sharon, Madison county. He found the enemy desolating and destroying the country in every direction. He soon drove in all foraging parties and confined their movements to one or two roads and a limited area. General Sherman's army recrossed Big Black river, March 6th, on its way to Vicksburg. The official reports show that in the three columns, Sherman's, Smith's and the Yazoo river expedition, the Federals lost in killed, wounded and missing, 912 men, and that General Forrest lost 144 men, and General Stephen D. Lee 279 men, or only 423 men in all. These reports also show that Gen. Lee's cavalry was in the saddle actively engaged from February 1st to March 4th, and that the command marched from 600 to 800 miles during that time.

It is difficult to understand the military object of Sherman's campaign. He says it was "to strike the roads inland, so as to paralyze the Rebel forces, that we could take from the defense of of the Mississippi river the equivalent of a corps of 20,000 men to be used in the next Georgia campaign, at the same time I wanted to destroy General Forrest, etc." He did destroy over fifty miles of railroads, but he did not destroy Forrest, although his cavalry column of 7,000 men was the best equipped veteran cavalry that ever went into the field, and outnumbered Forrest's freshly raised men two to one. The railroads in twenty-six working days were thoroughly repaired and in as good running order as they were be-

fore his campaign, and this work was done by Major George Whitfield and Major Pritchard, of the Confederate Quartermaster Department.

The campaign, however, did demonstrate how few troops the Confederacy had, and that it was a mere shell, all the fighting men being in the armies at the front, and only helpless women and children and negroes occupied the interior; that the few troops in Mississippi had to fall back until the armies at the front could be awakened to meet any new army not in front of the main armies; that General Sherman could easily, at almost a moment's notice, take 30,000 men from the garrisons on the Mississippi river and move into Mississippi. General Sherman was outgeneraled by General Polk, and the expedition was devoid of military interest, but was most remarkable as bringing out clearly the harsh and cruel warfare waged against the Confederacy. General Sherman, in his official report, says he "made a swath of desolation fifty miles broad across the State of Mississippi, which the present generation will not forget." In his orders to General W. S. Smith, he tells him "to take horses, mules and cattle, and to destroy mills, barns, sheds, stables, etc.," and to tell the people "it was their time to be hurt." He literally carried out his plan to "make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war as well as the organized armies." The reports of the Confederate commanders show that with the above-given license the enemy regarded nothing in the way of property, public or private, as worthy to be spared. General Stephen D. Lee, in his official report says:

"On the line of march the enemy took or destroyed everything, carried off every animal, 8,000 negroes, burnt every vacant house, destroyed furniture, destruction was fearful."

The track of the Federal column was marked by wanton destruction of private property, cotton, corn, horses, provisions, furniture and all that could be destroyed. The people were left in absolute want. A Federal correspondent who accompanied Sherman, estimated the damage at \$50,000,000, and three-fourths of this was private property, Meridian, Canton and other towns being almost totally destroyed. It is painful now, when we are again a reunited and prosperous people, and the worst memories of the war have been relegated to the past, to recall this sad recollection, but the truth of history demands that the facts be given as they really were.

THE SHENANDOAH.

A Sketch of the Eventful Life of the Confederate Cruiser.

CAPTAIN JAMES I. WADDELL.

Carried the Confederate Flag Around the World. A Memorial Address by Capt. S. A. Ashe, before the Ladies' Memorial Association, at Raleigh, N. C., May 10, 1902.

On Saturday afternoon, the 10th of May, 1902, at Raleigh, N. C., Captain S. A. Ashe delivered before the Ladies' Memorial Association an address on Captain James Iredell Waddell, who commanded the Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah*, carried the Confederate flag around the world, and never lowered it until seven months after Lee's surrender, when he brought his ship into a British port.

From his address we take the following:

PURCHASE OF THE "SEA KING."

Captain Bullock, the representative of the Confederate government in Europe, had succeeded in purchasing the *Sea King*, a vessel built for the East India trade, and then on her maiden voyage. She was commodious and well adapted to carrying a large complement of men, sailed well under canvas, and had her screw propeller so adjusted that when not in use, it could be raised out of the water.

In September, 1864, Flag Officer Barron, at Paris, pursuant to instructions from the department, gave to Lieutenant Waddell his particular directions. They were to the effect that he should proceed to London and sail on the steamer *Laurel* to the island of Madeira. The *Laurel* had already on board a cargo apparently of merchandise—but really of cannon and munitions of war, which had been invoiced as machinery and other innocent goods and chattels.

The difficulties that beset Confederate operations abroad were almost insurmountable, the British authorities being vigilant to give no offence to the United States.

The *Sea King* having been secretly purchased, also set sail for Madeira.

On October 19th the two vessels met off Funchal, and, a preconcerted signal being given, recognized each other, and proceeded to an anchorage on the shores of an uninhabited island some miles distant, where the transfer of stores was rapidly made, and Lieutenant Waddell read his commission, and raising the Confederate flag over the *Sea King*, christened her the *Shenandoah*. The little nook in which the vessels lay was well protected and the sea was smooth. The day was bright and lovely, and Lieutenant Waddell was inspired by the auspicious circumstances with the confident hope of success. In thirteen hours the consort had discharged every conceivable outfit intended for the *Shenandoah*, and then remained only to receive such passengers as were to return.

Captain Waddell has left some account of the cruise of the *Shenandoah*, from which I make some quotations: "I now felt," says Waddell, "that I had a good and fast ship under my feet—but there was a vast deal to be done, and to accomplish all that a crew was necessary."

WANTED DARE-DEVILS.

In picking out the crews of the two vessels in England particular efforts were made to secure adventurous spirits, who might be induced to enlist on the *Shenandoah*. No married man was shipped, and none were taken except with the hope that when the time came they would take service under the Confederate flag; but out of the fifty-five men present only twenty-three were willing to adventure in such an undertaking. Waddell's force was, indeed, so weak that they could not weigh anchor—without assistance of the officers. These were young Confederates who had been sent abroad for such service, the first lieutenant being William C. Whittle, of Virginia, whose fine capacity rendered him of great assistance to Captain Waddell.

The officers threw off their jackets, and amid hearty cheers, soon had the anchor hanging at the bow; and the *Shenandoah* entered upon her new career, throwing out to the breeze the flag of the South and taking her place as a Confederate cruiser on her ocean home as a war vessel duly commissioned according to the laws of nations. That flag, wrote Waddell, unfolded itself gracefully to the favoring breeze and declared the majesty of the country it represented, amid the cheers of a handful of brave-hearted men; and the *Shenandoah* dashed upon her native element, as if more

than equal to the contest—cheered on by the acclamations of the *Laurel*, which was steaming away from the land we love—to tell the tale of those who would rejoice that another Confederate cruiser was afloat.

But work was to be done! The *Sea King* was to be metamorphosed into a cruiser, and armed with a battery for which she was not constructed. The deck was to be cleared, the stores put away, the guns mounted, gun ports cut in the vessel's sides, and the ship put in readiness to uphold the honor of the Confederate flag; all was to be done in mid-ocean, without an organized force, and with a small crew never before associated together.

While this situation was itself embarrassing, other embarrassments forced themselves on the mind of Lieutenant Waddell. In his memoir of his cruise he wrote: The novel character of my political position embarrassed me more than the feeble condition of my command, and that was fraught with painful apprehensions enough. I had the compass to guide me as a sailor, but my instructions made me a magistrate in a new field of duty and where the law was not very clear even to lawyers. I was on all matters to act promptly and without counsel; but my admiral instructions and the instincts of honor and patriotism that animated every Southern gentleman who bore arms in the South, buoyed me up with the hope and supported me amid the difficulties and responsibilities bearing upon me.

BRAVE MAN.

Noble man! chivalrous soul! brave heart! We here after these many years behold you rising aloft in those distant waters, the sole and solitary Confederate banner that has floated upon the bosom of the ocean. Alone it is borne by the breeze over the great waste of waters—the only emblem of our nation's sovereignty upheld beyond the limits of our beleagured States. We now realize the difficulties that beset you. We know the perils of the deep—the storms and hurricanes that sweep the ocean—the fury of the wild waves moved by mighty winds—but these, these have no place in your thoughts as you unfold the flag of your country, then heroically struggling for existence, but your mind is intent only on the honor of your countrymen!

The *Shenandoah* was a composite vessel—the frame of iron, the hull of teak—six inches thick, she could steam about nine miles an hour—could condense about 500 gallons of water a day and used

about twenty tons of coal a day; was very fast under favorable circumstances—made fifteen miles an hour under sail.

I am much indebted for some account of the incidents of the cruise of the *Shenandoah* to Captain W. C. Whittle, Waddell's first lieutenant, who has preserved the details in an admiral address delivered before the R. E. Lee Camp of Virginia.

Captain Whittle says: "Captain Waddell, though brave and courageous, was naturally discomfited and appalled at the work to be done."

The battery consisted of four 8-inch, smooth bore cannon, two rifle Whitworth 32-pounders and two 12-pounder signal guns.

DO OR DIE.

Every man and officer pulled off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves and with the motto "Do or Die," went to work at anything and everything. The captain took the wheel frequently, steering the ship to give one more pair of hands for the work to be done. We worked systematically and intelligently, doing what was most imperatively necessary first. By the 22d of October, four days of hard work, the decks were cleared, the guns mounted and the carpenters began to cut port holes in the sides of the ship.

Five days later the *Shenandoah* entered upon her first chase, and made a prize. And other prizes followed. From these prizes they secured twenty enlistments, increasing the crew from nineteen to thirty-nine; so, including the officers, they had all told, sixty-two men, besides the prisoners, who were now and then sent away on some bonded vessel.

On December 8th they made Tristram da Canha, near St. Helena, and passing to the east of Africa they reached Melbourne, Australia, January 25th, 1865. There they landed all their prisoners, and after refitting left on February 18th. After leaving the harbor a number of men who had secreted themselves on board, came on deck and enlisted, increasing their crew to 144.

Sailing northward, in May, after many adventures, and capturing many prizes, they reached the shores of Kamskata.

Captain Whittle says: We were in the arctic and contiguous regions during the summer. It was most interesting, as we went north towards the pole—to mark the days grow longer and longer, and to experience the sun's being below the horizon a shorter and shorter time, until finally the sun did not go out of sight at all, but would

go down to the lowest point, and without disappearing would rise again. In short, it was all day.

We went up as far as Gifnski and Tansk bays, but could not enter for ice, from fifteen to thirty feet thick. Frequent captures were made, and the smoke of the burning vessels made landmarks against the skies.

NEWS OF THE SURRENDER.

It was now in the middle of summer, and on June 23d Waddell captured two whalers which had left San Francisco in April, and had on board papers of April 17th, in which was found the correspondence between General Grant and General Lee, and a statement of the surrender at Appomattox, but the same papers also contained President Davis's proclamation from Danville, declaring that Lee's surrender would only cause the prosecution of the war with renewed vigor.

How harrowing must have been the news to these daring Confederates, then amid the floes of ice in the Polar ocean! But they were men of nerve. Whittle says:

"We felt that the South had sustained great reverses; but at no time did we feel a more imperative duty to prosecute our work with vigor. Between June 22d and 28th we captured twenty-four whaling vessels, eleven being taken on the 28th.

Some of the prisoners expressed their opinion that the war was over, but notwithstanding that, eight of the prisoners taken that day enlisted on board the *Shenandoah*.

On June 29th, the Confederate flag was flying in the Artic ocean, but on that day Waddell turned his prow away from the pole and passed southward through Behring straits.

On July 5th they passed the Aleutian Islands, one of which was a volcano and was in a state of eruption, smoke and fire issuing from its peak. That was the last land seen by the *Shenandoah* for many days.

Let us pause for a moment and consider the strange situation of this Confederate cruiser—a war vessel representing the sovereignty of a nation that had expired amid the throes of disaster! In mid-ocean, separated by thousands of miles from any friendly hand, subject to vicissitudes—uncertain of the present, apprehensive of the future.

Brave hearts, true men, bold seamen. They feared not the fury of the waves, nor the storms of the ocean, but they knew well man's

inhumanity to man. They knew that the Navy Department of the United States, freed from the restraints imposed by fear of retaliation, would be vindictive and tyrannical to the last degree.

That department had always proclaimed the Southern people rebels, and their cruisers only pirates. On the land we had forced a recognition of belligerent rights, but at sea we had been powerless to retaliate.

On August 2d, when in north latitude 16 degrees and 122 west longitude, seeing a sailing bark, the *Shenandoah* made chase under steam and sail and overhauled her at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It proved to be the British bark *Barracorta*—thirteen days out from San Francisco, en route for Liverpool. When the British captain was asked for the news of the war he inquired in astonishment, "What war?" "The war between the United States and the Confederate States." "Why," said he, "that war has been over ever since April. What ship is that?" "The Confederate ship *Shenandoah*," was the reply.

WITHOUT A GOVERNMENT.

Then came the information of the surrender of all the Confederate forces, the capture of President Davis, and the entire collapse of the Confederate cause; and the additional information, says Whittle, that Federal cruisers were searching for us everywhere, and would deal summarily with us, if caught. Files of recent papers confirmed it all. The information was appalling. We were bereft of country, bereft of government, bereft of a cause for which to struggle and suffer.

The independence for which our brave people had so nobly fought, suffered and died, was, under God's ruling, denied to us. Our anguish of disappointed hopes cannot be described.

Naturally our minds and hearts turned to our dear ones at home. What of the fate of each and all who were dear to us! These were the harrowing thoughts that entered into our very souls, the measures and intensity of which cannot be portrayed.

Then of ourselves! We knew the intensity of feeling engendered by the war—and particularly in the breasts of our foes towards us.

We knew that every effort would be made for our capture, and felt that if we fell into the hands of the enemy, fired as their hearts were, we could not hope for a fair trial and judgment. Even during

the war we had been opprobriously called pirates, and we knew, if captured, we would be summarily dealt with as such.

These were reflections that disquited us—but they caused no demoralization, or craven fear, but were borne by true men with clear consciences, who had done their duty as they saw it, with all the powers given them by God. It was a situation desperate to a degree, to which history furnishes no parallel. The first duty was to suspend hostilities and to proclaim such suspension.

THE SHIP DISARMED.

The following entry was made in the log book August 2, 1865, the *Shenandoah* being then off the coast of Mexico: "Having received by the bark *Barraconta* the sad intelligence of the overthrow of the Confederate government, all attempts to destroy shipping or property of the United States will cease from this date, in accordance with which First Lieutenant W. C. Whittle received the order from the commander to strike below the battery and disarm the ship and crew."

The next step was to seek asylum with some strong nation, strong enough to maintain the ruling of the law of nations, and resist any demand for our surrender to our enemies, so that we might have a full and fair trial.

Writing of that critical time, Captain Waddell wrote: "My own life had been chequered, and I was tutored to disappointments. The intelligence of the issue of the fearful struggle cast a deep stillness over the ship's company, and would have occupied all my reflection, had not a responsibility of the highest order rested upon me—as to the course I should pursue, which involved not only my personal honor, but the honor of that flag entrusted to me; which had thus far been triumphant. I determined to run the ship for a European port—which involved a distance of 17,000 miles—a long gauntlet to run and escape. But why should I not succeed in baffling observation and pursuit? The ship had up to that time traversed 40,000 miles without accident.

"I considered it due to the honor of all concerned to avoid anything that had a show of dread—under the severe trial imposed upon me, that such was my duty as a man and an officer, in whose hands was placed the honor of my country's flag and the welfare of my command."

SAILED FOR ENGLAND.

And so Waddell determined to sail for England. No longer did he have legitimate authority, for his commission expired with the collapse of the Confederacy; yet so well disciplined had his crew become, that to the very end the conduct of his crew was remarkable.

On the 15th of September, running at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, the *Shenandoah* turned Cape Horn, and took her course northward for Liverpool. We passed many sails, says Whittle, but exchanged no signals. We were making no new acquaintances. They crossed the equator for the fourth time on October 11, 1865. On October 25th, in the afternoon, when about 500 miles south of the Azores, they sighted a supposed Federal cruiser. Their courses converged. The stranger was apparently waiting for the approaching vessel.

Quoting now from Captain Waddell: "The situation was one of anxious suspense. Our security, if any remained, depended on a strict adherence to our course. Deviation would be fatal; boldness must accomplish the deception. Still we forged toward the sail, and it would be madness to stop. Darkness finally threw her friendly folds around the anxious hearts on the little ship and closed the space between the vessels. What a relief! We could not have been four miles away.

The *Shenandoah's* head was then turned southward and steam ordered. It was the first time she had been under steam since crossing the equator on the Pacific side; indeed, the fires had not been lighted for a distance of more than 13,000 miles. The *Shenandoah* ran fifteen miles to the eastward, and then steamed north for 100 miles, when a strong northwest wind dashed her within 700 miles of Liverpool. A calm then ensued, leaving us in sight of eleven sails during daylight. The ship was continued under sail until night again took us in its friendly embraces, when, after furling all sails, the vessel was put under steam and pushed her way towards the desired haven.

The *Shenandoah* entered St. George's channel on the morning of November 5th—just 122 days from the Aleutian Islands. We saw no land after leaving the Aleutian Islands until the beacon light in St. George's channel was seen exactly where it was looked for. We had sailed 23,000 miles without seeing land, and still saw the beacon exactly where we expected.

The daily calculation of the ship's position was very accurate, when that fact is considered.

I received a pilot after night, and when he was informed of the character of the vessel, he said: "I was reading a few days ago of her being in the Arctic ocean." I asked for American news. He said the war had gone against the South. That was in November. Lee's surrender was in April.

"The quiet satisfaction seen in all countenances," says Captain Waddell, "for our success in reaching a European port was unmistakable!"

We should think, indeed, there was cause. The chief danger was now past!

SAFE IN THE MERSEY.

On the morning of the 6th of November, 1865, the *Shenandoah* steamed up the Mersey, bearing aloft the Confederate flag. A few moments after she had anchored, a British naval officer boarded her—to ascertain the name of the steamer—and he gave Captain Waddell official information that the American war had terminated. No longer was there any Confederacy! The Southern States were a part of the United States!

The Confederate flag—representing then neither people—nor country—an emblem of an era that had closed in the history of mankind—was then sorrowfully lowered, this historic act taking place at 10 A. M. on the 6th of November, 1865. The vessel was then given in charge to the British government.

For a day or two some correspondence was in progress between the British and American authorities in regard to the *Shenandoah*, her officers and crew. But on the 8th of November the crew were suffered to depart, and soon the British government turned the vessel over to the United States authorities, by whom she was sold to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and later she was lost at sea.

She was the only vessel that carried the Confederate flag around the world, and she bore it at her mast head seven months after the surrender of the Southern armies and the obliteration of the Southern Confederacy.

In her cruise of thirteen months, she ran 58,000 miles, and met with no accident, and for a period of eight months, she did not drop her anchor. She destroyed more vessels than any other ship of war known to history, except alone the *Alabama*, and inflicted severe loss on the commerce of the United States.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, June 1, 1902.]

FEATHERSTONE-POSEY-HARRIS MISSISSIPPI BRIGADE.

By Captain E. Howard McCaleb, of New Orleans.

On the 16th day of April, 1861, the Claiborne Guards were organized and mustered into the service of the State of Mississippi by Lieutenant N. F. Hawkins, of the Mississippi Rifles.

The officers were: John G. Hastings, Sr., captain; A. J. Lewis, first lieutenant; W. H. Hastings, second lieutenant; W. T. Jeffries, third lieutenant; R. Shoemaker, first sergeant, and H. C. Knight, second sergeant.

Before the departure of the company from Port Gibson, Captain Hastings resigned, and Henry Hughes, author of *Southern Sociology*, and classmate of the great French imperialist, Paul Cassagnac, was elected in his stead. How well do I recollect that bright April day, when the ladies of Port Gibson presented to the Claiborne Guards, in Apollo Hall, a beautiful silken flag, wrought by their own fair hands! How our chivalric captain, Hughes, in responding to the address made on that occasion, promised that "my brave boys will come back from the war corpses rather than cowards." How, on the evening of that lovely spring day, amid the sobs and tears of dear ones, we bade farewell to Port Gibson, while the loud-mouthed cannon pealed forth its prophetic Godspeed.

We faithfully kept the promise made by our gallant captain, for of the 125 comrades who left with us on that bright April day, but thirteen veterans now survive, and thirteen more who severed their connection with the company after the expiration of their first year's service. And the rest! Ah, where are they? Dead on the field of glory. They gave up their lives, a precious offering on freedom's bloody altar. Amid flame and smoke, and yells and groans, their young hearts beat life's last tattoo, and their spirits flew back to the God who gave them, like incense ascending in the sight of heaven.

Far away from home they fought and fell on the sacred soil of Virginia. There, on a hundred fields, they are sleeping the holy

sleep of death. Peace to their ashes. Calmly and quietly may they rest, nursed in the lap of old mother earth, far away from the scenes of their childhood. And may the singing birds, the sighing winds and the murmuring crystal waters, as they trickle down the mountain's side, chant a ceaseless requiem to their memory.

After our departure from Port Gibson, the Claiborne Guards went to Jackson, where they remained in camp for about a week, and then removed to Corinth, Miss. There, in May, 1861, the 12th Mississippi Infantry Regiment was organized, composed of the following companies: Charles Clark Rifles, from Jefferson county; Raymond Fencibles, from Hinds county; Sardis Blues, from Panola county; Pettus' Relief, from Copiah county; Natchez Fencibles, from Adams county; Vicksburg Sharpshooters, from Warren county; Lawrence Rifles, from Lawrence county; Claiborne Guards, from Claiborne county; Sartartia Rifles, from Yazoo county, and Durant Rifles, from Holmes county. Richard Griffith, who was adjutant of Jeff Davis' Mississippi Regiment during the Mexican war, was elected colonel; W. H. Taylor, lieutenant-colonel; Dickinson, major; W. M. Inge, adjutant; J. H. Capers, sergeant-major; M. S. Craft, surgeon, and Rank Dickson, quartermaster.

From Corinth, Miss., the regiment was transferred to Union City, Tenn., in May, 1861. There we camped until the 18th of July, losing a large number of good and true men from sickness, when we were ordered to proceed to Virginia. We reached Manassas Junction just before daylight on Monday morning, July 22, 1861, the day after the first important battle of the war. The regiment went into camp at Manassas where they stayed two or three weeks guarding the captured cannon, which were parked around General Beauregard's headquarters. From Manassas we went into camp on Bull Run, and there were brigaded with the 5th, 6th and 12th Alabama Regiments, under command of General "Dick" Ewell. Brigadier-General R. E. Rhodes, of Alabama, succeeded General Ewell in command of the brigade, and we were ordered to Davis' Crossroads, in Fairfax county. During the remainder of the summer and fall of 1861 our regiment was doing picket duty in front of Alexandria and along the Alexandria Railroad.

About the 1st of November, 1861, shortly after the battle of Leesburg, while we were encamped at Camp Van Dorn, our colonel, Griffith, was promoted brigadier and placed in command of the Mississippi regiments engaged in that fight, and Captain Henry Hughes, of the Claiborne Guards, elected colonel in his stead.

In December, 1861, we went into winter quarters at Davis' ford, some six miles from Manassas, on the Occoquan river, in Prince William county, Va., and there whiled away the time drilling and doing picket duty until the middle of March, 1862. It was there we celebrated the anniversary of the secession of Mississippi, on the 9th of January. It was there that we first endured the hardships of a Virginia winter and learned to skate on the ice of the frozen Occoquan.

From Davis' ford, in March, 1862, we began our retreat. We recall the speech delivered by Colonel Hughes on that bleak March morning, just before our departure. Said he, straightening himself up on his queer-looking war steed: "Soldiers, the enemy is trying to flank us; we are going to march to meet them. If you are cowards, stragglers, pilferers and plunderers, I will have you shot; but if you are hightoned, honorable Mississippi gentlemen, as I have always known you to be, I'll love you. Forward by the right flank; route step, march!" On the retreat from Davis' ford we passed through the wealthy counties of Fauquier, Culpeper and Orange, tarrying several days at Rappahannock station, finally reaching Orange county, Virginia, where we camped some fifteen days, and departed thence for the peninsula to join the forces of the gallant General John B. Magruder. Our brigade (Rhodes') was camped near Yorktown, and a small number of our command were here first engaged in an insignificant skirmish with the enemy.

While at Yorktown our term of service expired, and the regiment was reorganized by the election of W. H. Taylor, colonel; M. B. Harris, lieutenant-colonel, and W. H. Lilly, major. J. H. Capers was appointed adjutant, and E. H. McCaleb sergeant-major.

Joseph E. Johnston, with his heroic army, after delaying McClellan many weeks around Yorktown, began to retreat up the peninsula to Richmond. The Federals overtook us at Williamsburg, and there an important engagement was fought between Hooker's Division of Heintzleman's Corps and the Confederate rear guard, commanded by General Longstreet, on the 5th of May, 1862. Although our regiment was under heavy fire, it cannot be said to have been actually engaged in the battle of Williamsburg. After this important engagement, resulting in a great victory for the Confederate arms, we continued our march unmolested, and subsequently encamped on the banks of the Chickahominy, near Richmond. Here we remained until the morning of the 30th of May, 1862, when the long

roll was sounded, calling us to receive our baptism of blood at the ever-memorable battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks.

For eight long, consecutive hours the 12th Mississippi Regiment was under fire in the hottest and thickest of the fight, capturing the Federal fortifications and an excellent battery of artillery. But the victory was dearly won, for of the 446 men we carried into this engagement, 204 were killed and wounded.

Among the number was the chivalric Captain Henry Hastings, of the Claiborne Guards, killed outright as he grasped the flagstaff of our regimental colors, after five color-bearers had been shot down beneath its folds. Colonel Wm. H. Taylor, by his cool, calm and collected manner, won for himself the soubriquet of the "old war horse" on that sanguinary field. Lieutenant-Colonel Harris was severely wounded in the head, and Major W. H. Lilly rendered indispensable assistance to Colonel Taylor in directing the movements of the regiment and assigning the companies to the position they were respectfully called upon to occupy during the engagement. It was here that the soldier-poet of the Confederacy, beholding the daring courage of the Mississippians, exclaimed:

" Twelfth Mississippi! I saw your brave columns,
Rush thro' the ranks of the living and dead.
Twelfth Alabama! why weep your old war-horse?
He died as he wished, in the gear, at your head."

Soon after the battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, we were brigaded with the 16th, 19th and 48th Mississippi Regiments and placed under command of Brigadier-General Featherstone. Again the long roll sounded, and we were called upon to begin the seven days' battles around Richmond. On the evening of the 26th of June, about midnight, we bivouacked upon the ground where skirmishing had been going on during the day. Bright and early on the morning of the 27th of June, just as I had begun to get the regiment in line, and while the orderly sergeant of the Natchez Fencibles was calling the roll, a murderous hailstorm of bullets rained down upon us. The order was given to charge. Major Lilly was severely wounded, and Meriwether Jones, of the Claiborne Guards, a talented and promising son of old Claiborne, together with many other brave young men, were killed outright as we swept down upon the enemy's outposts with a terrible yell, forcing them to beat a hasty retreat. We kept in hot pursuit all day, passing through the

deserted camps of McClellan's hitherto invincible army, and again attacked the enemy about 3 o'clock that evening at Gaines' Mill, or Cold Harbor, driving him before us and assailing him in his strong fortified position on the ridge, with an abattis of felled timber in front to protect him against assault. We carried his works, forced our way to the crest of the hill, went flying over the open field at a double-quick, capturing large numbers of prisoners and threatening utter annihilation of McClellan's army, which was only prevented by the incessant and terrific fire of the batteries south of the Chickahominy upon our advancing columns.

On the evening of the 30th of June, near dusk, we fought the battle of Frazier's Farm, regaining the ground lost by Pryor's Brigade, the conflict raging furiously until after 9 o'clock in the night. It was here that Howard West, of the Claiborne Guards, a fearless and gallant soldier, and many others whose names have escaped my memory, fell to rise no more. Our regiment did not participate in the battle of Malvern Hill, having been terribly cut up at Frazier's Farm the night previous. Here the seven days' fights around Richmond terminated.

We had assisted McClellan in "changing his base" and seeking the protection of his gunboats in the James river. General John Pope, who had only seen the backs of his enemies, and who dated his orders from his "Headquarters in the Saddle," had advanced across the Rappahannock as far south as Culpeper Courthouse, and near Gordonsville. Having reached the Rapidan, General Stonewall Jackson's Corps was sent to meet him. Longstreet followed Jackson, and by forced marches our brigade passed through Hopewell Gap, and arrived in time to participate in the second battle of Manassas, on the 29th of August, 1862. In my mind's eye I can see the dauntless Featherstone, mounted on his war steed and giving the order at the top of his voice to charge. I can hear, in imagination, that awful Rebel yell as it swept down the lines, and see my brigade as it advanced at a double-quick in close pursuit of the fleeing enemy, capturing an excellent battery of Napoleon guns, and following up the victory till darkness put an end to the conflict.

Pope's "headquarters" were captured, and his Grand Army of the Potomac again took refuge in the fortifications around Alexandria and Washington.

Our army moved on to Maryland, Featherstone's Brigade crossing the Potomac near Leesburg. On the 7th of September, 1862, we pitched our tents on the banks of the Monocacy river, near

Frederick City. Here we rested for four or five days, and finally took up our line of march, following Stonewall Jackson's Corps down to Harper's Ferry, where we occupied the Maryland Heights, assisting in the capture of General Miles' garrison, numbering some 12,000 men, besides seventy-three pieces of artillery, 13,000 small arms and a large quantity of military stores. We did not tarry long at Harper's Ferry, but marching all night on the 16th, up the Virginia shore, recrossed the Potomac at Shephardstown and arrived upon the battlefield of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, early on the morning of the 17th of September, 1862. I was wounded soon after we got under the enemy's fire, compelled to retire from the field, and cannot, therefore, speak of the issue of the memorable engagement.

Our army came back to old Virginia, barefooted and footsore. We camped near Winchester, and there made moccasins out of raw-hides, to cover blistered and bleeding feet. When I next rejoined the command it was camped near Fredericksburg, facing Burnside's army on the opposite side of the Rappahannock river, just after the battle of Marye's Heights. Here we went into winter quarters, about the 20th of January, 1863, at which time General Featherstone was relieved from the command of the brigade, and Colonel Carnot Posey, of the 16th Mississippi, promoted and assigned to his place. Never shall I forget the noble-hearted charity of the brigade to the Fredericksburg sufferers, our brigade having subscribed \$2,287 for their relief, savings out of the scanty pay of the soldiers.

About the 1st of February, 1863, Captain Joseph W. Jayne, of the 18th Mississippi, was appointed colonel of the 48th Mississippi, and the gallant young Manlove, of Vicksburg, lieutenant-colonel.

After the battle of Sharpsburg new flags were presented to the different regiments composing Featherstone's Brigade, which, by the fortunes of war, had lost their colors. But the "Bloody Twelfth" preferred to retain her old battle flag, with thirty-five bullet holes through it, which told in silence the story of its memorable deeds. Our brigade marched through the snow from Fredericksburg to the United States ford, on the Rappahannock river, where we were assigned to outpost duty. There we remained until the 1st of May, when "Fighting Joe Hooker" commenced his onward march to Richmond. We were the first to begin the battles of the Wilderness. On Friday evening, May 1, we repulsed the enemy's skirmishers and drove a column, numbering three times our number, pell-mell before us. Again, on Sunday morning, May 3, Posey's Brigade charged the enemy in their breastworks before Chancel-

lorsville, capturing over 700 prisoners and covering the earth in every direction with killed and wounded. Generals Lee and Anderson were present at this daring exploit, and expressed their admiration for the death-defying courage of the Mississippians. Our brigade was also engaged Monday evening, May 4, near Fredericksburg, and there added another gem to its glittering diadem of victorious achievements.

About 350 gallant men, killed and wounded in the battles of the Wilderness, bear ample testimony to the part our brigade bore in the series of brilliant achievements which covered the Army of Northern Virginia with everlasting honor and renown. But, notwithstanding our undisputed successes, we all felt that we had sustained a loss almost irreparable. Stonewall Jackson, the great and good, had been mortally wounded. There was a witchery in his name which carried confidence to friend and terror to foe. That bright star, which had hitherto eclipsed all others in brilliancy, had suddenly sunk to rise no more. On the receipt of the sad intelligence of his death there was scarce a dry eye in the whole Army of Northern Virginia, and we all felt that a heavy stone of sorrow had been rolled on our hearts.

Among the many amusing anecdotes related of that distinguished chieftain, it is said that upon a fatiguing, forced march during his celebrated campaign in the valley of the Shenandoah, a verdant Mississippi recruit of the 16th Regiment lay prostrated by the wayside as General Jackson rode up, and, observing his commander, the undisciplined soldier addressed him thus: "General, what do you design by marching us so far? Come, now, and explain your plans to me." Whereupon the hero fixed his eyes upon the private and quizzingly asked: "Can you keep a secret?" "Yes, that I can," was the reply, his eyes sparkling, expecting to hear something wonderful. "Ah, so can I," General Jackson laconically answered, and galloping off, left the soldier as unsatisfied as ever.

We were along with the army during the invasion of Pennsylvania. On the night of the 2d of July, while doing picket duty at Gettysburg, Posey's Brigade, then temporarily under command of Colonel W. H. Taylor, captured sixty Federal pickets without firing a gun. After the disastrous engagement at Gettysburg we began our retreat southward, wading the Potomac up to our armpits, and carrying our cartridge boxes on top of our shoulders to prevent them from getting wet.

We participated in the battle of Bristow Station, and there, on the 14th of October, General Carnot Posey was mortally wounded. We again fell back to the line of the Rappahannock, and passed the winter of 1863-64 near Orange Courthouse. Colonel N. H. Harris, of the 19th Mississippi Regiment, was appointed to succeed General Posey as our brigadier.

General Grant took command of the army of the Potomac and began another "On to Richmond."

We were engaged in the battles of the Wilderness, and on the 12th of May, 1864, participated in the great battle of Spottsylvania Courthouse, retaking a salient angle captured from Johnson's Division. Just before entering this fight a shell exploded near a group of horsemen surrounding General Lee. He rode up to our regiment and asked how many rounds of cartridges have the men. He was answered, forty rounds in their boxes and twenty in their pockets. His face was flushed, and eyes sparkling with anxiety. We were ordered to march by the left flank, General Lee placing himself at our head and leading us in the direction of the heavy firing. Soon shot and shell and minie balls were crashing and hissing and crashing around our ears. The men began to cry out: "Go back, General Lee! General Lee to the rear!"

Colonel Charles Scott Venable, his chief of staff, grasped the bridle of his horse and besought him to retire beyond the reach of danger. Standing up in his stirrups, and looking back upon our serried ranks, he exclaimed: "Mississippians, I go back under one condition, and that is that you go forward. Remember, you strike for Mississippi to-day!"

And they did go forward. And for twelve long hours held the enemy at bay. May God in his mercy never again permit us to behold such a field of carnage and death!

On the 27th of May, 1864, near Hanover Junction, on the North Anna river, we repulsed and annihilated a Massachusetts brigade, mortally wounding Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Chandler, of the 5th Massachusetts Volunteers, while gallantly leading his command against our regiment. We were again in the battles of Cold Harbor and Turkey Ridge before Richmond. About the middle of June we participated in the battle of Petersburg, where Colonel Harris was severely wounded in the head. The regimental officers were at that time M. B. Harris, colonel; S. B. Thomas, lieutenant-colonel; J. R. Bell, major, and E. Howard McCaleb, adjutant.

On the 18th of August we retook the position occupied by Gen-

eral J. V. B. Girardey's Georgia Brigade, on the north side of James river, in front of Richmond; returned to Petersburg, on the south side, and on the 21st of August fought the battle of the Weldon Railroad, where the writer was severely wounded, left for dead on the battlefield, and taken North, without his consent, to spend the winter. From the 30th of July to the 21st of August, 1864, Harris' Mississippi Brigade lost 14 killed, 103 wounded, and 131 missing in battles around Petersburg. During this time Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. Thomas, than whom a braver or truer soldier never existed, commanded the bloody 12th Regiment. I cannot speak of the operations of our command after that time, having, as I said before, been wounded and taken prisoner.

A historian of the war, however, by no means partial to the troops hailing from the cotton States, in narrating the events that occurred in the last desperate struggle before Petersburg, says:

"Receiving no assistance from its twin brother (Fort Alexander) Fort Gregg, manned by Harris' Mississippi Brigade, numbering 250 men, breasted intrepidly the tide of its multitudinous assailants. Five times Gibson's Corps surged up and around the work—five times with dreadful carnage they were driven back. I am told that it was subsequently admitted by General Gibson that in carrying Fort Gregg he lost from 500 to 600 men; or, in other words, that each Mississippian inside the works struck down at least two assailants. When at last the work was carried, there remained out of its 250 defenders but thirty survivors. In these nine memorable days there was no episode more glorious to the Confederate arms than the heroic self-immolation of the Mississippians, in Fort Gregg, to gain time for their comrades."

On the 16th day of April, 1865, after I was exchanged, under directions of President Davis, I gathered together a number of old veteran soldiers belonging to our brigade, at Greensboro, N. C., who were absent on furlough at the time of the battles before Petersburg, and were returning to their respective commands, and formed them into a company, as the President's mounted escort, accompanying him and his cabinet as far south as Washington, Ga., where we were dismissed on the 4th of May, 1865.

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, February 12, 1905.]

THE PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Trying Experience of the Ex-President at Fort
Monroe.

PREVARICATION OF GENERAL MILES.

Actual Instructions of Assistant Secretary of War as to Shackles.

By Colonel WILLIAM H. STEWART.

The steamer *William P. Clyde*, with President Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Davis, son and two daughters; Vice-President Alexander H. Stephens, Hon. C. C. Clay and Mrs. Clay, Hon. John H. Reagan, Confederate Postmaster-General; General Joseph Wheeler, and other prisoners, convoyed by the United States ship *Tuscarora*, arrived in Hampton Roads on the 19th of May, 1865, from Port Royal, S. C.

The arrival was immediately wired to Washington, and that afternoon Secretary of War E. M. Stanton ordered Major-General H. W. Halleck to proceed to Fortress Monroe, take charge of the prisoners, and to imprison Messrs. Davis and Clay securely in that fortress; to send Messrs. Stephens and Regan to Fort Warren by sea in a gunboat; General Wheeler and staff, Colonels Lubbock and Johnston, aids to President Davis, to Fort Delaware, also in a gunboat; Colonel Harrison, secretary to Mr. Davis, to Washington, and the remainder of the prisoners to Fort McHenry, in the *Clyde*, under convoy. He was also instructed to allow the ladies and children of the party to go to such places in the South as they might prefer, but forbid their going North or remaining at Fortress Monroe or Norfolk. He was also directed to prevent any one from visiting or holding communication with President Davis or Mr. Clay, either verbally or in writing. This was to deny them any communication either with their wives or children.

OTHER "PRISONERS" DEPART.

The *Maumee*, Commander F. A. Parker, sailed with General Wheeler and party on the 21st of May for Fort Delaware, and the

Tuscarora, Commander James Madison Frailey, sailed at the same time with Messrs. Stephens and Reagan for Fort Warren.

The orders for the *Clyde* were changed, and she was directed to take the ladies and children to Savannah, Ga., without restraint, and arriving there to give them perfect liberty.

As the prisons could not be prepared for Messrs. Davis and Clay at once, they were held on the *Clyde* until the 22d of May; then the prelude to the infamy of the nineteenth century began.

General Halleck ordered Major-General Nelson A. Miles to proceed at 1 P. M. on a tug with a guard from the garrison to bring the prisoners from the *Clyde* to the engineer's wharf, thence through the battery to their prisons.

MILES ON THE SCENE.

At precisely 1 o'clock General Miles left for the *Clyde*, and at 1:30 o'clock the tug left the *Clyde*, landing at the engineer's wharf. The procession to the prison was led by cavalymen from Colonel Pritchard's command, and moved through the water battery on the front of the fortress and entered by a postern leading from that battery. The cavalymen were followed by General Miles, holding Mr. Davis by the right arm. Next came half a dozen soldiers, and then Colonel Pritchard with Mr. Clay, and last, the guard of soldiers which Miles took with him from the garrison.

The distinguished prisoners asked to see General Halleck, but were denied. They were incarcerated, each in a separate inner room of a casemate, with a window heavily barred, and a sentry was placed before each of the doors leading into the outer room. These doors were secured by bars fastened on the outside, and two other sentries stood outside of these doors, and an officer was put on duty in the outer room, with instructions to see the prisoners every fifteen minutes. The outer door of all was locked on the outside, and the key kept exclusively by the general officer of the guard, and two sentries were also stationed without that door.

UNNECESSARY SENTINELS.

A strong line of sentries was posted to cut off all access to the vicinity of the casemate; another line stationed on the top of the parapet overhead, and a third line posted across the moats on the counterscarp opposite the places of confinement. The casemates on each side and between those occupied by the prisoners were used as guard rooms, so that soldiers would always be at hand. Mr.

Davis occupied casemate No. 2; Mr. Clay, No. 4; Nos. 1, 3 and 5 were occupied by guards of soldiers. A lamp was kept constantly burning in each of the prisoners' rooms. The furniture of each prisoner was a hospital bed with iron bedstead, a stool, table and a movable stool closet. A Bible was allowed each, and afterwards a prayer-book and tobacco were added.

These regulations must have been directed or supervised by C. A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, who was present, for he says: "I have not given orders to have them placed in irons, as General Halleck seemed opposed to it; but General Miles is instructed to have fetters ready if he thinks them necessary."

On the 24th of May, 1865, Miles reported to Dana: "* * * Yesterday I directed that irons be put on Davis' ankles, which he violently resisted, but became more quiet afterward. His hands are unencumbered "

These fetters remained on five days, although Dr. Craven urged their removal, because the irritation caused by the chains was counterpoising whatever medicine he might give the sick captive.

FOR HUMILIATION ONLY.

It appears to us that the object of Dana and Miles, in chaining the feet of President Davis, under the poor pretext of rendering imprisonment more secure, was to humiliate not only the prisoner, but the people of the whole South, and to them the names of Dana and Miles will be ever linked with the infamy. Whenever they are mentioned, feelings akin to those aroused at the name of Caligula will fire the breasts of the proud descendants of the people of the conquered nation; and the act of chaining President Davis will be hated wherever honor lives.

On the 28th day of May, 1865, Secretary Stanton required Miles to report "whether irons have or have not been placed on Jefferson Davis. If they have been, when it was done, and for what reason, and remove them." Miles replied: "* * * that when Jeff Davis was first confined in the casemate the inner doors were light wooden ones, without locks. I directed anklets to be put upon his ankles, which would not interfere with his walking, but would prevent his running, should he endeavor to escape. In the meantime I have changed the wooden doors for grated ones with locks, and the anklets have been removed. Every care is taken to avoid any pretence of complaint, as well as to prevent the possibility of his escape."

Such was the flimsy excuse given by Miles when called to account for his cruelty by the iron-hearted Stanton.

BROKE HIS HEALTH.

The health of Mr. Davis rapidly failed under the cruel treatment and severe mental strain. The chief medical officer, Dr. John J. Craven, on the 20th of August, 1865, reported that his general condition denoted a low state of the vital forces. After a long time the reports of his deplorable condition reached the ear of President Andrew Johnson, and on the 9th of May, 1866, he requested the Secretary of War to direct Surgeon G. E. Cooper to submit an early report respecting the health of Jefferson Davis. Dr. Cooper, after a special examination on the same day, reported as the result of the examination:

“He is considerably emaciated, the fatty tissue having almost disappeared, leaving his skin much shriveled. His muscles are small, flaccid and very soft, and he has but little muscular strength. He is quite weak and debilitated; consequently his gait is becoming uneven and irregular. His digestive organs at present are in comparatively good condition, but become quickly deranged under anything but the most carefully prepared food. With a diet disagreeing with him, dyspeptic symptoms promptly make their appearance, soon followed by vertigo, severe facial and cranial neuralgia, an erysipelatous inflammation of the posterior scalp and right side of the nose, which quickly affects the right eye (the only sound one he has) and extends through the nasal duct into the interior nose. His nervous system is greatly deranged, being prostrated and excessively irritable. Slight noises, which are scarcely perceptible to a man in robust health, cause him much pain, the description of the sensation being as of one flayed and having every sentient nerve exposed to the waves of sound. Want of sleep has been a great and almost the principal cause of his nervous excitability. This has been produced by the tramp of the creaking boots of the sentinels on post round the prison room, and the relief of the guard at the expiration of every two hours, which almost invariably awakens him.

MR. DAVIS'S STATEMENT.

“Prisoner Davis states that he has scarcely enjoyed over two hours of sleep unbroken at one time since his confinement. Means have been taken by placing matting on the floor for the sentinels to

walk to alleviate this source of disturbance, but with only partial success. His vital condition is low, and he has but little recuperative force. Should he be attacked with any of the severe forms of disease to which the Tidewater region of Virginia is subject, I, with reason, fear the result."

MILES'S PITIFUL PLEA.

The comments of the press quite excited General Miles, and he, in a confidential communication to the Assistant Adjutant-General, said: "* * * I regret to say that I think Surgeon Cooper is entirely under the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, the former of whom has the happy faculty that a strong mind has over a weaker to mould it to agree with its views and opinions. Surgeon Cooper's wife is a secessionist and one of the F. F. V.'s of this State. He is exceedingly attentive to Mrs. Davis, escorting her to Norfolk and back, and yesterday he had a private interview with Davis and Messrs. O'Connor and Shea. To-day the four were together at the doctor's house."

It is patent that this stab in the back was intended to misrepresent the intention of an honorable medical officer, who could be fair and just to a prisoner, so as to justify the vilefier's own despicable conduct. Public indignation not only spread over the whole South, but reached to such a degree in the North that the newspapers were emboldened to denounce the tortures of Jefferson Davis in scathing terms.

THE PRESS TO THE RESCUE.

The New York *World* of May 24, 1866, in an editorial under that head, says: "It is no longer a matter of newspaper rumor that the treatment which Jefferson Davis has received during his incarceration in Fortress Monroe, has been such as to break down his constitution and to put him, after twelve months of protracted suffering, in imminent peril of death.

"Upon the recommendation of the Secretary of the Treasury the President of the United States recently ordered the post surgeon to make a careful and thorough examination of Mr. Davis' health. That report has been made and is now published. It cannot be read by any honorable and right-minded American, no matter what his sectional feelings or his political opinions may be, without a sickening sensation of shame for his country and a burning flush of indignation against the persons who have prostituted their official

position to inflict upon the American name an ineffaceable brand of disgrace by the wanton and wicked torture of an invalid lying a helpless prisoner in the strongest fortress of the Union. The report of Post Surgeon Cooper is all the more damning that it is perfectly calm and formal in tone, and that it deals only with the strictly medical aspect of the investigation, which its author was ordered to make. We hear nothing, for example, from Surgeon Cooper of the stories which have been repeated over and over again, in all varieties of tone, but with singular consistency in the main details, by correspondence of all shades of opinion in regard to the petty insults heaped upon Jefferson Davis in the routine of his daily life.

MILITARY ORDERS CONDEMNED.

“The refusal by express military orders of the common courtesies and simplest decencies of life to a man who for four years wielded the resources of eleven belligerent States against the whole power of the Union, while it would be unspeakably disgraceful to the authorities perpetrating it, might be of very little consequence to the health or the spirits of the captive at whom it was aimed. A man of strong and self-sustained character might be annoyed, indeed, at finding himself in the hands of persecutors so paltry, but they would scarcely be able to disturb his digestion or his sleep. The American people, should the stories prove to be true, will have a serious account to settle with the functionaries who could thus misrepresent and belittle them in the eyes of Christendom and of history. But the crying result of Surgeon Cooper’s report, the result of which demands the most prompt and emphatic expression possible of the popular indignation, if we are not to be written down all of us as accomplices in the vile transactions which it reveals, is this, that the health of Jefferson Davis, which was notoriously poor at the time of his capture, has been systematically broken down by a cruel and deliberate perseverance in applying to him one of the worst tortures known to humanity. Here are the fatal words in which the truth is told.” Then quoting a part of Surgeon Cooper’s report, which we have given above, the editor goes on to say: “In a very minute and horrible treatise on the tortures practiced by the Inquisition, an Italian writer tells us that a certain grand Inquisition at Rome, famous for skill at jangling God’s work in the human body, pronounced this special form of torment to be ‘the most exquisite and victorious of all he had ever essayed.’ No picture in all the dread gallery of imperial madness and misery which Suetonius

has bequeathed to us is so fearful as his portraiture of Caligula roaming through the vast halls of the palace of the Cæsars night after night with bloodshot eyes, sleepless, and driven on by sleeplessness to insanity. And in what light are we, this triumphant American people of the nineteenth century, to appear before posterity weighted with the damning image of our most conspicuous enemy thus tied by us to the stake and tortured by us with worse than Indian tortures? We make and seek to make no party issues with any man or men on this matter. It is the honor, the humanity, the Christianity, the civilization of the American republic which are involved.

A CASE IN POINT.

“Since the eloquent pen of Mr. Gladstone, near a score of years ago, concentrated the indignation of the civilized world upon the barbarous treatment inflicted by the Bourbon rulers of Naples upon Baron Poerio and his fellow-captives, there has been no such revelation as this of the brutality to which men may be tempted by political passion, and it is intolerable that the scandals of Ischia and San Elmo should be paralleled in the sacred name of liberty within the walls of Fortress Monroe. We abstain purposely from discussing the nature and extent of the political offenses for which Jefferson Davis has thus been made to suffer, for we are so unwilling to believe that any man can be found, even in the ranks of the most extreme radical party, who would dare import such a discussion into the case. Thaddeus Stevens could shock the moral sense of mankind by demanding the ‘penitentiary of hell’ for millions of his fellow-countrymen; but even Thaddeus Stevens, we prefer to think, would shrink from condensing that vast and inclusive anathema into the practical, downright torture of a single human being. When Lafayette was suffering the extremes of cruelty in the Austrian dungeons of Olmutz, Edmund Burke, transported by a blind rage against the French revolution, could respond to an appeal in behalf of the injured and high-souled victim by exclaiming in his place in Parliament: ‘I would not debase my humanity by supporting an application in behalf of such a horrid ruffian.’ But is it for a moment to be supposed that the most fanatical member of an American Congress, which assumes to itself a special philanthropy and sits in the year 1866, can be found to imitate the savage bigotry of an exasperated British royalist in the year 1794?

CONGRESS APPEALED TO.

“ If the members of the congressional majority at Washington are not weaker and more wicked men than the sternest of their political opponents would willingly believe them to be, they will compel a prompt exposure of the authors of this shameful thing—a prompt exposure and a punishment as prompt.

“ The President has done his duty in laying bare the facts, and will do his duty, we doubt not, in arresting at once and summarily this continuous outrage upon the national character. But we live in an epoch of congressional inquiries into national scandals and national rumors of all kinds, and the conscience of the country will hold the present Congress to a dread responsibility if it shirk or evade a duty more important to our national honor than any which it has as yet assumed.”

THE PAROLE.

The exposure of Mr. Davis' condition and cruel treatment, and the severe arraignment of the authorities by the newspapers undoubtedly caused the tyrants to relax their rigid hands and give the State prisoner more liberty as indicated by the following parole, dated Fortress Monroe, May 25, 1866:

“ For the privilege of being allowed the liberty of the grounds inside the walls of Fort Monroe between the hours of sunrise and sunset, I, Jefferson Davis, do hereby give my parole of honor that I will make no attempt to nor take any advantage of any opportunity that may be offered to effect my escape therefrom.

“JEFFERSON DAVIS.”

“Witness: J. A. FESSENDEN,

“First Lieutenant, Fifth Artillery.”

MILES' “REWARD.”

On the 29th of August, 1866, the War Department issued an order relieving Miles of duty at Fortress Monroe, which he seemed to think was a reflection upon his conduct. He had been there during fifteen months of Mr. Davis' imprisonment, and desired to remain until the prisoner should be removed, so he requested to be allowed to remain a month longer, or until the 5th of October. He desired this slight consideration in justice to his reputation. The request was not granted, but he was made a colonel in the regular

army, which, we presume, was balm enough for his wounded feelings from the public attacks on his conduct in cruelties to a helpless prisoner.

On Miles' retirement, General H. W. Burton assumed command of Fortress Monroe, and he seems to have been more considerate and humane to his State prisoner, for he was called to account by the War Department for permitting persons to visit Mr. Davis not specially authorized by it.

The writ of *habeas corpus* for Mr. Davis was issued by the United States Circuit Court for the District of Virginia on the 1st day of May, 1867, and under instructions from the War Department, General H. W. Burton, on the 13th day of May, obeyed the writ and was released from the further custody of the ex-President of the Confederate States.

Thus ended the imprisonment of the great and good man.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, Dec. 30, 1894.]

HISTORIC WATERS OF VIRGINIA.

The Battle in Hampton Roads as Viewed by an Eye
Witness.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE VIRGINIA.

An Interesting Paper—The Improvised Confederate Naval Fleet.

By Ex-Governor WM. E. CAMERON.

[See *ante* pp. 243-9, "The Ironclad *Virginia*." —ED.]

The outbreak of the war between the northern and southern sections of the United States at once invested every foot of the navigable waters of Virginia with strategic importance. The Federals retained their hold on Fortress Monroe, which, under the then existing conditions of ordnance and of naval architecture, practically controlled the entrance to Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads, while heavy batteries at Newport News, at the mouth of James river, prohibited communication by water between the Confederate forces at Richmond and Norfolk. The Confederates, on the other hand, mounted guns at Lovell's Point and Craney Island, to protect Norfolk, Portsmouth and the Gosport navy yard from hostile approach, and the passage to Richmond was obstructed against Federal marine by batteries at Fort Powhatan, Drewry's Bluff, Day's Neck, Hardin's Bluff, Mulberry Island, Jamestown and other defensible points on James river.

Such was the situation of affairs in the early spring of 1862. The Federals had, however, made previous descent upon the coast of North Carolina with a powerful armada under General Burnside, and having captured Roanoke Island, after a gallant though hopeless resistance by the combined land and naval forces of General Henry A. Wise and Commodore Lynch, were making heavy demonstrations at the back door of Norfolk, while General McClellan, having determined on a campaign against Richmond *via* the peninsula, between the James and York rivers, was urging naval occupation of those streams as an essential protection to the flanks of an army executing that movement.

To guard against the occupation of these waterways (as well as in prosecuting a cherished scheme in dominating the mouth of the Mother of Waters, destroying the Federal shipping in Hampton Roads, isolating and perhaps starving out the garrison at Fortress Monroe, and ultimately obtaining free ingress and egress *via* the capes for ships of war and commerce), the Confederates had spent the previous winter in fitting up at a captured navyyard a marine structure of such impervious strength and destructive armament as to justify the most extravagant hopes. For this purpose the United States steam frigate *Merrimac*, which had been abandoned by the Federals when they hastily evacuated the Elizabeth river, in April, 1861, was utilized. She was cut down, heavily armored with railroad iron laid on a stout and sloping deck roof, was provided with a steel snout or ram for offensive purposes and carried ten guns of a calibre hitherto unknown in naval warfare. She was rechristened the *Virginia*, and entered upon her brief but glorious career under the flag of Admiral Franklin Buchanan. Simultaneously the Confederate government had improvised from the scant materials at hand what was known as the James river fleet—the *Patrick Henry* and *Jamestown* (formerly plying as freight and passenger steamers between New York and Richmond, and caught in Southern waters at the commencement of hostilities); the former under Commander John R. Tucker, carrying twelve guns of modern force; the latter under Lieutenat Barney, with a battery of two heavy pieces; and three tugs metamorphosed into gunboats and carrying a single gun each; the *Teazer*, the *Beaufort* and the *Raleigh*, commanded respectively by Lieutenants W. A. Webb, W. H. Parker and J. W. Alexander. Early in March these vessels made rendezvous at a harbor in the lower James, convenient for communication with Norfolk, and on the 7th of that month the senior officer was notified to be in readiness for action on the following day—a day to be forever memorable in naval annals.

The events are yet fresh in a mind which was filled with pride and enthusiasm while witnessing them, but in this attempt to reproduce the leading features I shall verify and enlarge my recollections by liberal use of the official reports of the participants on either side of the heroic struggle.

The night before the battle a whisper went through the scattered camps of Huger's Division, from Sewell's Point to Suffolk, like an electric shock: "The *Virginia* is going out to-morrow!" It was one of those secrets which telepathy betrays, and which once abroad

take unto themselves the wings of the wind. The tidings found me serving a tour of guard duty on the entrenched line at Harrison's farm, east of Norfolk; but an eager petition to the colonel brought release, and long before dawn a trio of excited boys had reached Pig's Point and hired a boat with two stalwart oarsmen to convey them to an advantageous point of view. What hours of overwrought expectancy those were, while, with beating hearts and straining eyes, we waited for the onslaught of the marine monster upon her predestined victims! They seemed interminable. And yet the picture spread before our eyes was fair enough to fill the interval with interest. The fair expanse of sparkling water was barely ruffled by the morning breeze, and off to the north the Federal shipping lay at anchor, with the red embankments of Newport News and the gray battlements of Fortress Monroe and the Rip-Raps as background. The tall masts of the *Congress* and *Cumberland* stood out against the sky in bold relief, each cord of the complex rigging distinct in tracery, and the tiny bunting at their peaks dipping lazily at each undulation of the swinging hulls. Off Hampton bar there rose a forest of masts and smokestacks, among which the lofty spars of the *Minnesota*, the *St. Lawrence* and the *Roanoke* loomed grandly heavenward, while their great black sides dwarfed into insignificance the transports and smaller craft which lay around and about them. The scene was beautiful in its mere suggestion of repose; but off to the left, behind Day's Point, a thin line of smoke behind the trees hinted at elements of disturbance biding their time to brew a storm upon those peaceful waters, for there, like bloodhounds in leash, with beaks already turned towards their prey, with engines like angry hearts impatiently panting for the fray, were the lean racers of Tucker's squadron, on the lookout for the signal gun.

As time wore on all apprehension lest the enemy might have received notice of the impending attack, was dispelled by the continuing absence of stir on board their ships and within their lines on shore. Every movement on the former was plainly discernible through our field glasses, boats swinging alongside, or passing to and from the beach, while the sailors' "wash" floated in the ropes of the vessels, and the men lounged idly about the decks. On the plains behind the bluff at Newport News drills were in progress among the troops, and we could follow with distinctness the exercises of a battery of artillery going through the mimicry of war. It must have been about high noon when symptoms of alarm first made themselves manifest on board the ships lying nearest to our

station—the *Cumberland* and *Congress*. The neck of land forming Pinner's Point obstructed our line of vision, and the movements consequent upon preparation for an engagement were visible to us for some time before the *Virginia* hove in sight. It was an hour later when her ponderous form, majestic, though ungraceful, steamed circularly around the jutting headland of the Elizabeth, and headed directly towards the two detached Federal ships in the upper roads. Activity now prevailed in the shore batteries at Newport News, and in a little while curls of black smoke began to issue forth from the funnels of the *Minnesota* and her consorts. The *Cumberland* and *Congress* were kedged around to present something like a broadside to the approaching antagonist, nearest in the path of which the *Congress* lay. After this I took no note of time; but General Mansfield commanding the port at Newport News, in his report to General Wool, says that it was just 2 o'clock when the *Virginia* opened her bow gun. This was the signal for general engagement. The noise was terrific and the spectacle grand. Under fire of both the Federal frigates, several gunboats and of the numerous guns on the river bank, the *Virginia* steamed slowly but steadily on, returning the all-sided fusillade with spirit, and suffering no apparent damage from the shot that rained incessantly against her armored ribs. Disregarding the *Congress*, except to fling her a disdainful bolt or two in passing, she glided (rather than ran), with terrible deliberation and precision down upon the doomed *Cumberland*. Nearer and nearer she drew. The suspense was agonizing, though the excitement was intoxicating. "By G—d!" shouted one of the boatmen, "She is going to run her down!" And so it was. From every porthole on the starboard side of the *Cumberland* flashed the lightnings of a rapid cannonade, the missiles of which glanced from the turtleback of her adversary as hailstones from a hipped roof of metal. The gallant tars who served the batteries of the *Cumberland* discharged an ineffective broadside at the very moment which sealed their fate. Then into the frail wooden walls crashed the terrible steel prow of the *Virginia*; the timbers were cut in twain as though of parchment, the tall ship reeled and staggered as a drunken man—and then went down, the heroic crew still at their posts, the colors flying, and the cannon still belching out defiance, even as the water engulfed their iron throats. Even after her hull had disappeared, the smothered echo of one gun was heard mingling with the cries of strong men in their agony.

So absorbed had we become in this supreme tragedy that other

stirring episodes were about to pass unnoticed. Deep-mouthed cannon away to the eastward were now braying their hoarse contributions to the terrible din. The steam frigates at Fortress Monroe were under way at last to give succor to their weaker consorts; there were the guns at Sewell's Point throwing shot and shell in the pathway of the *Minnesota* and *Roanoke*, and in reply the giant ordnance at the Rip-Raps were lending deeper voice to the discordant chorus. Just at this juncture the excited accents of one of my companions rose clear above the tumult of detonations and concussions:

"What a glorious sight! Just see the splendid fellows coming into action!" he exclaimed, at the same time tugging at my coat sleeve like mad. I turned, and it was indeed the sight of a lifetime that met my gaze. Standing down the long open reach, under full head of steam, right into the pelting storm of missiles, dashed the five wooden vessels of the James River Squadron, Tucker leading, in the *Patrick Henry*, closely followed by the *Jamestown* and the saucy little gunboats. Why they were not totally destroyed I did not then and do not now understand. Admiral Buchanan says that their escape was miraculous; for they sustained for several hours a galling fire of solid shot, shell, grape and canister, at close quarters; and the hull of each ship was perforated time and time again. It was particularly fine to see how Webb, with his mite of a *Teaser*, romped and frolicked in the very teeth of the enemy's batteries, while nothing could have exceeded the gallantry with which Parker and Alexander repeatedly came into the closest conflict. The gallantry of all appeared to border on recklessness in the eye of an inexperienced spectator. By this time we had come to look upon the flagship as invulnerable, but watched with painful interest the bold manoeuvring of her comparatively unprotected consorts. Only the highest skill, in conjunction with superb courage, could have saved one or all of them from utter disaster.

Meanwhile, amid the gathering smoke, the ill-starred *Congress* was still battling with a desperation worthy of success. It warms the blood yet, to remember how those American seamen fought in the very shadow of death against the inevitable. Harried and harassed on every side by the nimbler of the Confederate ships, herself a sailing craft, incapable of manoeuvring for offensive or defensive position, she was spared for yet a little while from direct attack by her most formidable antagonist. After sinking the *Cumberland*, the *Virginia's* heavy draught prevented a direct approach

to the *Congress*. In several efforts to "turn upon her keel," she struck bottom. So much time was lost in the attempt to clear the shoal as to arouse our fears that she was fast aground. Finally, Admiral Buchanan was compelled to run the ship a short distance up James river in order to wind her. "During all this time," he says, "her keel was in the mud and she moved but slowly. Thus we were subjected twice to all the heavy guns of the shore batteries; but in the double passage inflicted much injury, having blown up a large transport steamer alongside the wharf at Newport News; sunk one schooner and captured another." In this period of respite, as we learned from prisoners after the fight, the crew of the *Congress* were under the impression that the *Virginia* was hauling off; and in this belief the ship's company assembled on the spar deck and gave three hearty cheers for their fancied victory. Alas for them! that hope was destined to extinguishment in the very moment of its indulgence. Gathering headway on her new course, the great iron-clad crept up to a position from which her guns raked the *Congress* with terrible effect. The smaller steamers redoubled their fire. Under this concentration of attack the ship soon became a wreck. Most of her guns were disabled; her decks were strewn with dead and wounded, the commanding officer had been stricken at his post. Again the trained eye of our boatman was the first to detect a crisis, and his eager voice the first to announce the end. He waved his battered hat toward the *Congress* with stentorian cheers, and through a rift in the sulphurous vapor even the unpracticed vision of landsmen could detect the absence of the strong ensign which lately floated over the ship. A second later a white flag streamed at their gaff and half-mast and another at the main.

An incident ensued of which the writer could comprehend little at the time of its occurrence, but of which a better understanding than has yet been conveyed in print can be gathered by comparison of the contemporaneous Federal and Confederate reports. Immediately subsequent to the cessation of firing I saw the *Beaufort* approach the *Virginia*, apparently for orders, and then dash under the side of the disabled enemy, followed later by the *Raleigh*. We looked for nothing further in that direction than formal completion of the surrender, and gave attention to the movements of the *Minnesota* in the offing. The tugs left the wreck, and then an open boat from the *Virginia* was seen to pull across the intervening space; and then, to our surprise, the shore batteries reopened, the boat was recalled, and the *Virginia* poured shot after shot into the

hulk of the *Congress*. It was at this juncture that Admiral Buchanan, fearlessly exposing himself on the roof of the *Virginia*, received the wound which cost him a limb, and which incapacitated him from further command. * * * Of this episode the Admiral, in his report to Secretary Mallory, says:

"Determined that the *Congress* should not fall again into the hands of the enemy, I remarked to that gallant young officer, Lieutenant Minor, 'that the ship must be burned.' He promptly volunteered to take a boat and destroy her, and the *Teaser*, Lieutenant Webb, was ordered to cover the boat. Lieutenant Minor had scarcely approached within fifty yards of the boat when a deadly fire was opened upon him, wounding him severely and several of his men. On witnessing this vile treachery, I instantly recalled the boat and ordered the *Congress* to be demolished by hot shot and incendiary shell. About this period I was disabled and transferred the command of the ship to that gallant and intelligent officer, Lieutenant Catesby Jones, with orders to fight her as long as the men could stand to their guns." * * *

An effort was made afterwards by Federal writers to convict Admiral Buchanan of wanton cruelty in firing upon a dismantled ship after the white flag had been hoisted, but the question is settled in his favor by the following extract from the report of General Mansfield, commanding the Federal forces at Newport News:

"The enemy then sent two steamers to haul the *Congress* off or burn her. As soon as I saw this I ordered Colonel Brown, of the 20th Indiana Regiment, to send two rifle companies to the beach, while two rifled guns and a Dahlgren howitzer went into action from a raking position on the beach. We here had them, at about 800 yards, to advantage, and immediately they let go their hold on the *Congress* and moved out of range with much loss. They then endeavored to approach her again with a steamer and rowboat, but were beaten off with severe punishment, until finally the *Merrimac*, finding her prize retaken, fired three shots into her and set her on fire."

This is conclusive, and needs no comment. The *Congress* may now be disposed of in a few words. Far into the night the heavens were illuminated by the reflection from the blazing timbers, while from time to time, as the heat penetrated to her hold, her shotted guns were discharged. Her career closed towards the morning of the 9th, when, with a deafening report, her magazine exploded.

It was now past 4 o'clock. The Confederate fleet steamed off towards Fortress Monroe, and after that our personal observation was unworthy of note. The *Minnesota* grounded in the north channel, where, by reason of the receding tide, the *Virginia* could not win a near approach, but the smaller steamers of the Confederate fleet got within effective range and inflicted, says Secretary Welles, considerable damage on that ship. Lieutenant Jones says of the latter operations that "the pilots having declared it to be unsafe to remain longer near the middle shoal, we returned by the south channel, and again had an opportunity of opening upon the *Minnesota*, receiving her heavy fire in return, and shortly afterwards upon the *St. Lawrence*, from which vessel several broadsides were received. It had by this time become dark, and we soon afterwards anchored off Sewell's Point. The rest of the squadron followed the movements of the *Virginia*, except the *Beaufort*, which proceeded to Norfolk with the wounded and prisoners."

The Federal losses in the day's brilliant work have already been recited. The Confederates won their success cheaply, all things being considered. Early in the action a solid shot perforated the boiler of the *Patrick Henry*, scalding four persons to death and wounding four others. The ship was turned out of action by the *Jamestown*, but the damages were soon repaired, when the ship returned to her station and did splendid service during the remainder of the day. The *Raleigh* was also forced to temporary retirement by the disabling of the carriage of her single gun, but she, too, was soon again on duty. The *Virginia* was practically uninjured, except for the loss of her ram, and was ready at dawn of the coming day to take part in that remarkable conflict with the *Monitor*, which will form the subject of my next paper.

WM. E. CAMERON.

[From the *Boston Journal*, May, 1901.]

THE LAST SALUTE OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

Details of the Surrender of General Lee at Appomattox
Courthouse, April 9th, 1865.

LENIENT TERMS OF GENERAL GRANT.

By General J. L. Chamberlain.

It is an astounding fact that among the thousands of official documents bearing upon the Civil war in the National Archives at Washington there is absolutely nothing dealing with one of the most dramatic features of the great four years' internal struggle—the actual ceremonies attendant upon the formal surrender by General Lee's army of all Confederate property in their possession at Appomattox Courthouse thirty-six years ago.

When General Lee surrendered to General Grant, April 9th, 1865, the war was virtually over, but of the details of the surrender, the pathetic sadness on the one side, the jubilant satisfaction on the other, and, more particularly of the precise arrangements, the mode of procedure and the Northern army officer whose duty it became to take charge of the rebel arms and the rebel battleflags as they were given up—of all this our official war records tell not a word.

Why this is so the chief actor in the closing scene of the bloody drama, General Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Brunswick, Me., set forth in a pithy sentence to a *Boston Journal* writer the other night: "The war was over when Lee signed the terms of surrender, and with the closing of the war all official record-writing ceased."

And just as it is true that there are no official records bearing upon this notable surrender scene, so also is it true that there are no official records describing the really remarkable disbandment of the Southern military and its departure in fragments for home. Only recently, in fact, has this matter been treated of, and that by a magazine almost four decades after the event!

Truly, some of the most absorbing history is, in the minting, slow quite beyond belief. Passing strange it seems almost that upon a writer of a generation which has no intimate connection with the Civil war should devolve the not unpleasant, nor in the light of facts,

ill-timed, task of setting down in complete detail that story which long ago should have had a full official telling.

In that great national tragedy of the Civil war there has been for years much effort, always in a more or less unostentatious and secretive way, to eliminate the merit which was due to prominent actors. It has been said recurrently that officers other than the actual one who commanded on the impressive occasion, and, to cite one case, a general officer, who, from 1863, was never connected with the Army of the Potomac, was frequently banqueted and toasted as the soldier who received the surrender of General Robert E. Lee. This was, to be sure, an unfair acceptance, but it was accepted in silence, and even at later times assented to in subsequent remarks. But, be it said, such pretense of merit deserves and surely ought to receive the censure of every loyal comrade.

The man who did command the Union soldiery that stood immovable for hours near Appomattox Courthouse on that eventful day while Rebel arms and colors nodded "conquered" has never sounded in public or in private his own acclaim. Major-General Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine, he was in the old days, and still he bears that honorable title.

As a conspicuous New Englander whose life has been an integral part of the educational history of his beloved Pine Tree State, which he has represented as Governor, as one of the legislators, as President of Bowdoin College, and particularly as a soldier, his long and eventful life has come to be well known to the people of the entire country—his life excepting that part he played in the last act of the war.

This is somewhat in detail the entire story as summarized by General Chamberlain:

"The Battle of Five Forks, which occurred on the 1st of April, 1865, served to prove to General Grant the fact which General 'Phil' Sheridan had advanced that the cutting of railroad lines between Petersburg and the South had made exceedingly difficult, if not practically impossible, the provisioning of the Confederate army, and that the departure of that command and its march toward Lynchburg might soon be expected.

"The victory of Five Forks was so complete in every way as to wholly paralyze General Lee's plan for further delay, and it is not too much to say that the decision was at once made for the western movement of the Army of Northern Virginia toward a new supply base.

The battle of Sailor's Creek, with Ewell's surrender, and that of Farmville, followed quickly after, the Confederates being hard pressed on their left flank, and for them there was little rest owing to the continual hounding by Sherman's forces which seemed quite eager for constant combat.

"The Fifth Army Corps had been detailed to work with Sheridan's cavalry division. The subsequent relief of General Warren is a matter of history, which there is no need of repeating.

"General Griffin succeeded to command, and aided by the 6th, the 2d, and portions of the Army of the James, with other corps as fast as they could get to the scene, the military movements of that time form some of the most absorbing chapters of the Civil war which history has placed on record. Since the approach to Appomattox—for a hundred miles or more along this stream there had been terrible fighting—brought the head of each army very frequently in view, the strange spectacle of one army pressing with all energy in pursuit, while its antagonist was using its best efforts to get away and reach its delayed base of supplies, was presented to both sides.

"On the terrible march to Appomattox Courthouse the Federal troops were ever shrouded in smoke and dust, and the rattle of firearms and the heavy roar of artillery told plainly of the intense scene which threatened to bring on yet one more general engagement.

"Then came a moment which to me, at least, was more thrilling than any that had gone before. As we were hurrying on in response to Sheridan's hastily scribbled note for aid, an orderly with still another command from 'Little Phil' came upon our bedraggled column, that of the 1st Division of the Fifth Army Corps, just as we were passing a road leading into the woods. In the name of Sheridan I was ordered to turn aside from the column of march, without waiting for orders through the regular channels, and to get to his relief.

"The orderly said in a voice of greatest excitement that the Confederate infantry was pressing upon Sheridan with a weight so terrible that his cavalry alone could not long oppose it.

"I turned instantly into the side road by which the messenger had come, and took up the 'double-quick,' having spared just time enough to send to General Gregory an order to follow me with his brigade.

"In good season we reached the field where the fight was going on. Our cavalry had even then been driven to the very verge of the field by the old 'Stonewall' Corps. Swinging rapidly into action

the first line was sent forward in partial skirmish order, followed by the main lines, the 1st and 2d brigades. Once, for some unknown reason, I was ordered back, but in the impetuosity of youth and the heat of conflict, I pushed on, for it seemed to me to be a momentous hour. We fought like demons across that field and up that bristling hill. They told us we would expose ourselves to the full fire of the Confederate artillery once we gained the crest, but push on we did, past the stone wall behind which the 'Stonewall Corps' had hidden, driving them back to the crest of the ridge, down over it, and away.

"We were gathering our forces for a last final dash upon the enemy. From the summit of the hill we could see on the opposite ridge a full mile across the valley the dark blotches of the Confederate infantry drawn up in line of battle; the blocks of cavalry further to our right, and lower down more cavalry, detached, running hither and thither as if uncertain just what to do.

"In the valley, where flowed the now narrow Appomattox, along whose banks we had fought for weary miles, was a perfect swarm of moving men, animals, and wagons, wandering apparently aimlessly about, without definite precision. The river sides were trodden to a muck by the nervous mass. It was a picture which words can scarce describe.

"As we looked from our position we saw of a sudden a couple of men ride out from the extreme left of the Confederate line, and even as we looked the glorious white of a flag of truce met our vision. At that time, having routed the Confederate forces on the hill, my brigade was left alone by Sheridan's cavalry, which had gone to the right to take the enemy in the flank.

"I was on the right of the line as we stood at the crest of the hill. Near by us was the red Maltese cross of the Hospital Corps, and straight toward this the two riders, one with the white flag, came.

"When the men arrived, the one who carried the flag drew up before me, and, saluting with a rather stiff air—it was a strained occasion—informed me that he had been sent to beg a cessation of hostilities until General Lee could be heard from. Lee was even then said to be making a wide detour in the hope of attacking our forces from the rear. The officer who bore the flag was a member of the Confederate General Gordon's staff, but the message came to me in the name of General Longstreet.

"At that time the command had devolved upon General Ord,

and I informed the officer with the flag—which was, by the way, a towel of such cleanliness that I was then, as now, amazed that such a one could be found in the entire Rebel army—that he must needs proceed along to our left, where General Ord was stationed. With another abjectedly stiff salute the officer with his milk-white banner galloped away down our line.

“It was subsequently learned that General Ord was situated some distance away at my left with his troops of the Army of the James, comprising Gibbon’s Second Army Corps and a division of the Twenty-fifth Army Corps. His line quite stretched across the Lynchburg road, or ‘pike,’ as we called it then.

“Well, as I have said, the flag of truce was sent to Ord, and not long afterward came the command to cease firing. The truce lasted until 4 o’clock that afternoon. At that time our troops had just barely resumed the positions they had originally occupied when the flag came in. They were expecting momentarily to be attacked again, and were well prepared, yes, eager, for a continuance of the battle.

“And just then the glad news came that General Lee had surrendered. Shortly after that we saw pass before us that sturdy Rebel leader, accompanied by an orderly. He was dressed in the brilliant trappings of a Confederate army officer, and looked every inch the soldier that he was. A few moments after that our own beloved leader, General Grant, also accompanied by an orderly, came riding by. How different he was in appearance from the conquered hero. The one gay with the trappings of his army, the other wearing an open blouse, a slouch hat, trousers tucked into heavy, mud-stained boots, and with only the four tarnished golden stars to indicate his office! They passed us by and went to the house where were arranged the final terms of surrender. That work done neither leader staid long with his command, the one hurrying one way, the other another.

“That night we slept as we had not slept in four years. There was, of course, a great deal of unrestrained jubilation, but it did not call for much of that to be a sufficiency, and before long the camp over which peace after strife had settled was sleeping with no fear of a night alarm. We awoke next morning to find the Confederates peering down into our faces, and involuntarily reached for our arms, but once the recollections of the previous day’s stirring events came crowding back to mind, all fear fled, and the boys in

blue were soon commingling freely with the boys in gray, exchanging compliments, pipes, tobacco, knives and souvenirs."

In the last days of fighting, which ended in Lee's surrender, General Chamberlain was wounded twice. That his service was gallant in the extreme may be judged when it is told that both General Sheridan and General Grant commended him personally. This the General cared to dwell on but little. But when it came to describing the final scenes of the war, the gray-haired army leader grew ardent with enthusiasm for his subject:

"On that night, the 10th of April, in 1865, I was commanding the 5th Army Corps," he said. "It was just about midnight when a message came to me to report to headquarters.

"I went thither directly and found assembled in the tent two of the three senior officers whom General Grant had selected to superintend the paroles and to look after the transfer of property and to attend to the final details of General Lee's surrender. These were General Griffin of the 5th Army Corps and General Gibbon of the 24th. The other commissioner, General Merritt of the cavalry, was not there. The articles of capitulation had been signed previously and it had come to the mere matter of formally settling the details of the surrender. The two officers told me that General Lee had started for Richmond, and that our leader, General Grant, was well on his way to his own headquarters at City Point, so called, in Virginia. I was also told that General Grant had decided to have a formal ceremony with a parade at the time of laying down of arms. A representative body of Union troops was to be drawn up in battle array at Appomattox Courthouse, and past this Northern delegation were to march the entire Confederate Army, both officers and men, with their arms and colors, exactly as in actual service, and to lay down these arms and colors, as well as whatever other property belonged to the Rebel army, before our men.

"I was told, furthermore, that General Grant had appointed me to take charge of this parade and to receive the formal surrender of the guns and flags. Pursuant to these orders, I drew up my brigade at the courthouse along the highway leading to Lynchburg. This was very early on the morning of the 12th of April.

"The Confederates were stationed on the hill beyond the valley and my brigade, the 3rd, had a position across that valley on another hill, so that each body of soldiers could see the other. My men were all veterans, the brigade being that which had fired the first shot at Yorktown at the beginning of the war. Their banners were

inscribed with all the battles of the army of the Potomac from the first clear through the long list down to the last.

"In the course of those four eventful years the makeup of the brigade had naturally changed considerably, for there had been not alone changes of men, but consolidations of regiments as well. Yet the prestige of that history made a remarkably strong *esprit du corps*.

"In that Third Brigade line there were regiments representing the States of Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, and Pennsylvania, regiments which had been through the entire war. The Bay State veterans had the right of line down the village street. This was the 32d Massachusetts Regiment, with some members of the 9th, 18th, and 22d Regiments. Next in order came the First Maine Sharpshooters, the 20th Regiment, and some of the 2d. There were also the First Michigan Sharpshooters, the 1st and 16th Regiments, and some men of the 4th. Pennsylvania was represented by the 83d, the 91st, the 118th, and the 155th. In the other two brigades were: First Brigade, 198th Pennsylvania, and 185th New York; in the Second Brigade, the 187th, 188th, and 189th New York.

"The First and Second Brigades were with me then, because I had previously commanded them and they had been very courteously sent me at my request by my corps and division commanders.

"The arrangement of the soldiery was as follows: The Third Brigade on one side of the street in line of battle; the Second, known as Gregory's, in the rear, and across the street, facing the Third; the First Brigade also in line of battle.

"Having thus formed, the brigades standing at 'order arms,' the head of the Confederate column, General Gordon in command, and the old 'Stonewall' Jackson Brigade leading, started down into the valley which lay between us, and approached our lines. With my staff I was on the extreme right of the line, mounted on horseback, and in a position nearest the Rebel soldiers who were approaching our right.

"Ah, but it was a most impressive sight, a most striking picture, to see that whole army in motion to lay down the symbols of war and strife, that army which had fought for four terrible years after a fashion but infrequently known in war.

"At such a time and under such conditions I thought it eminently fitting to show some token of our feeling, and I therefore instructed

my subordinate officers to come to the position of 'salute' in the manual of arms as each body of the Confederates passed before us.

"It was not a 'present arms,' however, not a 'present,' which then as now was the highest possible honor to be paid even to a president. It was the 'carry arms,' as it was then known, with musket held by the right hand and perpendicular to the shoulder. I may best describe it as a marching salute in review.

"When General Gordon came opposite me I had the bugle blown and the entire line came to 'attention,' preparatory to executing this movement of the manual successively and by regiments as Gordon's column should pass before our front, each in turn.

"The General was riding in advance of his troops, his chin drooped to his breast, downhearted and dejected in appearance almost beyond description. At the sound of that machine like snap of arms, however, General Gordon started, caught in a moment its significance, and instantly assumed the finest attitude of a soldier. He wheeled his horse facing me, touching him gently with the spur, so that the animal slightly reared, and as he wheeled, horse and rider made one motion, the horse's head swung down with a graceful bow, and General Gordon dropped his swordpoint to his toe in salutation.

"By word of mouth General Gordon sent back orders to the rear that his own troops take the same position of the manual in the march past as did our line. That was done, and a truly imposing sight was the mutual salutation and farewell.

"At a distance of possibly twelve feet from our line, the Confederates halted and turned face towards us. Their lines were formed with the greatest care, with every officer in his appointed position, and thereupon began the formality of surrender.

"Bayonets were affixed to muskets, arms stacked, and cartridge boxes unslung and hung upon the stacks. Then, slowly and with a reluctance that was appealingly pathetic, the torn and tattered battleflags were either leaned against the stacks or laid upon the ground. The emotion of the conquered soldiery was really sad to witness. Some of the men who had carried and followed those ragged standards through the four long years of strife, rushed, regardless of all discipline, from the ranks, bent about their old flags, and pressed them to their lips with burning tears.

"And it can well be imagined, too, that there was no lack of emotion on our side, but the Union men were held steady in their lines, without the least show of demonstration by word or by mo-

tion. There was, though, a twitching of the muscles of their faces, and, be it said, their battle-bronzed cheeks were not altogether dry. Our men felt the import of the occasion, and realized fully how they would have been affected if defeat and surrender had been their lot after such a fearful struggle.

"Nearly an entire day was necessary for that vast parade to pass. About 27,000 * stands of arms were laid down, with something like a hundred battleflags; cartridges were destroyed, and the arms loaded on cars and sent off to Wilmington.

"Every token of armed hostility was laid aside by the defeated men. No officer surrendered his side arms or horse, if private property, only Confederate property being required, according to the terms of surrender, dated April 9, 1865, and stating that all arms, artillery, and public property were to be packed and stacked and turned over to the officer duly appointed to receive them.

"And right here I wish to correct again that statement so often attributed to me, to the effect that I have said I received from the hands of General Lee on that day his sword. Only recently, at a banquet in Newtown, Mass., of the Katahdin Club, composed of sons and daughters of my own beloved State, it was said in press dispatches that a letter had been read from me in which I made the claim that I had received Lee's sword. I never did make that claim even, as I never did receive that sword.

"As I have said, no Confederate officer was required or even asked to surrender his side arms if they were his personal property. As a matter of fact, General Lee never gave up his sword, although, if I am not mistaken, there was some conference between General Grant and some of the members of his staff upon that very subject just before the final surrender. I was not present at that conference, however, and only know of it by hearsay.

"But, as I was saying, every token of armed hostility having been laid aside, and the men having given their words of honor that they would never serve again against the flag, they were free to go whither they would and as best they could. In the meantime our army had been supplying them with rations. On the next morning, however, the morning of the 13th, we could see the men, singly or in squads, making their way slowly into the distance, in whichever direction was nearest home, and by nightfall we were left there at Appomattox Courthouse lonesome and alone."

* Reference may be made as to this statement to "Paroles of the Army of Northern Virginia" Vol. XV, *So. Hist. So. Papers*, p. xxvii communication of General Lee to Prest. Davis: On the morning of the 9th, according to the reports of the ordnance officers, there were 7,892 organized infantry with arms.—ED.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch* May 20, 1901.]

POLIGNAC'S MISSION.

An Interesting Chapter in Confederate History.

DEFENCE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

**The Story of the Proposed Cession of Louisiana to France Exploded—
An Interview With the Emperor Foreign Aid and Slavery.**

The following throws interesting light on an incident of Confederate history, which has been greatly distorted:

VILLA JESSIE, CANNES, FRANCE, April 17, 1901.

General Marcus J. Wright:

My Dear General,—I enclose the narrative of my journey to France in 1865, intended to refute the suggestions of the *Washington Post*, and beg that you will kindly, in defence of the honor of President Jefferson Davis, General Kirby Smith, and my own self, give my explanations the widest publicity. You will observe that on page 6 I gave the military rank of Governor Allen as colonel, written in pencil; the reason is that I do not remember whether he was then colonel or general, and I wish you would kindly correct the rank and the initials to his name. Had I been able to refer to clippings and memoranda notes I could have supplied more precise dates.

* * * * *

I hope you received my telegram of 2d instant, worded: "Will answer your letter, meanwhile I deny emphatically suggestion of *Washington Post*."

Should you be able to find in print the speech of Hon. Jefferson Davis, to which I allude, please substitute the exact wording into my manuscript.

Hoping that you will do me the favor of acknowledging the receipt of my manuscript, believe me, my dear General, ever your friend,

J. C. POLIGNAC.

The letter was printed in the *Washington Post*, and is reproduced here:

THE LOST CHAPTER IN CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

In two editorials of the *Washington Post*, March 14 and 19, 1901, the suggestion is made and repeated that toward the close of the war of secession, in 1865, I was sent to Europe by President Jefferson Davis on an important mission, the object of which was to offer to the Emperor of the French a retrocession of the State of Louisiana in exchange for armed intervention on behalf of the Confederacy.

This startling discovery was intended to fill a gap in history, and I wonder that even the love of fiction inherent to mankind could have led any minds so far astray as to give the slightest attention, far less attach any credence, to a wild, sensational suggestion the offspring of an overfertile imagination.

The plain truth is that I had no mission at all, or, if for want of another word it must needs be called so, its conception involved nobody but myself. The genesis of it and its development are set forth in the following narrative:

After the successful issue of the Louisiana campaign in 1864, there being no prospects of a speedy renewal of hostilities, and the division I then commanded being in the highest state of efficiency, it occurred to me that I might do some good by conveying information abroad. Letters which I received about that time having strengthened this opinion, I repaired to Shreveport in the winter of 1865, and suggested to General Kirby Smith the advisability of granting me a six months' leave of absence for the purpose of going abroad and of availing myself of the curiosity and interest which the presence of an active participant in the great struggle now going on could not fail to awaken in foreign parts, in order to awaken sympathy with the Southern cause. Nor was my purpose as vague and indefinite as might appear thus far. There was one circumstance which gave it substantiality—one man who was, so to say, the pivot of my self-imposed task. This man was not the Emperor of the French, far less Lord Palmerston, but the Duke of Morny, an intimate confidant and devoted friend of the Emperor. As a statesman, he was credited with some shrewdness—practical, self possessed, as devoid of enthusiasm as free from prejudice. I had some acquaintance with him. I had met him privately several times before leaving France. I had introduced to him one of the delegates whom, at an early stage of the conflict, some of the Southern States

had sent abroad (I believe it was the delegate from South Carolina), and I had noticed on every occasion his readiness to receive information and the unbiased, practical view he took of the conflict. With him I could talk without hindrance. I could see him privately, informally. He could listen to me day after day without in any manner committing his government, ask any questions he liked, and elicit every information more freely from a mere eye-witness bearing no credentials than he could from an authorized representative of the Confederate government. Here, then, was an advantage which I intended to turn to account during a temporary absence from the field.

General H. W. Allen, an accomplished gentleman and distinguished officer, still suffering from a wound received in the field, was then Governor of Louisiana. I enjoyed his friendship and confidence. He honored me with his esteem, and had lately offered me a presentation sword in the name of the State of Louisiana. To him I also imparted my purpose, and the question was fully discussed in all its bearings between him, General Kirby Smith and myself. It is true that as to the intrinsic nature and merits of the conflict I could only repeat what others had said before, yet both Governor Allen and General Kirby Smith concurred in the opinion that my acquaintance with the Duke de Morny was an interesting feature, which I might well try to turn to good account during a period of anticipated calm, in which my presence among my troops did not appear of absolute necessity. None of us three were over sanguine about the result of my undertaking, and in our wildest flights of fancy never looked to an armed intervention as within the range of human possibilities; but it did not seem impossible to obtain a modification of a sham neutrality, which worked entirely in favor of the North, to which a stream of mercenaries from all parts of the world was constantly flowing, and to secure something like equal treatment to the Confederate States, especially as regarded their navy. French commercial interests, I well knew, made the mercantile world lean toward the South, and, in fact, it is difficult for me even now to comprehend how England and France could, from the first, submit to a mere paper blockade, in direct opposition to some of their most important commercial and manufacturing interests, when they might have set it aside by a mere stroke of the pen, without probably ever firing a gun over it.

My journey was, after due consideration, finally decided on. In order to give more weight to my presence abroad I asked General

Kirby Smith to allow my chief-of-staff, Major T. C. Moncure, to accompany me; and Governor Allen said he would avail himself of this opportunity to write a letter to the Emperor of France, of which his aide-de-camp, Colonel Ernest Miltenberger, should be the bearer. It lay within the sphere of authority of General Kirby Smith to grant Major Moncure and myself a leave of absence of six months. Neither the chief of the War Department nor President Davis had to be consulted in the matter, and in point of fact they were not.

I did not read the letter which Governor Allen wrote, and, therefore, cannot speak *de visu* of its contents, but in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Washington Post*, bearing date Washington, March 16th, and published in that paper under the heading, "Lost Chapter in History," I note the passage:

"A paper was prepared, which I read, to be presented to Napoleon III, quoting the third article of the treaty of Paris, ceding Louisiana to the United States," etc., etc.

There was no other paper prepared than Governor Allen's letter, and since the correspondent of the *Washington Post* has read it, he knows as well as I do that it contained no such bargain as that suggested by the *Washington Post*—viz., the retrocession of Louisiana to France in return for armed intervention, nor does he assert it verbatim.

I have said that I enjoyed Governor Allen's confidence. This is not a mere commonplace sentence. In fact, before our departure, Governor Allen imparted to me a scheme of his of a somewhat surprising nature, and which, at the time, might well have borne the stamp, "Confidential." I shall disclose it further on, and it will serve to dispose of some other assertions of a speculative character which have appeared in the *Washington Post*. Meanwhile, I go on with my narrative.

Having no memorandum notes at my disposal at the time I write, I cannot give precise dates, but I believe it was in March, 1865, that Colonel E. Miltenberger, Major Moncure, and myself left Shreveport on what may have appeared a special mission of some kind. Of us three, Colonel E. Miltenberger alone was invested with an official character, confined, however, to the State of Louisiana, not emanating from the Confederacy as an aggregate of States.

Our path lay through the breadth of Texas, and the news of my

passage having preceded me, I was met at every stage of our journey by a deputation of citizens, who came to welcome me; nor was I allowed to settle any hotel bill, but everywhere was received and considered as the guest of the State. In recalling these incidents, I am only impelled by the desire of conveying to the State of Texas my deep and lasting sense of gratitude for the well-remembered and highly-appreciated courtesy extended me on that occasion.

We travelled by stage coach and our progress was slow. At length we reached Matamoras, where we crossed the Rio Grande into Mexican territory. Here we had to wait for steamer to take us to Havana, and at the latter place another delay occurred, when finally we were able to embark on board a Spanish ship, one of a line of steamers plying between Havana and Cadiz, which port we reached after a stormy passage of at least fourteen days.

From Cadiz we went on to Madrid, partly by stage coach. From Madrid, however, we could travel on by rail to Bordeaux and Paris.

On the last day of our journey, in looking over a newspaper, the first news that met my eye was that of the Duke de Morny's death. It seemed like the irony of fate that the fulcrum—so to speak—of my efforts should fail me just as I was reaching my destination. From that moment I knew that whatever sympathy I might meet with it could lead to no practical results. I did not even seek an audience from the Emperor. But it happened that among the former friends and acquaintances who, on the news of my return, hastened to meet me, there was an officer of the French army, Major De Vatry, half-brother to the then Duke of Elchingen, a descendant of the famous Marshal Ney, at that time on the Emperor's military staff. He was very anxious to secure an interview for me, which he did without difficulty, the Emperor having as he informed me, expressed at once his perfect willingness to receive me.

I had thus an informal audience, not obtained through the regular official channel, and was received by the Emperor with the greatest courtesy. He bade me sit opposite him, and during the conversation which ensued, evinced much interest in the progress of the war, made many remarks on details connected with the operations in the field; but the political side of the contest was never touched upon. All I could do was to assure him that the people of the South were determined to fight to the last in defense of the political doctrine of State rights handed to them as an heirloom by their forefathers, and that in doing so they were upholding the principles of Washington, and of other founders of the first Union of States established with

the aid of the French nation. To this the Emperor made no reply. In taking leave of him I asked permission to introduce an aid-de-camp of the Governor of Louisiana, the bearer of a letter to him. The Emperor hesitated a moment, asking (I well remember his words): "*Que me dit il dous cette lettre ?*" (What does he tell me in that letter?) I replied that I had not read the letter, but that it surely recalled the fact that Louisiana had originally been a French settlement, adding that the ties of blood had ever since kept alive a natural sympathy with France among the descendants of the first settlers. The Emperor granted my request, but more I think from courtesy to me than from any other motive, for it struck me at the time how guarded he had become the moment we approached the boundary of official grounds. However, the next day I introduced Colonel Miltenberger. He handed Governor Allen's letter to the Emperor, who, without opening it laid it on a table near him. He received us standing and our conversation lasted only a few minutes.

This was my last interview with the Emperor. The news of General Lee's surrender reached us almost immediately afterward, and the briefness of the interval would itself suffice to disprove the allegations contained in the first editorial of the *Washington Post* on "A Lost Chapter of History" (March 14, 1901), from which I quote the following extract:

"At all events, Polignac, accompanied by Moncure, went to Paris—via Galveston, we think—and though their mission was barren of result so far as concerned the Confederacy, it leaked out when Moncure returned, that Louis Napoleon had frequently consulted with Lord Palmerston and that so far from refusing to consider the proposition at all—whatever it may have been—the latter had given it a great deal of his time, and had finally dismissed it with reluctance. We have since been told that the Queen herself intervened, but we rather think that the appearance of the Russian fleets at New York and San Francisco—with orders, as afterward transpired, to place themselves at the disposal of the United States government—cut at least some figure in Lord Palmerston's philosophy."

So much for history! The wonderful array of political intrigues, negotiations, conflicting efforts, and warlike demonstrations, supposed to have taken place in the space of a few weeks, perhaps only of a few days, does infinite credit to the dramatic imagination of the author, as well as to the spirit of enterprise which distinguished his *dramatis personae*. Indeed, the tenor of the whole article, with the Queen and the Russian fleets thrown in, appeals so strongly to one's sense of humor that it seems a pity to mar by any commentaries the comical foundation of the scene.

Nor are the afterthoughts intended to supply motives for these imaginary facts less ingeniously contrived. I quote again from the aforementioned letter to the editor of the *Washington Post* (March 16, 1901):

* * * "There was a strong feeling at the time west of the

Mississippi river that the Confederacy was doomed, and the effort was to preserve the part of the United States west of the river to the Pacific Ocean as a slaveholding Confederacy. Of course, if the European nations adopted the plan, it was certain that the vast majority of the negroes from the Carolinas to the river would be moved across it and that section would be an agricultural free-trade community. It was, of course, an iridescent dream, but some of the ablest men in the South were dreaming it."

I should feel inclined to think that it is the dream of a dreamer, and that the correspondent of the *Washington Post* has dreamed it, for I have known all the most prominent men of the South and many others who might well come within the designation of "some of the ablest men," and never heard any of them as much as hint at such a venture. Indeed, many of them knew too well that the institution of slavery proved the greatest bar to every hope of foreign assistance, and that the establishment of a new slaveholding community with the aid of a foreign power was an absolute impossibility. But apart from this negative objection, I am able to give information of a positive nature which will point to the same conclusion.

I said that while I was at Shreveport, preparing for my journey, Governor Allen had imparted to me a scheme he was then revolving in his mind. I will now disclose it. Seeing that the South could not replace its fallen combatants, whereas the North disposed of an ever-increasing army of foreign mercenaries; moreover, that whenever the Federals obtained temporary possession of Southern soil, they kidnapped the negroes and pressed them into military service, Governor Allen's idea was to arm the negroes, and as a consequence to give them their freedom. I remember his very words: "Of course," he said, "we must give them their freedom." Such a plan is obviously incompatible with the notion of a retrocession of Louisiana as a slave-holding community, and some interesting conclusions can be drawn from it.

In the first place, it shows that a prominent Southern man, thoroughly acquainted with all the conditions of political and social life in the Southern States, felt a perfect confidence in the loyalty of the black population. Many Northern men would, no doubt, have considered the arming of the slaves as a risky undertaking on the part of the South.

But the history of the war bears out Governor Allen's confidence. During the four years the contest lasted no negro outrage or disturbance, arising out of the circumstances, has to my knowledge been recorded, nor is it possible to deny that the total want of effervescence in the black population in times where every facility for revolt was afforded them, bears testimony to and throws a favorable light upon the way in which the institution of slavery was understood and put into practice in the Southern States.

On the other hand, it is impossible to admit that Governor Allen should have brooded over such a scheme as I have stated had he

not conceived at least the possibility of its adoption, and this points to the conclusion that the leading minds in the South were, to his knowledge, very far from identifying slavery, in the abstract, with the Confederate cause. In corroboration of this inference I would recall:

1. A proclamation of President Abraham Lincoln, issued at the beginning of the war. In it he tried to bribe the Southern States back into the Union by the promise of the maintenance of slavery, and failed.

2. A speech by President Jefferson Davis, delivered, I believe, in 1864, and at Atlanta, Ga. In it he expressed the following sentiments (I quote from memory): "There are some who talk of a return to the Union with slavery maintained, but who would thus sacrifice honor to interest."

With this quotation I will close my narrative. The plain statement of facts it contains will, I have no doubt, convince any unbiased reader that the supposed scheme of a retrocession of Louisiana never had any foundation in fact. Indeed, I should not have thought it necessary even to contradict such a myth were it not that my silence might have been misinterpreted and allowed some cloud of suspicion to hover over the memory of departed friends. Their unsullied honor and untarnished fame are, however, in themselves proof against attacks which, be they base or futile, must inevitably recoil upon their authors, exposing them to ridicule or contempt.

C. J. POLIGNAC.

Villa Jessie, Cannes, France, April 17, 1901.

PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[See *Ante*, pp. 338-46.]

SAVANNAH, GA., Feb. 20, 1905.

Writing to the *Savannah Press*, Mrs. Jefferson Davis calls upon General Nelson A. Miles to produce a letter, which he claims to have from her, thanking him for his kind treatment of President Davis at Fortress Monroe, or to cease referring to it.

Her letter says in part:

"I have not the least memory of having written such a note to him. It is conceivable that whilst in ignorance of the facts, or in hopeful recognition of some improvement in the treatment inflicted upon my husband, I may have made some acknowledgement of what I may have construed as common humanity at a time, when

had I known the facts as they existed, I neither could nor would have written, save in indignant protest.

"Forty years have passed since General Miles perpetrated the cruelties for which he is now undergoing some measure of punishment at the hands of his own public. During that period, he has not hesitated to shift the responsibility for his acts upon others. The publication of instructions under which he claims to have acted and the correspondence which led up to them, have long since convinced every candid mind that his treatment of Mr. Davis was gratuitous, neither justified nor required by the orders of his superiors.

"The public attention cannot be deflected from the terrible charges under which General Miles rests by a controversy over a letter concerning even the existence of which no stronger proof is advanced than the bare assertion of General Miles. But in-so-far as it may be of any importance, my estimate of General Miles' character is such that I am constrained to demand that if the letter exists a photographic reproduction showing the date, the place of writing, the contents and the signature be given to the public. If it is of the vital importance which General Miles seems to claim, surely the situation from his own standpoint suggests that the slight trouble involved would be justified.

"In a memoir of Mr. Davis' life, written by myself, after his death, I exposed General Miles as fully as I thought was needful, but purposely added very little to the testimony of General Miles' subaltern, Dr. Craven, furnished in his *Prison Life of Jefferson Davis*, printed and published whilst Mr. Davis was still a prisoner. I had experienced so many times General Miles' adroit evasions and substitutions of his own invention for the truth in other matters, that I did not choose to rest on my unsupported testimony. My daughter has answered General Miles' untruthful version of his conduct given to the public after forty years of putative silence broken only by rumors of secret asseveration of his innocence and invective against me and in many other of the devious ways with which he seems familiar. While the witnesses were alive, why did he not put in his defense and tax his subaltern with falsehood? Awakened to the heinousness of his conduct by a closer association with educated gentlemen, he doubtless feels the shame which stabs and clings to him now that the passions attendant upon war are passing away and he stands forth revealed to his countrymen in his true light. We are cautioned in Holy Writ not to bring a 'railing accusation' against any sinner however great his fault, and I do not desire any controversy with anyone, especially not with one whose perceptions of truth are so vague and misty.

"Respectfully,

"V. JEFFERSON DAVIS."

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